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THE BOUNDING BILLOW

Also The Bounding Billow
Vol. 1 Nos 1 to 12 inc
Appendix, Roster etc

THE CRUISE

. . . OF THE . . .

U. S. FLAGSHIP "OLYMPIA"

. . . FROM . . .

1895 TO 1899.

. . . FROM . . .

San Francisco to Manila Bay

. . . BY . . .

Louis Fowler.
L. S. YOUNG.
" " San Francisco?

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Yours Truly
George Dewey.

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The Cruise of the "Olympia."

February 5th, 1895 saw the commissioning of one of the finest modern vessels that that great arm of the nation's defence, the navy, had ever possessed. Named "Olympia," in our tribute to the capital of Washington, one of the latest stars in our bright firmament, she was a fitting representative of the great republic whose name is beloved by its citizens and respected by the world.

Considerable work was still to be done before the handsome vessel would be ready for sea. She lay alongside the dock at Mare Island Navy Yard completing necessary work and taking coal. Here she remained for some time and the crew began to gradually wear off the "newness" and slip into the regular routine of man-o-war life.

At last orders came to proceed to Santa Barbara to take part in a Flower Festival to be held there. On the second of April we went to Sausalito, where we remained two days, and then went on to Santa Barbara, arriving next day. The carnival was to take place on the seventeenth.

After laying here four days, we left for the island of Santa Cruz, twenty miles from Santa Barbara, for drill. And such drill. Try to imagine yourself carrying a rifle, that when you start weighs about nine pounds and in an hour gains ninety, half a day in sand, ankle deep, under a hot, burning sun, whose heat is intensified by the reflection on the sand, and then to pull back to the ship to a meal of luscious salt horse and adamantine hard tack.

On the fourteenth we were roused out rather early on account of a sudden squall and finding that we were dragging, quickly hove up anchor and got under way. On investigation we found that our anchor stock had slipped out and was lost.

We returned to Santa Barbara and preparation for the festival went on apace. On the 15th one of the storehouses containing decorations for the festival, was burned to the ground. The citizens however went to work with indomitable energy and perseverance, and in spite of the above mishap the entire affair was a huge success.

The day the festival began, a company of blue jackets and marines was sent ashore and participated in the procession, as well as in the "Battle of Roses" in which they were well pelted with beautiful flowers by the "Fairer Flowers" of California, and it is far from doubtful as to which affected them most. It was certainly hard to decide whether it was a Flower Festival or a "Congress of Beauty."

We were presented with a handsome silk banner of which we are very proud, and the crew of the "Olympia" will never forget the kindness and hospitality of the citizens of Santa Barbara.

On the morning of the twentieth we were off again, and the next day found us anchored in the offing about ten miles from San Diego. Although a pilot came on board and assured Captain Read that he could easily enter the harbor, even offering his services free, he strenuously refused to attempt it. The San Diego press strongly censured the captain, claiming that his not entering cast doubts on the safety of the port. He however paid no attention to their criticisms and remained outside.

On April the twenty fourth we cleared for action, preparatory to having target practice with great guns.

On this day a horrible accident occurred; one that will remain for ever engraven on the minds of those that saw it. Coxswain John N. Johnson, captain of gun number three, stepped to his place to fire, with a joke to the gun's crew and a smile on his lip. The next instant, with the smile still lingering on his face, he was hurled into eternity. The great gun recoiled off its carriage, snapping like pipe stems the massive steel bolts that held it in place, crashed down on poor Johnson, hurling him to the deck and killing him almost instantly.

Every man stood aghast at the fearful sight. There lay their shipmate, but a moment before in all the glory of healthy, vigorous manhood, now a crushed and bleeding corpse. In spite of themselves a sob arose in the throats of many, and the tears that could not be suppressed coursed down many a hardened cheek and, though they strove to hide them, they were tears to be proud of, for a man weeping over the loss of a comrade and friend shows the true nobility and manliness of his nature.

There were many conjectures as to the cause of the accident. On investigation it was found that the tube through which the recoil* cylinder is filled, was stopped up and when the fluid was poured in, it ran over. The men naturally thought it was full. However Lieutenants E. J. Dorn and W. W. Buchanan were called before a court of inquiry, found blameless and restored to duty.

Poor Johnson was buried next day in the cemetery at San Diego with military honors, and the crew subscribed for a handsome stone as a mark of the respect and esteem felt for him.

The following memorial, composed by the writer, was printed with the financial assistance of the crew.

* This cylinder contains three gallons of fluid, composed of 80 per cent. of glycerine and 20 per cent water, which working over the flanged head of a piston takes up the recoil.

With a smile on his face, he fell at his post,
"A man among men" of America's host,
No chance for a prayer, not a word of farewell
To shipmates around that loved him so well;
He has gone to the angels that welcome his soul,
A true, honest heart has arrived at its goal.
The good ship "Olympia" at her anchorage lay,
And proudly she rode on the waves of the bay;
Our flag floated o'er her, so gay and so bright,
To be lowered in sorrow that sad April night.
It was off San Diego, far out on the lee,
And bright shone the sun on the blue of the sea.
We'd prepared the big guns to fire that day;
Far out o'er the waters the great target lay.
"Ready!" the sailor cried as he stepped to his place,
When the incrashing gun struck him full in the face,
His form, crushed and quivering was borne to the deck,
"No hope," said the surgeon, "it has broken his neck."
A groan of deep anguish arose from the crowd,
While many strong men were seen sobbing aloud.
Oh, how can we bear to lose dear old John?
He will ne'er be forgotten, altho' he is gone.
A rough, calloused sailor, but a heart true as gold
And a hand whose warm clasp is now weak and cold.
He lived a good life though in humble sphere,
When the last trump shall sound our John will be near
To answer the call of our King our Lord,
We know he will sit by the right hand of God
Who in infinite mercy rules both land and sea,
And we hope will judge lightly, weak mortals like we.
He has taken our John in His heavenly band
Our shipmate's dropped anchor in Canaan's bright land.

* * * * *

Two days after this sad occurrence we returned to San Francisco, where we arrived and anchored off Sausalito on the twenty-eighth. The old adage that "troubles never come singly" held good in our case, (in fact we used to get triplets as a rule) for, in letting go our anchor, the chain became unshackled and came flying out of the locker, dragged by the ponderous anchor weighing nearly four tons. As the end came sweeping along the deck it struck the leg of Ensign Mallison, crushing it nearly off and dragging him to the hawsehole. The injured leg was hanging by a few shreds of flesh and had to be amputated. He was carried from the forecastle to the ward-room without losing consciousness.

Now the men began talking of a "hoodoo" on board. It made a good many very uneasy and desertions were frequent.

On the 30th of April we went to San Pablo bay and thence, on the second of May, to Mare Island where we anchored in midstream. Here we sent Ensign Mallison ashore to the hospital.

The next day the ship's company received forty-eight hours liberty (shore leave) and the majority of them went to 'Frisco, where they devoted themselves to shaking long accumulated "sea kinks" out of their legs.

On May 27th we had a mishap that nearly cost the lives of three men. Orders were given to clean out a boiler that had not been in use for some time. A manhole was opened and one of the men crawled in, never dreaming of danger, and soon succumbed to the noxious fumes of foul air in the boiler. One of the assistants seeing his shipmate's perilous plight endeavored to rescue him, but just managed to crawl back before being himself overcome. Nothing daunted, a second man went down and managed to get the unconscious man where he could be reached by eager hands outside, but the brave fellow, in trying to climb out, himself slipped, fell and was quickly overcome, having stunned himself in the fall. In the meantime another manhole had been opened and a blower started, making the air clear and enabling the men outside to reach the heroic fellow and pull him to safety.

This month seemed to bring a constant stream of accidents. The excitement of the foregoing incident had hardly begun to abate when the news reached us of the loss of the Pacific Mail S. S. "Colima" in a typhoon off Manzanillo on the same day. As four of our shipmates, George Ross, boatswain's mate, W. Langeree and H. Walske, seamen, and J. W. Smith, apprentice, were going home in her, a great deal of anxiety was felt on this account.

We afterwards had the pleasure of seeing Ross and Langaree alive and but little the worse for wear. Walske and Smith were lost.

The latter had been telling the writer of the joy he would feel on seeing his folks again and painting bright pictures of the future that were, alas, never to be realized, and those solemn lines;

"Tis the wink of an eye, the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,"

occur to one with a significance intensified by the sad occasion. "May their souls rest in peace."

Ross and Langaree reported on the board the "Guardo" (receiving ship Independence) to get over their damages and try it again. They paid their old shipmates on the "Olympia" a visit and were the centre of interest. They were all patched and bandaged, showing that their little experience with this typhoon had been no gentle one. Ross was a typical, unsophisticated man-o'-war's man; the hero of numerous adventures and a survivor of the famed "Cumberland's" crew. He had been in several other marine disasters, and one of the men who had been shipmate with the old veteran before, made the remark as soon as we heard of the disaster, that "Ross would make the beach if he had to do it in a cigar box."

Ross, though very quiet, was a good story teller and many enjoyable hours were spent listening to his tales, which always had the charm of being well told and not overdrawn, as is the trouble with most "sailor's yarns." He told us an incident of the "Colima" disaster which was pathetically laughable. After springing overboard he found a piece of timber floating around and while clinging to this got a a number of other pieces which, with the aid of parts of his clothing, he lashed together, forming a raft which proved quite comfortable in comparison with the turbulent *wet* from

which he had just escaped. Later he picked up two men whom he found swimming around.

After cruising awhile, Ross, who was on the lookout, espied a large juicy turnip floating around, which he secured. A conference was held for the purpose of deciding the disposition of the edible and Ross proposed that it be saved for breakfast. The others agreed and the turnip was accordingly stowed away to form the morrow's meal. But alas, during the night the luscious *meal* disappeared. It was generally supposed that it had been washed overboard, and Ross, with a little twinkle in his eye, remarked to us that it was "one of them hungry poetry seas" that robbed the mariners of their meal.

This ship certainly seemed to be a "prize winner" in the eyes of the world, for we were commissioned to take the San Francisco Naval Reserves to Santa Cruz to take part in a Water Carnival at that place.

One peculiar thing that occasioned a great deal of remark was the fact that it invariably took the "Olympia" two days to make the trip between Mare Island and 'Frisco, a distance of thirty miles.

On the 12th of June we anchored off Washington Street wharf and the tugs "Gov. Markham" and "Irwin" brought the reserves on board. They were mustered on the superstructure or spar-deck, and as they filed over the gangway it seemed to our poor, bewildered minds, as though every man of them was a petty officer of some description.

The balance of the day was spent in portioning quarters for the dry-land sailors, about to take this perilous trip on the mighty deep. They were assigned to the starboard, and the regulars to the port side of the gun-deck, for sleeping quarters.

But that night the fun (?) began. They paid no attention to "pipe-down" or the master-at-arms' order to "turn in," but kept up a continual chatter which, interspersed with the tramping of the more restless ones pacing overhead and thinking of mothers and mothers-in-law they were leaving behind, conduced toward making it a sleepless night for the regulars. Well, everything, thank goodness, has an end, and about twelve o'clock or thereabout, they were induced to "turn in" and invite (and incidentally allow the others to enjoy), the peace giving sleep which visits the pillows of the *innocent* and just. But then you see, there was so much to tell and such a lot of advice to be given before morning, that only when their fund of information for each other had been exhausted did they consider themselves (or anyone else) entitled to sleep.

And it was just as hard to get them out at "reveille." After "morning coffee" they "turned to" in patent leathers, russets and tennis shoes, scrubbing down decks, and were soon making an onslaught on the paint work and decks which caused the very "holystones" to shudder and the dirt to disappear as if by magic. They were workers, and in a short time made the ship glisten and shine as she had never glistened or shone before.

They represented almost every profession from Western Union messenger boy to Court stenographer, but their difference of standing made no material difference in their associations, so they went hand in hand for a good time. There was one young man who had the asthma so bad that he couldn't talk. He was sent to the "sick bay" for medical advice and received it like a child would a dose of castor-oil, for the doctor advised him to go ashore and take good care of himself. Poor fellow, he begged and protested, but nevertheless had to go. You could see the tears of disappointment coursing down his cheeks, but he was not to be to baffled, and, nothing daunted, purchased a ticket for Santa Cruz and got there before us. He came along-side in a small boat when we arrived, and coming on board mingled with the crew, successfully avoiding any chances of being sent ashore again.

On the thirteenth we left for Santa Cruz, and King Neptune welcomed his visitors with a stiff breeze and a heavy sea, to which many of them paid tribute by presenting the finny inhabitants of the Sea King's domain with their breakfasts.

We arrived at about six o'clock in the evening of the same day, and glad and thankful were these embryo sailors when they heard the ponderous anchor fall and the music of the cable rattling through the hawsehole.

They began to feel well and strong again as the scent of the hay fields came to their nostrils, and challenged our boys to a boat-race. We did not know what we were up against, but for the sake of excitement accommodated them.

The distance to be pulled was about two miles from the dock, out to and around the ship. One of the officers, Ensign Dieffenbach, started the boats off and our crew stopped several times to give the lads a chance, but as it was getting late and their names were on the liberty list, they had to make short work of it, so pulled over the course, around the ship, tossed oars and came on board. The reserves came back later in the evening.

A party for parade was landed, including regulars and reserves, and according to press reports, all came off with flying colors.

The carnival was very beautiful and picturesque. There were fireworks, myriads of colored electric lights in various artistic groups and designs, and hundreds of small boats darting about hither and thither, their numerous lights and Chinese lanterns flashing on the sight with kaleidoscopic variety. It gave one an impression of Venice at eventide.

Our stay at this delightful place was somewhat limited, as it appeared as if we were continually in demand at the Navy Yard, so on the 16th we steamed back to 'Frisco where we arrived at about five P.M.

A few of the more venturesome and hardy of the reserve went back with us, but the greater percentage of them preferred the dangers of a trip by rail to the agonies of one by sea, dreading the fearful *mal de mer*.

After leaving the ship the reserves sent several pieces to the press giving their opinions of her sea-going qualities, and offering several suggestions for the improvement of the vessel as well as criticising the manners and, in particular, questioning the honesty of one of the crew. It was our gallant ship's cook, "Nebraska Bill," that was so unceremoniously written up

by these embryo Danas as being an example of the most pronounced type of felon.

Bill was a rather good natured old fellow and took great delight in piloting the youthful culinary artists through the intricacies of galley life until he became quite a favorite with the young fellows. But he fell from grace, for, as the papers stated, he "feloniously embezzled" fourteen eggs, and that while the reserves were on the verge of starvation. We certainly never thought that Bill was hungry or inclined to appropriate any thing not rightfully his, but attributed his *indiscretion* to a sudden and unlooked for attack of kleptomania.

The disgrace however nearly broke Bill's heart and he applied for a transfer, and was accordingly sent to the "Guardo," and so ended the brief but eventful cruise of "Nebraska Bill" in the "Queen of the Pacific."

On the 18th, Gen. Schofield, U. S. A. visited the ship, he was escorted by the captain on a tour of inspection and was lost in admiration of the handsome vessel.

When, later in the afternoon, he was "piped over" the gangway, the two forward sixpounders roared out a salute of fifteen guns, the first salute fired by the "Olympia."

The next day, back to Mare Island and the same old monotonous routine of coaling and cleaning ship.

It was while here that a laughable incident occurred. Some men were engaged in rigging new pendants on the lower booms and, as the ship was light at the time, they hung a considerable distance from the water.

A young Irishman, "Paddy" Morgan as he was known, stood looking at the pendants with an indescribably ludicrous mingling of pity and contempt on his homely countenance.

One of the men observing him said, "Well, Paddy, what do you think of 'em?"

"Faith!" exclaimed Paddy, "would ye luk at the foolishness av'em. They're making thim pendants at laste tree fut too short."

"No indeed, Paddy, they aint too short. What makes you think that?"

"Why shure luk how high they are now, and whin the toide runs out yez wont be able to raich 'em at all, at all!" he cried excitedly, and to this day he don't know why we all laughed.

The crew, officers and men are all excitement, for tomorrow a board of officers are to officially inspect the ship and crew.

The next day, the 20th, they arrived in all the glory their positions called for, and we had "bag and hammock inspection" which took all morning and delayed the cooks so that we had to stroll around the decks to quiet the aching void where our dinner should have been. Some of the boys were fortunate enough to get hold of dumb-bells and Indian clubs and with the aid of these useful allies, to a certain extent, silenced the clamorings of the inner man.

In the afternoon we equipped for "heavy marching order" with the manual of arms according to "Hoyle" as a side dish.

Early the next morning we were at it again "clearing ship for action," a very arduous and tedious operation as any man-o'-war's man will testify. Everything inflammable but necessary to the ship is consigned to "innocuous desuetude" below the protective deck; all other stuff likely to interfere with the working of the guns or the movement of the crew is supposed to be thrown over board, but in lieu thereof is labeled with a tag marked "over-board" which saves the government quite a sum of money.

In less than twenty minutes the ship is as clear of obstructions and top hamper as a farm in Kansas after a cyclone, and the board were most emphatic in their expressions of approval both at her appearance and the work of the crew.

"Abandon ship!" and out all boats, a drill that almost breaks our hearts, for there are fourteen boats and two catamarans (weighty subjects) all to be hoisted in again. And so it went, steadily on the move until pipe down.

On the 26th we got under way and steamed in to Sausalito. There was a large fire in San Francisco, which from our anchorage seemed to be consuming the greater part of the town. The flames from the conflagration illuminated the entire bay, and the glare was reflected with blood red intensity on the clouds.

The Flagship "Philadelphia" which had just returned from Honolulu was anchored near the city.

Bright and early in the morning we put to sea, carrying the Board of Inspection.

Just after passing the Heads, fire was discovered in the drum room, but it was quickly got under control and extinguished before doing any damage.

While at sea, every gun was fired for the edification of the Board.

In the evening we returned to 'Frisco and next morning went to San Pablo Bay and discharged a practice torpedo, and then back again to the city where we anchored close by the "Philadelphia."

The ship was thrown open to visitors, and they certainly took advantage of the privilege, for they came by the hundreds. The boys took great pleasure in showing them around and explaining the various intricate workings of the ship. Everyone was delighted with her, and left the vessel expressing pleasure with their visit, carrying with them souvenirs thereof in the shape of cap ribbons, lanyards and hard tack. The latter we were certainly willing to part with, as we had a superabundance of this festive cracker.

The Glorious Fourth dawned bright and clear; the men o'war and other vessels in the harbour arrayed themselves in their brightest flags, which were rainbow-like in the variety of their color.

A large portion of the ship's company were sent ashore to take part in the parade and received quite an ovation from the citizens of San Francisco.

The people lined up on each side of the line of march and cheered our boys to the echo. A good many of our crew had friends and relatives in the city, and many a heart under those blue shirts throbbed with pride, and such a squaring of should-

ers and firm grip of his rifle by some youngster would take place as he espied the face of a father, mother, or perchance a sweet-heart gazing at him with worshiping eyes.

Many and eloquent were the glances that passed between the lucky ones in the outer files as they met the eye of some fair one in the crowd with whom they were acquainted.

Oh! it was a glorious day; one that will be remembered by us as long as we live. We returned to the ship where we had a dinner which will also remain green in our memories, for if the hard tacks were hard before, they seemed to have taken on extra solidity to help celebrate the glorious day, and the salt horse conduced greatly toward the supreme pleasure we experienced on this day of days.

The following Sunday several members of the "Olympic Athletic Club" came on board and gave a most enjoyable entertainment in which a number of our boys participated. Boxing bouts were the chief feature, interspersed with songs, dances and selections on the guitar and mandolin.

The evening passed off harmoniously and we will always remember with gratitude the kindness shown us by the above club.

On July 19th we went to the Island, and the men having less than two years and six months to do, were sent to the "Guardo" or given the privilege of signing to ship over, as it was decided that the "Olympia" was to relieve the "Baltimore" as Flagship of the Asiatic Station.

When we arrived at Mare Island the "Philadelphia" was laying in dry-dock. She had on board the now famous Tom Sharkey, who at the time claimed to be the champion "scrapper" of this and all other navies. We had in our crew a fireman by the name of Dunn who aspired to pugilistic honors and claimed that he could knock Sharkey's aspirations to fistic championship into a cocked hat if the crew would guarantee financial backing. One hundred of us contributed ten dollars each, making one thousand dollars in all, the amount necessary to make the purse.

All preliminaries for the coming bout were satisfactorily arranged and the fight was decided to take place on August 17th in Vallejo.

Both men immediately went into training. Another of our crew, "Jack" Marks, handled Dunn, who was quartered on shore; and prize fighting was the topic of the day.

Now the ship began to take on a very sanctimonious appearance, for that most necessary person to us, the Chaplain, made his appearance, poured upon the troubled waters of our unbelief the divine oil of religion, and speedily converted all the unbelieving, with the exception of a few such steadfast disciples of Paine and Ingersoll, as "Pop" Purdy our captain of the hold, "Jack" Heavy, our boatswain's mate, and last but not least "Jack" Caldwell, our torpedo room barber. But they were not to be converted, though between our Chaplain and Miss Agnes Weston the boys will never stray far from the paths of righteousness.

On August 14th we again left Mare Island, this time probably not to see it for many moons. We went as far as "Red Rock" in San Pablo bay where we tested the compasses. A boats crew were placed on the rock with a flag, and from this land-mark we tested the deviations of the compass on all points. This is supposed to be done on an average of not less than once every six months or with the changes of station.

Next day we went to Frisco where we cleaned and painted ship until she began to look like herself again.

The ship is everything that a lunatic asylum would be on giving a barnyard dance to the inmates, for the great and and much talked of fight between Sharkey and Dunn takes place to-night in Vallejo.

Several of the boys were fortunate enough to get liberty and time sufficient to see the fight. The men left on board were on the "qui-vive" waiting to hear the result. Most of them sat up late that night waiting for the return of some of the liberty men. And at last, true to the adage "Misery loves company" they came on board weary, broke and disgusted.

The tale is told in very few words, but oh! what an infinite volume of pathos contained therein. Oh! that golden eagle we would never see again, for in fifty-eight short and breathless seconds, Dunn, under a light caressing touch of Sharkey's powerful right under the ear, went to sleep and we, alas, were Dunn for.

The chief thought in our minds after this event was, when do we start for that "flowery kingdom"; the land of the almond-eyed beauties who wear pants, but as yet have not mastered the festive bike; the land where the chickens fly in through the port holes and fresh fish beat their brains out on the ship's bottom.

At last definite orders were received instructing us to proceed to Yokohama, Japan, via Honolulu H. I. to relieve the "Baltimore" as Flagship of the Asiatic Station. Accordingly on the 25th of August, eighteen hundred and ninety five, we left the land of the free for the land of the Chinee.

Early in the morning ere the great metropolis of the west had shaken off the calm of sleep and awakened to the dawning of the new day, we were steaming over the bar and plunging through the trackless deep to the Islands of Hawaii, the "Elysium of the Pacific."

There were many heavy hearts among the boys as they gazed back on the fast receding coast line of "God's Country" as we love to call the dear old States, taking, many of them perhaps, their last look on the land of their birth.

We struck quite a heavy sea, and the ship pitched and rolled to an alarming extent, causing many of the younger of the boys to look askance at their more experienced shipmates. Many of them were spread-eagled, flat on their backs, passive in the misery of, must we say it, seasickness. But then it was weather to try the best sailors among us. The next day however, the weather abated and continued fine until the eighth day, when our ears were greeted by the lookout's welcome cry of, "land oh!" and eager eyes were strained to catch a glimpse of it from the deck.

We were all making plans as to how we would spend our liberty and money in Honolulu and many and bright were the plans. But alas! "Jack" proposes and "Microbes" (the doctor) disposes; our "castles in the air" fell with a crash, for,

as we neared the harbor the "Bennington" was spied lying outside the reef, flying, sad to relate, the quarantine flag of sickly yellow, (we have hated that color ever since) and a boat came alongside to inform us that an epidemic of cholera was raging on shore. This precluded all possibility of liberty in this port, and it was a down-hearted crew that sadly sought their hammocks that night.

We anchored amid the bounding billows that danced *outside* the reef which enclosed the harbor of Honoluln.

There was no communication held with the shore except in a case of absolute necessity, for the doctor watched with eagle eye for any indications of the wily baccili having a chance of coming on board. The mail was fumigated and a great deal of it well scorched in the operation, and it is my earnest belief that had it been possible, he would have fumigated the very voices of people hailing the ship.

Three days later we weighed anchor, and to be on the safe side, departed for Lahaina, Island of Maui.

It was a short trip of about sixty miles, during which we threaded our way through tortuous channels and numerous small islands. On the passage we passed the dread "Molokai," the leper's island. How terrible it must be, to be thus doomed to life long isolation far from home and loved ones, ever harrowed by thoughts of the miserable future and the happy past. Imagination it may be, but that fearful island seemed to cast a dark blot on the otherwise fair aspect of the scene.

Next morning we came to anchor in water as clear as crystal and through which we could plainly descry the coral bottom.

Lahaina, if not Paradise itself, was as near it as ever any mortal got on this earth. The town, if so it could be called, was a pretty little hamlet clustered snugly under the protection of the mountains that formed a fitting back-ground for the beautiful picture. Evenings, the men would lay on deck drinking in the beauty of the scene, (a cheap drink,) the handsome ship laying there at anchor calm and stately, a few belated fisherman paddling homeward in their brown, weather beaten canoes, and the waters clear and sparkling in the rays of the setting sun which threw a golden halo over all. It was a scene to inspire the Masters.

While here we witnessed the Kanaka's method of fishing which was about all we could see. It consisted, first of lowering a net to a depth of from five to eight feet below the surface, then taking a piece of cloth about a foot square fastened at one corner to a piece of line and with a small strip of lead on the opposite corner. They lay this cloth on their knee and place a small hand-full of beaten tara-root in the center; they then fold the cloth over this bait with the piece of lead inside. When everything is ready, the cloth is thrown out and after sinking a foot or two, the line is drawn slowly toward the net, this causes the cloth to unfold and the bait streaming out behind, soon attracts a hungry shoal of fish. They follow the bait greedily, and the operation is repeated until they are coaxed over the net which is quickly hoisted on board, and the shining, struggling little captives unceremoniously dumped into the bottom of the canoe and business is resumed.

Sometimes an unwary shark becomes entangled in the meshes and it is infinitely amusing to watch the antics and gestures of the fisherman as he tries to save his net from ruin. If the shark is not too large he is dragged into the canoe and speedily despatched, but if too large for such measures he is quickly towed to shallow water and beaten to death. The natives seem to have no fear whatever of this voracious scavenger of the deep, but in the event of anything happening to their net, they dive overboard to repair the damage in preference to drawing it out of the water. One of the boys made the remark that "a shark wouldn't scoff one of them people nohow, they're too fishy."

The canoes consist of a log dug-out, with outriggers of short poles, one at the bow and the other at the stern. To the outer end of these and running parallel with the canoe is lashed a small log. This prevents and secures against danger of capsizing.

We lay here happy and contented until the bark "Forest Queen" came up from Departure Bay on the 5th of October, bringing with her four hundred and fifty tons of coal and about fifty sacks of Irish potatoes which we were very glad to see; that is, the potaoes.

On the 13th we returned to Honolulu and next day the quarantine was raised: But as for going ashore, *nit.*

Here we started coaling preparatory to proceeding on our way to the Orient, but owing to the fact that no liberty or bumboat (a boat bringing off fruit, Yankee notions, and sometimes beer, which are sold to the crew) was allowed, the men were rather dissatisfied. They went to the "mast" and saw the captain and requested permission to have a bumboat. It seemed the doctor was afraid that the eholera germs might emigrate *via* the goods brought off. At the request of the captain however, he made ont a list of eatables which he deemed safe, and which consisted in the main of honey and hairbrushes, bread-fruit and handkerchiefs, and best of all, lead-pencils.

Our stay was beginning to get rather short and thousands of dollars were spent on sea stores, so that if we were destined for a watery grave we would meet it with a full stomach.

On the 23rd we finished coaling and right after dinner, not waiting to wash down, and with the blooming "Queen of the Pacific" looking very dingy in her grimy coat of coal-dust, we started off on our long trip for Yokohama, Japan, giving the vessel a deep sea drink on the great circle route to our destination.

Three days later we discovered that some of the coal bunkers were on fire; the coal having been put in damp, spontaneous combustion was the result. When the fire alarms rang, although no one knew where the fire was or what head-way it had made, every man went quietly to his station and did his work in the matter of fact way natural to Uncle Sam's boys. The decks were offensively close and pervaded with gas from the burning bunkers, which made it very hard to work in extinguishing the fire. To make matters worse the ship was rolling and pitching and we had to carry the coal from one bunker to the other, through the narrow wing passages. All this

made one wish he was with "Mamma" or had not thrown up that "three dollar per week job in the office."

For a few days we had pretty rough weather, the ship behaving in a very unlady like fashion, pitching, rolling and kicking up her heels in a manner that made the dishes dance off the tables during the meal hours, forcing one to stand with a hard tack in one hand, a pickle in the other, and an arm thrown lovingly around an accommodating stanchion.

On a fine night the ship's company would congregate on the spar-deck and endeavor to enliven the tedium and monotony by having an impromptu, free for all, entertainment.

There was boxing, club swinging, singing, and dancing to the soft strains of sweet toned guitars, mandolins and violins, to say nothing of "Chips," the carpenter's mate's antediluvian flute.

One of the favorite songs, and one of which the boys never weary has the appropriate title "I never was meant for a Sailor" and ran as follows:

1st Spasm.

I've lately returned from the ocean
Where I've been to plough the wild sea,
Where the winds and the waves in commotion
With my feelings could not agree.
I was learning the trade of tailor,,
I was learning the trade of a "snip,"
But I hooked it and went for a sailor
On board of a Man-O'-War ship.

Chorus.

I never was meant for a sailor,
I was never cut out for a tar,
It did not agree with my feelings you see
To sail o'er the ocean so far.
The winds blew me into a funk, funk, funk,
They fed me on salthorse and junk, junk, junk,
But now I am home, no more will I roam:
I never was meant for the sea.

2nd.

I'll never forget that first morning
I was hoisted aboard of this craft;
The sailors around one kept swarming,
At my figure they all seemed to laugh,
Saying "messmate, come tip me your flipper"
And called me some nautical phrase,
And hooked me before the old skipper
Who told me to splice the main brace.

3rd.

Now I thought every tar looked so jolly
With his pipe, his tobacco and rum,
But soon I repented my folly
And wished that I never had come,
For I'd got quite enough of a sailor
Continually hauling the slack;
I'll go back to my trade as a tailor
And stick to my press board like wax.

On the 29th we crossed the 108th meridian, dropping one day, and getting to windward of Uncle Sam for two rations of salt pork. Well, Uncle Sammy makes up for it when we go home, for then we will have to rustle, as we get no rations for one day.

On the third of November we had very rough weather and a heavy sea. The vessel was plunging bows under, taking green seas over the forecastle every few minutes.

During a calm moment some men were sent out to put covers over the hatches. While they were at work a heavy sea plunged over the forecastle sweeping everything moveable before it. It swept the men far aft and almost carried Charles Ross, boatswain's mate, overboard. He hung on to chain on the rail, and apprentice McNeany was thrown into an angle formed by a five inch gun and the superstructure. He was not hurt much, but Ross received severe injuries of the head and neck.

The men on the superstructure thought Ross had been swept over and the thrilling cry that brought awe to the stoutest heart rang out, "Man overboard!" The thought of a human being, battling for life in this vast unlimited ocean made the men work with lightning-like rapidity. The life-buoy was dropped and the lifeboat manned, but by this time Ross had been discovered and rescued from his perilous position. The buoy was picked up by a steamer some time after the occurrence.

Ross was several weeks on the sick list as a result of his injuries.

Early in the morning of the 19th the silver tipped peak of "Fujiyama" the pride of Japan, burst on our sight in all its majestic glory. "Fujiyama" is a mountain about sixty miles inland from Yokohama and discernable for a distance of eighty miles at sea.

As we steamed into the harbor everything was bustle and confusion. Sampans were darting hither and thither, loaded with gesticulating Japanese, Chinese and Indian merchants, all anxious to get on board first and dispose of their wares at fabulous prices to the green and gullible "Jack Tars." As soon as we dropped our "mud hook" they swarmed aboard; the Indians tall and stately with their flowing robes and long black hair, carrying a small valise, their main article of traffic being jewelry and precious stones; the Chinamen were tailors, while the Japs,—well they were everything.

It was amusing to see a little brown fellow about two foot nothing, carrying a huge bundle under which nothing but his legs could be seen and giving one the impression that they must be overburdened; but you are soon disillusionized, for as soon as he reached a clear place, down goes the bundle, two brown hands flash around the knots, the ends of the enfolding cloth are thrown open, and the dazzling array of wares are spread temptingly before you, while a smiling face showing two rows of large, white teeth greets you with the remark, "Velly good curios. You like buy? Merican man plenty money."

Visitors to the Orient should observe one rule to the letter, and that is to give a Chinaman one half of what he

United States Flagship "Olympia," "Queen of the Pacific."

asks for anything, and a Jap's first price should be divided by three. The observation of this rule will guarantee a traveler against paying more than twice what the article is worth.

Shortly after anchoring we began firing salutes starting with twenty-one guns for Japan and then for the English, French, German, Russian and Japanese men-o'-war laying in harbor, according to their rank. Then followed all the official visiting between the foreign men-o'-war and ourselves, which seems so essential to naval ethics; still everything went off with the snap and precision that denoted thorough training.

Here we became acquainted with the whole souled, big hearted (?) Tommy Matsu, comprador. Oh! he "long time sabe 'Merican man-o'-war." And he did without a doubt. He brought off eggs that must have been laid before the war and saved especially for us; juicy steaks from the water-buffalo, i.e. the shoemakers made fine sea boots from it, but it was cheaper to buy it in the rough; and last but not least those chickens that must have perched on the roof of Noah's ark and acted as a primitive alarm clock for "his nibs" the landlord.

Matsu kept a saloon ashore where he regaled the boys with blue vitriol labeled "pure Scotch" at twenty sen per dose. He was an unparalleled scoundrel and a fair representative of his countrymen.

Liberty was granted and the boys took advantage of the time in seeing the country in every sense of the word. Many of them went to Tokio. You go by rail from Yokohama, a round trip costing one yen twenty sen, about sixty cents in Uncle Sam's currency.

Tokio is the capital and is a delightful place (for Japan) to visit. There are many things of interest to be seen, chief among them are the various old temples and the Emperor's Palace which is surrounded by spacious grounds, deep moats and lofty walls. At the entrance to the palace are stationed a body-guard of foot-soldiers in blue coats and bright scarlet trousers. Another place of interest is the famous Uyeno Park which contains a well equipped menagerie, library, museums of natural history, beautiful gardens and driveways.

The European papers published in Yokohama are the Advertizer, Gazette, Japan Mail and Herald, dailies, and the Box of Curios, weekly, the latter being the only American paper published in all Asia.

A great many of the crew attended the performance at the various native theatres on the avenue known as Theatre Street. The price of admission for Japs is two or three sen, but for "Jack" it is all they can get, many of the greenest paying two or three dollars to see about as bum a show as was ever forced upon the suffering public. My, but it must do the heart of the "little brown man" good to catch something as easy as a blue jacket!

On the 15th the Flagship Baltimore, Admiral Carpenter, came in from Shanghai, China, and was saluted with seventeen guns.

On the 25th the Baltimore's band was transferred to us and the first tune played by them was "Hail Columbia" at our evening colors. After their arrival the evenings were spent in dancing or listening to bum music.

Thanksgiving day came around and we were truly thankful, for the tables were loaded with turkey and mince pies that made us see (in imagination) "gates a-jar." The band had to furnish the music and consequently they don't care much for Yankee holidays. December 3rd; the Baltimore is under way, homeward bound. We lay aloft and cheered the boys that were returning to their homes after their long stay among the heathen. They answered it with interest and a perfect shower of hats flew from the rigging where they were clinging Throwing old hats over-board is "Jacks" method of shaking the "dust off his feet." The band played "Home, Sweet Home," "Auld Lang Syne" and numerous other selections, as she steamed out of the harbor.

We heard later that she had struck heavy weather in the shape of a typhoon in which she lost one man.

The San Francisco papers published the following verses, which, if not up to par certainly show marked effort:

We were in eastern longitude
One hundred and forty nine,
Our latitude was thirty three
To the north'ard of the line;
Off the Japanese coast, my boys,
Four hundred miles or more,
We struck this blow, as you may know,
In the cruiser Baltimore.
The seas ran high as on we steamed
Through the thickest of the gale;
Thirty nine we rolled that night
For we could carry no steadying sail.
The barometer was falling fast,
The seas were running higher,
When a "green one" over the fo'cas'le came
Putting out the galley fire.
Our grub was very ratty
Especially the stew,
The berth-deck cooks had all gone mad
For they were hungry too.
There were pots, pans and corned beef cans
All bundled up together,
Like a Chinese band it looked so grand
In the inclemency of the weather.

We received a visit from the Japanese Minister of War. He didn't stay long and on leaving, received a salute of nineteen guns.

On December 18th we went to Yokosuka, the Japanese naval yard and stronghold, to dry-dock. Here they insisted on us sending all our ammunition ashore before we entered the dock. Of all the work necessary or otherwise on board of a man-o'-war, handling ammunition is the hardest. After two days hard labor the last box has been put ashore and safely

stowed in the magazines. A couple of Japanese officers came on board and took charge of the ship while entering the dock, and it would be impossible to describe the dexterity with which they handled the ship in their first experience with her. The feature that was most noticeable was the absolute silence observed, and the promptness and precision with which everything was executed.

The Japanese workmen in the yard scraped the ship's bottom as fast as the water receded, and divers were below placing the chocks on which her keel was to rest.

the battle of Yalu River. When necessary repairs are made she will be one of the finest and most powerful vessels in the Japanese navy. The fortunate ones that visited her threatened to do more damage than the Japs did to her in the battle, tearing her to pieces in their desire to procure curios.

On the 20th of December we received word that Rear Admiral F. V. McNair had arrived in Yokohama via the steamship Rio de Janeiro. He paid us a short visit the next day but returned immediately to his more comfortable quarters in the Grand Hotel, Yokohama.

Yokosuka Naval Yard.

All around us were Japanese ships in dock or moored out in the bay, and fresh from the scene of battle.

We were not allowed to leave the navy yard, but on Sundays received permission to walk about and visit the war-scarred cruisers and battle ships of the Japan-China war.

The center of attraction for us was the captured battleship "Chinyen." She had been well peppered, but the shallowness of some of her scars indicated that the scrap had taken place with the vessels a goodly distance apart. However it is generally conceded that had she not run out of ammunition she would have changed things considerably at

Christmas came rushing in upon us and found us still in dry dock; however, we made the best of the situation and with the help of "Old Glory" and a profusion of signal flags and flowers, which latter had been provided by our philanthropical old friend Matsu, we made the ship rainbow-like in the munificence of coloring.

The day passed without a hitch, the only thing that marred the harmony of the day was the fact that "Saint Nicholas" did not pay us a visit, but we attribute his negligence to the fact that no one hung their little stockings o'er the fire place.

The mail began to bring in tokens from home and loved ones, and while the packages were being opened, the less fortunate gathered around hoping to get a glimpse at the contents and to congratulate the lucky one on being remembered from home, for perchance the looker on has lost both father and mother and has no one to whom he can confide his sorrows or look to for a remembrance; did you look close, a tear, which he endeavours vainly to conceal, might be seen rolling down his weather beaten cheek; however among a crew of four hundred men, grief cannot last long, for there is always something to distract a man's mind from his sorrows and give him for the time, blessed forgetfulness.

Two days later we were towed out to our anchorage off the magazines.

Yokosuka is an ideal navy yard, being naturally adapted for fortification and many a grim looking gun protrudes its muzzle threateningly over the bay. The entrance to the harbor is very narrow and thickly mined and there are many reefs and shoals which are a great menace to shipping not aware of their location.

The town is mainly inhabited by government employés and is about an hour's run by rail from Yokohama.

We returned our ammunition on board and on the 30th bid the harbor of Yokosuka "Au revoir," and steamed slowly back to Yokohama after testing our compasses, then spent the balance of the day in cleaning ship.

New Year's day is coming on and the lads are getting their heads together to give it a warm reception. The time has come. Our police force are safely wrapped in the arms of Morpheus. A close observer might have seen two dark forms flat on their stomachs gliding over the wet deck, (for it was raining,) toward the ship's bell. Another form equally stealthy but not so wet, might have been seen lurking under the hood of the conning tower passage, while still another kept necessary and vigilant watch on the movements of the officer on watch. Added to this a crowd of about twenty, each armed with scouse-kettles, dish-pans and spud-mashers were quietly grouped around the hatch on the gun deck.

Soon the faint and far off ringing of a bell ashore is heard; the quartermaster comes down from the bridge and strikes very softly and very gently the necessary eight bells to indicate that twelve o'clock has arrived. Hardly is his back turned ere with a wild yell, the two skulking wet figures spring into activity; with a bound one seizes the bell rope and strikes eight bells for the new year as it had never been struck before, and the figure in the conning tower turns on the full force of the electric fire alarm. Gongs are ringing all over the ship, the crowd of raving maniacs sacrifice the mess gear; the sleeping ship's company is aroused, the chorus is swelled and Bedlam is loose. In twenty minutes everything is quiet again and everyone feels better for this relaxation from the tension of strict naval discipline.

But next morning when the cooks see their mess gear there is a howl, and the heroes of last night's adventures are discreetly silent.

The ship's company took on a very sedate appearance for a time, until the men organized a minstrel show which was a grand success.

The poop was fixed for the occasion, quite a stage being rigged, with genuine electric foot-lights. The awning was spread and the sides and stage furnishing were covered and draped with flags of all nations.

Several original jokes were sprung on those present and a greater portion of them were addressed to the doctor; the chief subject on which they chaffed him being the festive and company loving "microbe."

On January 21st 1886 we determined to change our place of residence. Yes; we were at last about to leave Yokohama to see the world and incidentally to smash the record of the English cruiser "Edgar" for the run between this place and Kobe, a distance of about three hundred and eighty miles, which she had covered in something like twenty hours. We were going to snow her under, clean out of sight, so the evening before Chief Engineer Burnap ordered everything eatable in the market for the benefit of the men in the fire-rooms and the volunteers from deck, and it came aboard in boat loads. Turkeys, ducks and chickens galore were on the table day and night, with a little of the "doctors best" every hour to keep steam up.

Well, in the evening, about four o'clock we started out and lost no time in letting her "have her head," but as is usually the case we were handicapped by head winds and seas, and nearly all the latter seemed to ship with us for the passage, a thing that added greatly to the discomfort of the crew. There wasn't a dry spot on her, and occasionally a sea would dive through a ventilator down into one of the fire-rooms, the only place where it was welcomed, for the thermometer registered one hundred and eighty degrees on an average, so a shower bath was quite a treat.

The seas struck with so much force that a stanchion four inches in diameter, just under the winch-house, was considerably bent.

The average speed we were supposed to have made was eighteen knots. Our log showed a speed of something over twenty two knots and that is what our British cousins can't swallow. How could a vessel attain such speed against a heavy head sea and wind. "They cawn't do it, ye know, bah Jove they cawn't! It is another of their bloomin' yarns, down't ye know."

One paper came out with glaring head lines, stating that we were a "wonderful ship" but that we didn't beat the twenty hours. Oh! they had lots of fun at our expense. We arrived at Kobe at six o'clock in the evening of the 22nd, only stopping to take the pilot on board and entered the "Inland Sea" of Japan, bound for Nagasaki.

Next morning presented the first snow of the season and it made a very pretty scene, this land-locked narrow sea surrounded by mountainous islands just powdered by the downfalling snow.

About eleven o'clock this morning, the good name of the "Olympia" was again insulted and the humiliation was felt

from stem to stern. The "Empress of India," one of the Canadian Pacific Mail boats, hove in sight astern and rapidly began to decrease the distance between us. All hands thought the captain would allow her to get abeam and then leave her behind, and we anxiously awaited the order to "let her out." But it never came. Rapidly she passed us, while it seemed as if her very portholes were sneering at us, and soon we saw nothing of her but a faint cloud of smoke. Soon this faded and we were left to reflect on our humiliating position knowing that we would never hear the end of it from "Cousin John."

that she is hoodooed, that nothing short of a miracle can change their belief. Once in a while she seems to have escaped from the baneful influence of the hoodoo; but just as the people are congratulating themselves on the new turn of affairs, she falls into another streak of bad luck and deep disgrace.

A few weeks ago on her trip from Honolulu to Yokohama, the vessel had fire in her coal bunkers the most of the way.

Now for another story, in which she figures in a way that will bring the flush of shame to the cheek of every proud and patriotic American.

A View of Yokohama.

There is no doubt but that we could steam all around her, but the sad fact remains, we didn't do it. However it is to be hoped that we will meet her again and have an opportunity to punish her for her temerity in daring to beat the "Queen of the Pacific." The Anglo-Jingoist came out in startling head lines as follow:

The Olympia passed on the Coast of Japan, by the "Empress of India."

A Hoodoo on the "Olympia."

Some of the sailors on the cruiser, are so well satisfied

On the way from Yokohama to Kobe the "Olympia" encountered a storm and, according to reports from her officers, not only behaved magnificently, but achieved a speed of over twenty-two knots an hour.

The behavior of the vessel and her speed were given great prominence at Yokohama, and the Japanese Government was very properly impressed. But alas, and alack, the glory of the "Olympia" soon melted away between Kobe and Nagasaki.

The Empress of India, of the Canadian Pacific steamship line brought the "Olympia" to grief.

It is a sad, sad story, my countrymen, and one I dislike to tell; but facts are facts and in this instance, the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, is the right thing.

The "Empress of India" is a magnificent ship and well manned. Her officers are of the British Naval Reserve. On this trip the first officer brought the ship out from British Columbia; she was two days and a half late in starting, owing to a delay in the overland mail, but she was not late in arriving in Yokohama.

She left Yokohama at 2 o'clock p.m., January 21st in a head wind and heavy sea, and yet went right along at the rate of sixteen knots an hour until she reached Kobe. The "Olympia," was there, she had left Yokohama at 3 a.m. on the 21st. An American passenger on the "Empress" called on Admiral McNair and on his return to the Canadian Pacific steamer said the "Olympia" was to sail at 5 p m. The American was very enthusiastic over accounts of what the "Olympia" had done. She had run over twenty-two knots in seas over thirty feet high; seas that smashed the glass in the pilot house on the bridge, tore her bridge railings and wrecked the brass indicator, to say nothing of bending a five inch stanchion.

The officer of the watch was drenched through his oil-skins, but she went through it like a duck and was steady too.

"They had to slow down to five knots, or *everything* would have been carried away," concluded the enthusiastic visitor.

The Americans on the "Empress" were very much elated and my correspondent tells me that the English passengers on the vessel were correspondingly depressed. The English depression however, was very short lived.

At 5 p.m. the "Olympia" started for Nagasaki. The "Empress" left for the same port at 10 p.m., five hours later. Next day the "Empress" at 11 a.m. overtook the "Olympia" and every bloomin' Englishman was on deck watching the American cruiser and studying the facial expressions of the American passengers.

One American, one of those true blue sort, a man that never travels without a little silk flag in his pocket and two or three in his trunk; flags which he decorates steamers and hotel tables with every time he gets a chance, looked with pity on his English fellow passengers because he knew the "Olympia" had the Admiral and his staff aboard and that he would never permit the fast cruiser to be passed by any vessel and certainly he would take pains to show a clean pair of heels to any English steamer that might challenge a contest.

On went the "Empress of India" and, more in sorrow than in anger I write it, she steadily lessened the gap between herself and the "Olympia."

The "Empress" passengers and the "Empress" officers watched the cruiser with keen interest and expected a lively race, but the unexpected happened and the "Empress" steadily gained on the "Olympia."

'Beg pardon, what was the speed you said the "Olympia" made in the dead of night in the heavy gale?' 'Ah! twenty two knots, then she is one of your new commerce destroyers we hear about?' An American, whose heart was in the right place, although his grammar was rocky and who, although he had nothing to say, felt he must say something, replied: 'She aint destroying of no commerce to-day.' 'No, we see she is'nt. Finest of her class in the world I believe you said, may I ask what class?' And so the chaffing went on, the American passenger helpless, hopeless and sick.

The beautiful white "Empress" quickly glided abreast of the "Olympia" and just as she was broadside on, an English tourist took a shot at her with his kodak.

The Captain of the "Empress" quickly said, let me have that picture to send to the "London Graphic."' The "Empress" passed the Olympia at a sixteen knot gait, the day was perfect, the sea like glass and there seemed to be no reason why this, the finest chance for a record should have been thrown away by a cruiser that was sent over to Japan for the purpose of advertising the genius and skill of American ship builders.

There was a story circulated when we arrived at Nagasaki to the effect that the men below were played out. This was not true, for we all thought that she would be given a chance to prove herself and we were all willing and able to help her out. Even had it been true that the firemen had been exhausted, every man and boy in the deck force would have volunteered his services rather than see her beaten, but after she was passed the grandeur of the scenery lost its charms for us.

That night we passed through "Shimonoseki Straits" the most dangerous pass in the "Inland" and which is the entrance to the open sea. The same night we anchored off "Pagoda Point," Nagasaki harbor, and at daylight went to the anchorage off the city.

There were several foreign men-o'-war in the harbor which was pretty well filled up with shipping, giving very little room in which to swing, and keeping the officer of the deck on the alert to avoid collisions.

The "Charleston" was laying here at the time with a broken shaft.

On the 5th of February we manned the rail and rigging, cheering ourselves hoarse for the benefit of a Russian man-o'-war homeward bound.

The "Concord" and "Detroit" came in shortly after our arrival.

Next day we again manned the rail, this time to give the little "Concord" a farewell salaam, for her mission in this land was ended and she was going home for a well earned rest; a good many of us would have liked to be going with her.

Washington's birthday was at hand, an elaborate programme of sports was arranged and all vessels in the harbor had received invitations to join in and make merry.

There was to be boat racing, tug of war, obstacle, go as you please, three-legged, spud and sack races, as well as the indispensable pie-eating match, for all of which generous prizes were to be awarded.

At last the day came and the ball was started with the boat races. Following is the programme:

	1st Prize.	2nd Prize.
Barges, 12 oars 2 miles	$26.00	$13.00
Cutters, 12 „ „	26.00	13.00
Cutters, 10 „ „	22.00	11.00
Gigs, 6 „ „	14.00	7.00
Dinghys, 4 „ „	10.00	5.00
Catamarans, 4 Shovels ¼ mile... ...	12.00	6.00

All the boat races, with the exception of the twelve oared cutter which was won by the Charleston, were taken by this ship.

The tug of war was won by half of everybody on board; the prize was twenty dollars. The other prizes were pretty evenly divided amongst representatives from all the ships.

The pie-eating match merits description, for it was bedlam from start to finish. "Entries for the pie-eating match," called the Chaplain. It required a good deal of persuasion to get any one to volunteer but at last one of the bravest came forth. He was a happy-go-lucky fellow commonly known as "Rube." He boasted a crop of stubbly, salmon colored whiskers which he used as a swab in the contest, to gather up fragments that worked out of range.

The pies were brought on. They looked large and juicy and had a highly polished upper crust which made them look so inviting that two more volunteers, Toohey a small man of Liverpool design but too cute for anything, and a "Sheeney" from the "Yorktown," came forward.

When every thing was ready the three contestants got down on their marrowbones and when the signal was given they sailed in. Their hearts sank however when Toohey extricated a pair of government socks from his pie. The "Sheeney" was eating saw dust as though he had been raised on it, while Bernardo got his second wind and potato skins and orange peel disappeared like chaff before the wind. He was a connoisseur and should have been awarded the prize, but sympathy pointed toward Toohey as he had been handicapped by the socks, so the laurel wreath of victory was placed upon his brow.

The day passed all too quickly. Colors came, the visitors departed and so ended one of the most enjoyable days spent on this ship.

Mt. Fuji, the Pride of Japan.

Next day the "Charleston's" barge crew came over and "tossed oars" under our bow, Challenging us to race. They were invited on board and the challenge accepted. The agreement made was to pull the race next time we met (as we were soon to leave) for twenty dollars an oar and forty dollars in the coxswain's box, over a four mile course.

The "Charleston's" boat has the record of never having lost a race, so we went into training immediately.

On the 3rd of March we left for Woosung, China. The first day out was very fine but next day we struck pretty bad weather.

Whenever it was rough at sea our meals were spread on deck, for when she rolled it was impossible to eat on the tables. On this particular occasion one mess that boasted a duff had a large pan of nice yellow sauce. The boys were gathered around ready for the onslaught as soon as eight bells struck. Suddenly the ship did a hop, skip and jump act, depositing one of the boys stern down in the sauce which queered that entirely. "Fatty" Larsen, one of our heavy weight boarders, was unceremoniously dumped head first into a pickle barrel and was spouting vinegar the rest of the day. Even now if any one mentions the adventure to him they are favored with a very sour and acrid glare.

We arrived that afternoon and saluted as we passed the fort at the mouth of the Whang Pu river. We went but a short distance up stream and anchored opposite the signal station just above the city of Woosung.

The curious crafts common to Chinese waters surrounded us. They were of the same pattern as the Nina, Pina, and Santa Maria of the Columbus era and might have been built at that time, they were so filthy.

The Chinamen all looked sleek and greasy and appeared to be enjoying the best of health.

The land is level and somewhat low, giving the wind plenty of chance to disport itself. It is rather cool here at this time of the year and a refreshing sea breeze blows down on us at a sixty miles gait, making us long for pastures new in warmer climes.

Woosung is about the dirtiest town, or rather hole, on the face of the earth. It could be smelt twenty miles at sea with the wind off shore by even a deaf and dumb man. It consists of about five hundred "pens" dignified by the name of houses and has about twenty thousand inhabitants including rats, dogs and children; and such children. They look at one with large, round, staring eyes that seem to pierce one through and they seem to be imbued with all the philosophy of Confucius, for if they fall they never make any demonstration either of joy or pain, but simply get up, rub their bumps (not thinking it worth while wiping off the dirt) and go quietly on their way.

The chief occupations of the Chinese in this place are piracy, begging and sleeping.

We were only about thirteen miles from Shanghai by water and on March 5th the Admiral and his retinue departed for that place; as we were to go out for target practice and his cabin would be in use, he deemed it better to stay ashore.

Four days later, we left for the group of Islands called "The Saddles," about sixty miles out.

We arrived the same day but did not do anything except cruise around, looking for a good situation for the targets and a place for landing.

After a good deal of searching we finally settled on a spot off the island known, though we can't say why, as "Side Saddle."

Early the morning of the 12th we placed our targets and proceeded to practice on them with the great guns.

The islands were not very thickly populated, only a few of the very lowest class of Chinamen living there; they were goat herders and fishermen.

One old fellow appeared to be very sociable; when the boys landed he came around to pick up the spent bullets and empty cartridges and seeing one of the men take a chew of tobacco he asked for some. Now ship's tobacco is very strong and but slightly sweetened; the man handed him the plug, he took a large mouthful and the lads all gathered around to see the fun. "Old John" kept chewing away like a good fellow, he had a long thin straggly goatee down which the juice ran in a steady stream. Soon a death like pallor overspread his bronzed yellow visage, his eyes blinked painfully, he slowly made his way to the nearest pool and—we will draw a veil over the scene. Sufficient to say that had we offered him the finest meal ever placed before mortals he would have politely but firmly declined to partake of our hospitality.

On the 19th we went to Gutzlaff Island, a distance of about twenty miles, to cable the Admiral that we had finished target practice and to get a pilot.

About noon we returned to the "Side Saddle" and on the 20th in very disagreeable weather, the pilot arrived and we returned to Woosung where we arrived at 3.30 p.m. the same day.

Three days later the Admiral and his wife gave a ball in Shanghai at the American Consulate, and the officers went up by steam launch in claw hammers and cocked hats.

The men were given liberty, going ashore in the gaudily painted sampans and were landed in about six inches of soft, oily Chinese mud. One custom that merits remark is that of painting eyes on the bows of their crafts, for, as they say, "no have eyes no can see, no can see no can sabe, no can sabe, all bloke," and it pleased them greatly when they saw each of our boats with the letter "O" on their bows, thinking no doubt that we were at last acknowledging their superior wisdom.

There were all kinds of conveyances to take one to Shanghai, such as rickshas, carriages and wheel barrows.

The road winds its way through rice-fields, groves of bamboo and Chinese grave yards. It is very level and raised above the fields and swamps that abound there.

About half way to the city is a Chinese barrack where are stationed from three to five hundred soldiers, resplendent in yellow and blue silk jackets, trousers very loose, flowing and baggy, but wound close to the lower extremities and held by

tight fitting leggings, and a profusion of red sashes and gaudy ribbons.

Except for the few rice fields, the country through which we passed seemed to be one continual graveyard. There were graves to the right of us, graves to the left of us and graves all around us. Occasionally we would discover an idol, keeping lonely watch and ward over his sleeping disciples. It is hardly probable that he received any remuneration for his services or ever got a "day off." There are several of them however that are "off their base," having probably been knocked down by some of the strong odors from Woosung, which a god of flesh and blood, let alone one of wood, could not stand up against and live. The fallen ones were almost entirely hidden by the dirt that had accumulated, having in all probability lain thus for years and years.

Soon the visitor begins to realize that he is nearing a city of apparently modern design, for great buildings, factories, warehouses and stores indicate the unmistakable advance of civilization.

At last we arrive in the city, the appearance of which confirms the first impression of it. The streets are broad and well paved Numerous fine buildings are on either hand, with handsome residences, well kept gardens and many splendid hotels.

The town, like nearly all European settlements in this country, is divided up into parts for each residing nationality, of which each retains the individuality of its own nation, the habits and customs of each being markedly different. There is an American, English, French, German and China town. Shanghai however is pre-eminently English.

Vessels from all parts of the world that can get over the bar at Woosung are laying out in the stream off the city waiting either to discharge or take cargo.

Nagasaki.

One of the finest rambles a tourist could take and one that none should miss, is out to the "Bubbling Well." The sight-seer takes the road of that name and walking away from the city's busy hum and bustle is soon plunging into the quiet and peace of a beautiful country road lined on either side by tall shady trees which over hang, their branches interlocking, making a leafy roof through which the sunbeams struggle; their mellow light tinting the beautiful scene with splashes of burnished gold. The road is full of crooks and turns and abounds in cosy retreats where the idealist may linger and

drink in the glorious scene or the weary one sleeps it off; artists and photographers make this road their rendezvous.

In little lanes running off the road are refreshment houses and Chinese tea gardens. In the former one may have, while resting and washing down the dust of travel, any such game as pool, billiards or bowling.

The Shanghai weather bureau is about four and one half miles from the city, with a Frenchman and Portuguese in charge. Both wore long queues. This is a precaution taken by missionaries and other Europeans who are compelled to mingle with the natives, with the view of propitiating them, as they have a great antipathy to foreigners.

A short distance from the weather bureau is situated a nunnery and orphanage. In the latter place the inmates are educated and taught useful trades.

Returning, the traveler takes another road which leads to "Old Shanghai" or China as she was in the days of Confucius. You can tell when you are nearing this place by the innumerable lepers and beggars that beset your path and grow thicker as you get nearer the gate. Some of the former were so indescribably repulsive and made hideous by this loathsome disease that they appeared hardly human.

At the gate of the city one takes a guide who is indispensable, as by going alone you are in constant danger of violence and mayhap robbery and murder.

Just inside the gate we saw a leper unable to stand, laying on the ground wriggling and gesturing with frightful contortions, his body one mass of dirt and running sores. It was a sight that would make many pause and turn back.

The streets are narrow and ankle deep in filth, and business of every description is carried on in the dingy, ill-smelling bazaars that line them. Should you desire to buy anything to commemorate your visit to this foul spot, about fifty per cent is added to the price of the article as commission for the guide, who is invariably a "Shylock" of the most grasping kind. But alas he is indispensable and worst of all, he knows it.

On every corner is a "Joss house," the moneyed visitor is ushered into the presence of "Old Joss" himself and is expected to do the generous by giving his "Nibs" a ten sen piece to pray for him. No doubt a person needs prayer in that ungodly place, but it is hardly probable that if one of the inhabitants of his domain did the "lead pipe act" on your skull that "Old Joss" would bother his brains (if he has any) about you.

The old town is enclosed by high granite walls and the inhabitants are not allowed much freedom outside.

One appreciates the change in the atmosphere on coming out, and gratefully inhales long draughts of pure air into his much abused lungs.

Many of the boys were belated and missed the little steamer "Normand" which was to take them back to the ship on the expiration of their leave and, seeing they were "in for it" at any rate, determined to make their stay a good one, some of them remaining four and five days beyond their leave.

On returning to the ship the delinquents were called up before the skipper who doled out their punishment with *misplaced generosity* and *munificence*, grading it according to the extent of their misdemeanors. The average dose for the "liberty breakers" was "three and four," which translated means three months restriction to the ship and fourth or lowest conduct classification, giving them plenty of time to reflect on the errors of their course.

Time passes very slowly at Woosung as there is nothing to be seen except greasy old junks and an occasional steamer passing on its way up or down stream.

At almost regular intervals one of the large junks would get foul of our lower booms. This happened invariably at night as the "Chinks" would go to sleep and trusting to the eyes in the craft, let it drift down stream at its own sweet will. We had on an average about two a week to take care of, all coming at night and necessitating turning out the entire deck-force to clear them. The Chinese would do nothing but keep up a continual jabbering which made many of the boys long for a chance to kill them. This pleasure however was denied us and we had to content ourselves with an occasional sly tug at one of their pigtails.

On the morning of April the 30th a terrible collision occurred between two steamers, but a short distance from our anchorage.

About 1 a.m. the quartermaster reported that he heard a crash as though two steamers had collided and it was only a matter of a few moments before the truth was known, as the tide was running in like a millrace and the water was full of floating debris, Chinamen, women and children whose cries for help rang out on every side. All hands were called "to save life" and as the thrilling cry rang through the ship the men turned out, rushing on deck half naked, and in the twinkling of an eye the life boats were manned and lowered and making for where the unfortunate people were thickest. Two large floats were moored on either side of the ship and prevented the lowering of more boats, but the men got down on them and dragged struggling men, women and children on board to life and safety. The cries of the victims were heart-rending as they swept by. Once we heard the voice of a European cry out in tones of agonizing entreaty: "For the love of Christ lower a boat and save me!"

In the meantime the life boats were doing good service, darting hither and thither snatching the poor devils from a watery grave. We were flashing the signal to the fleet to "save life" and all joined in the work of rescue.

Soon the boats began to return with their wet, scared and shivering loads of humanity. They were quickly transferred to the sick bay where they were given dry clothing, the boys giving up their hammocks and blankets for the use of the sufferers.

One of the life boats passed a Chinaman floating on a huge box, wildly waving his hands and crying: "Please mister sailor, two dollars, mister sailor!"

It was was fortunate that the tide was running in, for otherwise they would have drifted out to sea and it is hardly probable that any of them would have been be saved.

Two Europeans were rescued, one by a life boat; the other caught the "Jacob's ladder" on the boom and with the assistance of one of the boys managed to reach the deck where he fell exhausted

The Chinamen were as helpless as babies and would do nothing to help themselves, but simply clung to the bundles they had saved.

The sampan men reaped a golden harvest that night picking up every thing of value; but they were not out for saving life and they were more likely to shove a man under than to rescue him. It is said that if a Chinaman saves the life of another he is compelled to support him all the rest of his life, and as he has to jump sideways to feed himself he would find it rather hard to fullfil the compact and appease the wrath of the angry "joss" for cheating him out of a new soul.

We found later that it was the steamer "Newchang" that had collided with the "Onwo" just below the bar, owing to some misunderstanding of signals. The former beached on "Pheasant Point," just opposite Woosung, but the "Onwo" sank in eight fathoms of water in "Pheasant Pass."

Out of the 326 passengers booked, and there were probably a hundred more, but 75 were saved. The others were drowned or boiled to death by escaping steam, many of them being in their bunks and unable to fight against or ascertain their impending danger.

The "Onwo" owing to her speed, had been a "blockade runner" flying the Chinese flag during the late war.

Following is a copy of a circular issued by Admiral McNair commending the crews of the different vessels for their services

Rear Admiral McNair and Staff.

Lt. LOGAN Capt. GRIDLEY Admiral McNAIR Lt. REAMEY Ensign UPHAM.

ASIATIC STATION.

Squadron General Order, Number 2. } U. S. Flagship OLYMPIA, Woosung, China, May 1, 1896.

1. The Commander-in-Chief is gratified to be able to express his warm appreciation of the humane spirit and seamanlike ability of the officers and men of the Squadron present at Woosung, China, on the morning of the thirtieth of April, when upon the occasion of the sinking of the steamer

On-Wo, thirty-eight lives were rescued by the Olympia, four by the Yorktown, and one by the Boston.

2. The promptness and skill of the officers and men of the Olympia came directly under the notice of the Commander-in-Chief, and are testified to by the number of human lives that were saved. And while, owing to their greater distance from the scene of the disaster, the other vessels present were unable to take so large a part in the work of rescue, the Commander-in-Chief is equally pleased to extend to their officers and crews his congratulations upon the success of their efforts.

F. V. McNAIR,
Rear Admiral, U. S. Navy,
Commanding U.S. Naval Force on Asiatic Station.

Dragging for the bodies was immediately begun and the sampan men were offered rewards for each one they recovered. They would catch one as soon as they threw the hook out and after going through the pockets would take it ashore. Here there were a number of other Chinamen waiting to receive the bodies. A string of about fifty was laid out on the bank opposite the ship, while three or four other piles could be seen further up the beach.

They remained thus for several days until they began to smell dead, sure enough. On the fourth day straw mats were thrown over them. In spite of the terrible odor, crowds of people were continually on the look out, some even camping there, and when a new body was brought in they would rush down to the beach to see if it was a relative or friend.

A big silk merchant of Shanghai sent down several boat loads of coffins, but not sufficient to bury them all.

The Admiral received a letter of thanks from the Governor of the province of Shanghai, in which he expressed his gratitude for the noble work of the officers and crews of the American ships.

Reveille went at 4 a.m. on May the 9th and we prepared to leave for Chefoo, China. We were all overjoyed at getting away from this place where the terrible stench that permeated everything made life unbearable, and a change of scene was a blessing.

We were going to have fleet evolutions and target practice in company, so the other vessels went out also. The "Detroit" went first, followed by the "Yorktown" and "Machias." We left at nine thirty and soon overtook the others.

Signals were being run up at the yard-arms and each vessel took her place in the formation agreed upon. The little "Machias" could hardly keep up but still managed to hold her own.

At night a signal was made to the effect that if separated by storm during the night, to proceed according to orders. However the weather continued fine and nothing occurred to mar the harmony of the affair.

On the afternoon of the tenth, orders were given to the "Yorktown" to proceed to Chemulpo and she lost no time in availing herself of the opportunity and getting out of sight of the domineering flagship.

Next day we entered the Gulf of Pechili and had a splendid view of the Shantung promontory, which is a very rugged and rocky piece of nature.

It is surprising to find a nice day around this point, for it is nearly always rough with strong currents setting in toward shore, and is the scene of many shipwrecks.

The low sandy beach where the Japs landed troops and whence they marched on "Wei-hai-wei" was plain in view.

We anchored off Chefoo light-house at five P.M. and next morning "Sing Tai" the comprador was on hand with all the delicacies of the season to catch the eye of the sailors. There was milk, cake, fruit, candies, eggs by the yard and chickens by the dozen. When we were off the coast of California cracker hash or dandy funk had a tendency to make the boy's mouths water, but now we have arrived at that stage when "Welsh rare-bits" and "chicken pot-pies" are looked upon as common. It is wonderful to see how the boys have developed epicurean tastes.

The "Machias" went out next morning, placed a target and awaited our coming. Soon after we followed her, accompanied by the "Detroit." Arriving at the rendezvous we formed in "line of battle" and steaming around the target blazed away. Some fine shooting was done, shots falling thick and fast around the "enemy" and it soon began to collapse under the hail of shell that was continually being poured into it.

Next day we had battalion drill ashore on a small island which for want of a better name we called "Drill Island." Companies from the "Machias" "Detroit" and this ship formed the battalion. This was on the fourteenth of May and the same afternoon the race between the "Charleston's" and our barge was to take place. The "Charleston's" crew were excused from all drills while ours was excused from nothing and were ashore with the rest, drilling in the hot sun and heavy sand.

At last the two boat's crews were towed over the four mile course to the starting point. The race from start to finish was neck and neck with the advantage, if any, on our side. It was very exciting, sirens shrilly screaming encouragement to their crews, men shouting themselves hoarse and the men in the boats straining nerve and sinew for victory.

Owing to some misunderstanding, the line of finish had been changed but neither of the coxswains informed of the fact. When the boats came in, everyone even the "Charleston's" crew thought we had won and her coxswain said, "well White, I guess you've beat us."

The coxswain of our boat, Charles, better known as "Dago" White, invited him on board. What was his astonishment when the referee, Lt. Buchanan, handed the stakes to the coxswain of the "Charley's" boat who nearly dropped dead with surprise when told that he had won. "Dago" looked sadly at his money and wanted to know who *had* won the race. The decision broke his heart. And the band played, "You'll never miss your money, till it's gone."

On the seventeenth the "Charleston" left Chefoo Bay homeward bound, and rail, rigging and tops were manned to give her a cheer; we watched her as she faded slowly from view taking our dollars with her, but we consoled ourselves

with the knowledge that it was going to a good country to be spent.

Before leaving her racing crew pulled over and presented us with a handsome silk "Cock," a racing flag of blue silk with a rooster in a triumphant attitude crowing over his victories, each of which is represented by a star. They did this to show that they appreciated the situation and sympathized with us. Ah well, such is the irony of fate.

We left Chefoo three days later, bound for Vladivostock, Siberia, where we were to assist in celebrating the "Coronation of the Czar."

On the 23rd, just before entering the harbor of Vladivostock, we stopped to clean and paint ship so as to make a respectable showing. We went in just before sundown and the usual burning of gunpowder occurred. There were however so many salutes to be fired that some had to be postponed until morning.

Great respect was shown us as we were the only foreign man-o'-war present.

The harbor is full of men-o'-war and more coming all the time. Visitors were continually coming on board and the boys took great delight in showing them around the vessel.

The 27th was "Coronation day" and at precisely eleven thirty in the morning all the vessels "dressed ship" at once making a majestic and handsome appearance in their rainbow hued garments, and the roar of a hundred and one guns, thundering a salute to the new ruler made a din that was indescribable. The harbor was a dense cloud of smoke with here and there a tall and gaily bedecked spar looming up through it, forming a pretty contrast to the grey smoke.

In the evening the flags were hauled down and were replaced by hundreds of incandescent lights and Chinese lanterns. The night being dark, nothing could be seen of the vessels but their hulls and spars outlined by myriads of lights representing the national colors. Nearly every vessel had some artistic grouping representing either the "Coat of Arms," the "Russian Bear," or the "Throne" and some of them the Czar's imperial title and crown.

We tried to decorate with Japanese lanterns but it turned out a fizzle for they would either blow out or catch fire. At last we hauled them down and hoisting the Russian flag at the mainmast turned the searchlight on it. The Russians cheered

Shanghai, the "Model Settlement"

like mad. We then ran our ensign up to the fore and turned another searchlight on it also.

The whole town was a mass of fire, and displays of the crown and rising sun, as well as innumerable pyramids and fireworks, made the scene a most brilliant one.

During the evening various man-o'-war's boats decorated with Japanese lanterns serenaded us with songs and music. We received them with cheers and tigers to their hearts content. But we were handicapped by not having our throats trained for the occasion, as they did not stop at three cheers but seemed determined to out do us on the yelling game, and worst of all as soon as one boat left, another would follow and the result was that next day the boys spoke in whispers.

The festivities lasted three days.

The next night we rigged out one of our cutters with spars and yard-arms which were covered with Japanese lanterns and taking the band we serenaded every ship in the harbor with such good old songs as, "Annie Rooney," "Daisy Bell," "Sweet Marie," and "Come where my love lies dreaming."

There were balls, parties, dinners and fetes galore. On the 29th invitations were received from the "Rurik" and "Pamiat Azova" for fifty of the crew to attend a dinner on each ship, stating that they would have liked to invite all but they had no room, so we let them off at that; quite a few were greatly disappointed at not being able to attend but it could not be, so they contented themselves by eating the dinners of the fortunate ones.

Liberty was granted here and we were well treated both by the inhabitants and the military. Nothing was too good for us, but hotels were very scarce and this fact necessitated returning to the ship for sleeping quarters.

The town is very hilly and the streets are very poor. It is built on a bank of yellow clay and as it happened to be raining we were soon wallowing in mud up to our ears.

The places of interest were few and far between and consisted chiefly of a railroad barrack. A two hours stay was enough to satisfy the chronic liberty breakers that there is no place like the old home after all.

The bulk of the population here are soldiers and sailors who make "Rome howl" when out on a lark.

On the 31st the party for the dinner on the two Russian Men-o'-war dressed up in their "Sunday go to meetings" and prepared themselves for a general good time. And they had it with a vengeance.

Their first introduction was to a barrel of "vodka," the national drink and strong as the devil, but the beauty of it was that it was dipped up with a ladle, no "ponies" there. No ordinary person could drink a dipper-full and live, but the Johnnies took it like ice cream soda.

The tables were spread with everything the heart could wish for and stood temptingly awaiting the onslaught. The grand rush came at about two o'clock. A toast was given in pantomime, hands and feet doing the talking, but after fifteen minutes at that table our boys could speak Russian like natives and every one began to feel sociable and settled down to business. Three cheers were given for the "Americanos" and were answered by three more for "Johnny de Roosh" and even the fierce looking guns took on an aspect of good nature.

Flags and evergreens were lavishly used and picturesquely arranged to hide the commonplace bulkheads.

After the repast a few of the lads were laid away to rest in the "chain lockers" or under the "to'gallant fo'cas'le" while the rest took a ramble on the beach.

In the morning they began to arrive on board looking heavy-eyed and tired but divinely happy. They all agreed unanimously that the reception was a "peach," and will always remember with gratitude and pleasure the hospitable manner in which they were treated by the people of Vladivostock.

Vladivostock is the terminal of the great Siberian Railroad.

The harbor is not navigable in the winter months and the Russian fleet makes its head quarters down south during this period.

On June 2nd at about 4 p.m. we got underway, and steaming around the harbor, cheered each ship while the band played their National anthem which courtesy was returned with interest. It was a sight worth seeing to observe the dexterity with which our captain handled the ship, zig-zaging between the various vessels in a manner that made the "Ruskies" stare, and spoke well for the promptness with which the vessel answered the call of the helmsman.

After this little exhibition we steamed proudly out bound for Hakodate the most northern port of Japan, where we dropped anchor on the morning of June 4th and prepared the ship for the much dreaded "Admiral's Inspection" which we had been looking forward to for a year. It was a repetition of the one held by the Board of Inspection, with the exception of gun firing. There was "arm and away," "clear ship for action," "fire quarters," and "man overboard," all of which conduced toward making us jump side-ways, and next morning we were off again like a house afire, keeping up the good work. After an early breakfast we had "collision drill," which is indicated by a mournful howl from the "siren" followed by short blasts to tell the locality of the injury; one, starboard bow; two, port bow; three, starboard, and four, port quarters. This was immediately followed by "abandon ship," the signal for which is a continued tooting of the whistle, and the boats were provisioned and rigged out ere it had ceased.

All hands were in their respective boats with the exception of the "First Lufi" and a few other officers who stood in the port gangway, their stern countenances showing that they preferred going down with the ship if necessary.

The boys were all giving "Admiral" McDonald, our carpenter, the Ha! Ha! as he perched himself disconsolately on a can of hardtack looking for all the world like a veritable shipwrecked mariner, as his crew sculled the shapely catamaran around the harbor.

At midnight the fire alarms sounded just to see if "Jack" could come quick enough to put the fire out. It was done to the Queen's or rather the Admiral's taste, and we were again allowed to seek our downy couches.

At 11.30 on the morning of the 5th we left Hakodate without having had a chance to see anything but the combers on the wave-washed front of the town.

Two days later we were again anchored inside the breakwater of Yokohama.

The weather was warm and swimming was indulged in twice a day. These plunges into the briny were a great pleasure to the boys and they enjoyed it up to the limit.

On the 20th we dressed ship in honor of the Queen of England's accession.

The Army and Navy Union spent the day in an outing at Kamakura, about twenty miles from Yokohama.

Following is their programme: "Address of Welcome," C. R. Sheaff. "Declaration of Independence," Chaplain J. B. Frazier. "The Many in One," (song.) G. H. Purdy.

Toasts were answered by R. Wallace, E. C. Jaegar, T. L. McKenna, Chaplain Frazier, and Gunner Kuhlwein.

Our Base Ball nine gave a native team who thought they knew all about it, a few pointers on playing the game. They were a crack team, however and put up a game game that would have made some of our professionals open their eyes.

VLADIVOSTOCK, SIBERIA, showing terminal of the Great Siberian Railroad.

The Glorious Fourth came and found us "dead to the world." The decision in the race between the "Charleston" and us was still a "dark horse," and the boys do not feel much inclined for the usual patriotic demonstrations. At 4.40 a.m. we dressed ship with "Old Glory" at every available place.

Breakfast found many of the boys in a retrospective mood, meditating on how many bunches of fire-crackers they would have fired by this time had they stayed home.

However we had the consolation of enjoying as fine a dinner as ever graced a mess table and we felt better after it, for a full stomach covers a multitude of sorrows.

The youthful (?) "Pop" Church put a twirl on the ball that made their hair stand on end and won the day. He was carried around the diamond by the ladies and has continued a decided favorite among the fair sex ever since.

The morning of July the sixth, a fight occurred between some of the crew of the yacht "Coronet," which was laying at anchor close by us. One of the men, to avoid punishment, sprang overboard and swam to this ship. When a couple of yards from the sea ladder he became exhausted and sank. Some men were in the catamaran cleaning the ship's side and

two of them, Cadet Stanley and Apprentice L. S. Young, sprang overboard, and rescued him. He was brought on board and resuscitated, after which, at the request of the yacht he was sent back to his own vessel.

There were several French men-o'-war in the harbor and on the 14th we celebrated the "Fall of the Bastille" by dressing ship and firing a salute of twenty-one guns.

That night a fire broke out ashore and two boats crews were sent ashore to assist in extinguishing the flames.

Yokohama doesn't sport much of a fire department and it took nearly all night to get the fire under control as the buildings are nearly all wood and paper and burn like tinder.

Just before daylight the fire was nearly out and the tired boys returned aboard, where they had a much needed rest. They were reported as having done very good work.

On August 9th an eclipse of the sun took place and could be seen from here. The sun was nearly obscured.

The yacht "Coronet" was in the harbor with a party of astronomers on board who had come out here to witness the event.

About this time a great tidal wave struck the coast of Japan, creating great havoc, engulfing towns and villages in its course and leaving in its wake thousands of homeless, starving human beings

It is estimated that over thirty thousand Japanese were killed by this devastating force.

While laying here we were challenged to a barge race by H. M. S. Grafton, one of the English flagships. We ot course jumped at the chance, never taking a bluff from any one, and least of all from our English cousins.

Our crew went into training and had been at it hard for about two weeks when a letter was received from the "Grafton," calling the race off and stating that they were unable to practice on account of too much drill.

A typhoon was reported to "call in here" on the 27th of August but failed to connect.

On September 13th, shortly after breakfast, one of the bandsmen, De Lucca by name suddenly dropped dead. He was taken to the hospital where a post mortem examination was held and it was found that death had been caused by the bursting of one of the blood vessels in the brain.

He was buried in the cemetery at Yokohama with full naval honors.

His death was greatly regretted by "Armstrong" the bass drummer, whom he left in the lurch to the extent of one hundred dollars by his unexpected demise. And now "Old Armstrong" is getting greyheaded and in his sleep you may hear him cry, "I wanta ma hoondreda dolla!"

It seems that De Lucca was an assumed name and no information regarding his relatives could be obtained.

The gloom that death casts over the ship's company is very short lived, something being on the tapis all the time and very little thought devoted to the shady side of life.

The little Mexican corvette "Zaragosa" arrived a short time ago bound on a three years cruise around the world.

On the 15th of September we dressed ship in honor of the inauguration of the President of Mexico.

Two days later we again went to Yokosuka to dry-dock and have the ship's bottom scraped and a few repairs made.

The "Chinyuen" was there to greet us this time, laying out in the stream getting ready for target practice under the management of her captors.

On the 20th we went into the dry dock, came out on the 26th and returned to Yokohama on the 30th as clean as a new pin.

On October 4th a sad fate overtook one of the crew. Charles Nelson, captain of the after-guard, was asphyxiated in the room of a hotel while on leave, by not completely turning off and closing the gas jet.

He was found in the morning in an unconscious state and quickly sent to the hospital, but was too far gone to be resuscitated, so he made the cruise which all of us must make sooner or later.

He was greatly liked by every one both fore and aft, an indefatigable worker and generous to a fault.

He was an expert coxswain especially in a surf-boat, having a keen eye and good judgment. He showed his ability in Lahaina where in making a trip ashore through the surf, the rowlock of his steering-oar broke and the whale-boat was capsized. Those that could not swim were in danger of drowning and had it not been for Nelson's coolness and judgement two at least would have been lost.

He swam out to where they were struggling in the water and piloted them to the capsized boat to which they managed to cling until help arrived and all were rescued. And now he lies buried far from his home in this foreign land.

The crew subscribed for and erected two head stones, one for De Lucca and the other for Nelson.

On the 12th we prepared to make another round of the "station" and proceeded to Kobe. We had fine weather all day but the next morning it became rather boisterous and we dropped anchor in Kobe just in time to avoid having to weather a typhoon.

We laid in Kobe until the 15th.

It is said to be the finest town in Japan, but as we have never been fortunate enough to have an opportunity to investigate the truth of this statement, we cannot describe it. We have been there twice but only to get our wind and then go on our way rejoicing.

At 4.30 a.m. on the afore-mentioned date our pilot arrived on board, the anchor weighed and we again entered the Inland Sea.

The day was all that one could wish for, warm, pleasant and no unnecessary breezes blowing.

The scenery was beautiful and it was appreciated by all except perhaps the men below, shoveling coal.

Occasionally we would steam through narrow passes, high mountains towering on either hand. It is a picture that must be seen to be appreciated.

We sighted Shimonoseki light house at 7.30 p.m. and at ten o'clock anchored in the Straits as it was dangerous to go through at night.

Just after passing the town on our way out next morning, we met the Pacific Mail Steamer "Rio de Janiero," bound for the States. It made the boys stare to see the passengers on deck so early, and many of them remarked how different it would be with us if we could sleep on.

We passed Ross Island about noon of the 17th and with the glasses we could see a small village.

men-o'-war on this station call here to have target practice.

The island is long, low and sandy. At each end is a hill on one of which is a Chinese "Joss house" and the grave of some nobleman. The other hill was used by us when drilling, as a signal station.

At the northern-most end of this island and under the shadows of a rocky cliff are the graves of five Europeans, one of a missionary who had been murdered while in the interior by Chinese. This occurred about thirty years ago. The name on the tombstone is hardly discernable, looking as though it

"OLYMPIA" BASE BALL CLUB.

Fishing is about all that can be carried on in that barren spot, for it is only a naked rock sticking up out of the water; even the sea-gulls have an extraordinarily emaciated appearance and many of them took passage with us to Chefoo. Next morning we came to anchor in that harbor.

The "Yorktown" and "Machias," were already there awaiting our coming. The weather became very bad and it continued dirty and rough until the 20th when it calmed down sufficiently to admit of a landing on "Drill Island," much to the chagrin and dislike of the boys.

We had small arm practice ashore also. Nearly all had been purposely obliterated by the Chinese. From what could be seen we found that his name was Dr. Parkman, or something very similar, and that his birth-place was somewhere in Massachusetts. We could also decipher the part describing the manner of his death. Of the others nothing could be made out.

On the seaboard side of the Island can be seen a vessel, wrecked and driven ashore by one of the fierce storms that rage in this locality.

The inhabitants of this Island are a few fishermen who in the summer live in miserable foul smelling hovels made of

sea-weed and grass, and in winter drag out their existence in pits and holes dug in the sand. They are horrible specimens of humanity. Their food consists of raw fish and rice which, with an occasional "hop-pipe" and a drink of "samshu" make for them a veritable paradise on earth. Once in a while they find a stranded jelly-fish, which grows to large proportions in this salubrious climate, measuring as much as two feet across, and which they devour with great gusto.

On the 24th October we prepared to have torpedo practice. Several officers came over to witness the operation of firing these destructive missiles. They did not stay long, for the first attempt proved a fizzle. Owing to some disarrangement of the steering apparatus it went to the bottom and stayed there.

Diving was immediately begun and the torpedo was recovered next day.

On October 28th all hands were landed for "battalion drill" and while ashore a storm sprung up and the sea became very rough. We attempted to return to the ship in the pulling boats and would probably be traveling yet had not the steam launches from the different vessels come to our aid. As it was we were pretty wet and correspondingly good humored.

One of the lads swiped or rather appropriated one of the Idols from the hill. When he arrived on board ship, he showed his prize to one of the Chinese stewards who said that it was a "God of Thunder" and now the young scoundrel brazenly asserts that he is the only genuine "rain maker." If however we undergo another such experience and he is held responsible, his *reign* will soon be ended.

Chefoo was to be the scene of another boat-race, this time between us and the "Boston" who challenged us to race their gig over a four mile course for twenty dollars an oar and forty in the coxswain's box.

The race was pulled on the second of November, and was won by our crew, beating them by three minutes and twenty seconds. It was a very good race and well pulled.

Next day we put to sea again for great gun practice, but owing to very rough weather had to return to harbor. It was by far the roughest weather we had encountered or wish to encounter again. The "Boston," "Yorktown" and "Machias" were at anchor and were putting their noses under the yellow seas that seemed about to engulf them.

The 4th of November is here and it is the 3rd in the States.

Considerable money is being bet on the results of the election, with the odds of two to one in favor of McKinley.

There was considerable Bryan money also and his backers are quietly going around taking in the short end.

We had quite a bit of excitement on the side, two of the boys having a race to the truck for a purse of ten dollars. One was a little fellow of Teutonic extraction with hands and feet that would have been the envy of Goliath. The other a slender, wiry young American, graceful as a houri and active as a cat.

Little Deitrich made the trip in a little less than two minutes, while Shay slapped the truck-light in fifty-nine seconds after leaving the sheer-pole.

Next day we steamed out to continue our gun practice, returning late in the afternoon. That night the "Yorktown" who was laying close in shore signaled over, "McKinley is elected." No bets were paid over however, until more authentic information was obtained.

At 6.30 p.m. on the night of November the 9th, after vainly awaiting the arrival of the American Mail, we left for Nagasaki, Japan.

Shortly after clearing the Shantung Promontory the weather became fine and continued so the entire trip.

Just before entering the harbor we met and saluted the French flagship "Bayard" homeward bound.

We arrived in Nagasaki at 1.55 p.m. on the 11th.

Five days later we commenced coaling ship, a job that had no more terrors for us, as it was all done by the natives. It was a novel sight to us to see women engaged in this work. There were young girls from ten, to women apparently one hundred and ten years old, numbering about two hundred, keeping a steady stream of coal running into the bunkers.

When it began to rain they resembled so many dusty ducklets, these fair maidens, with the water cutting channels through the coal dust on their blooming cheeks. However they did not seem to mind either the rain or their complexions, but seemed lost in blissful anticipation of the twenty sen they would receive for their day's work.

They are much better workers than the men and a "hand out" in the shape of a slice of bread or a cup of coffee was greatly appreciated and they overwhelmed the donor with the volubility of their "arigatos" (thanks).

The women all over Japan are supposed to do as much work as a man, outside of their duties as house-wives. Verily, Japan is the place for the "new woman" and if a year's experience here don't knock the foolishness out of her, she should be made *Emperor* of Patagonia or *janitor* of a Harlem flat.

The ship is getting to be more like home everyday, with nothing to do but work.

The "Rurik" and "Pamiat Azova" are laying here and the boys determined to return their kindness to us in Vladivostock, by giving them a banquet.

Thanksgiving Day came and went, being celebrated in a very quiet way with the usual "festive turkey" and "youthful porker." No sports were on the calender but the ship was crowded with visitors. That evening the band played the same old moss-grown tunes for the benefit of the few whose musical education had been neglected, and even the many that boasted a classical ear sat around, showing evident thankfulness for the past and a hope that if it would not inconvenience the creator of circumstances, they would be more than pleased to spend their next Thanksgiving, "back among the old folks once again."

On the 30th we were honored by the visit of a young lad from Elsie Adair's Theatrical Company which had been stranded in Shanghai. He had come to Nagasaki and the American Consul gave him a ticket to the States. He was not more than fourteen years of age, bright, smart and pleasant.

He came on board and sang several songs for the edification of the boys who invited him to stay to dinner.

A subscription was started for his benefit and about two hundred dollars collected, fifty of which were used in buying clothing and giving him a little pocket money. The balance was turned over to the Captain of the "Belgic," to be given to the boy on his arrival in the States.

December 5th "Johnny Ruskies" "blowout" took place and it was a roaring success.

but could hardly be heard as everyone began whistling it. All hands were happy and the affair was a huge success, but we will not dwell on describing it.

The "Olympia's Minstrels" gave an entertainment ashore for the benefit of Nagasaki charities.

The curtain arose at 8.30 P.M. on the 23rd to a packed house and the one night stand was a howling success.

Following is the programme.

"WARM ONES."

The reception committee from our ship met the Russians on the dock where they formed, and led by the band, marched to the town hall to the tune of the "Washington Post."

The hall was elaborately decorated by the ship's artist, L. T. Swift and the tables groaned under their load of dainties.

The address of welcome was delivered by N. W. Phillips in Russian and responded to by the chief boatswain's mate of the Rurik.

After the ceremony the band played the Imperial Eagle,

GRAND INTRODUCTORY OVERTURE

By the Flagship Olympia's Orchestra under the Direction of M. Valifuoco

PART FIRST.

Bones.	Interlocutor.	Tambos.
T. Toohey,	M. W. Creagh,	J. C. Jordan,
R. J. Clifford,		W. J. Wheatley,
J. F. Quinn,		W. Smith,
J. Coyle,		S. Ferguson.

"Olympia's 400" ..... by Entire Company.
"New Bully" ..... J. F. Quinn.
"Sunshine of Paradise Alley" ..... H. Barlow.
"My Angeline" ..... W. J. Wheatley.
"Only one Girl in the World for Me" ..... J. Fremgen.
"Parson Johnson's Chicken Brigade" ..... R. J. Clifford.
"Delia Moore" ..... J. J. Lutton.
"Standing on the Corner" ..... J. C. Jordan.

PART SECOND.

THE OLYMPIA'S GLEE CLUB IN POPULAR MELODIES.

THE TWO BLACK DIAMONDS.

Wheatley and Clifford in their own Specialty.

GRAND CAKE WALK.

The largest cake ever made in Nagasaki will be contested for in the true style of "Ole Virginny."

THE OLYMPIA'S STRING QUARTETTE,
in their latest Selections.

THE SMOKED PEARLS,

Smith and Ferguson in Gymnastic Exercises.

MR. W. J. O'BRIEN.

The longest speech in the shortest time by this talented Boy Orator, assisted by the World's Famous So So's (Sub) Marine Band under the leadership of J. Phil So So.
Mr. W. J. O'BRIEN (T. TOOHEY).

Concluding with Songs of all Nations and Grand Tableau,
COLUMBIA, THE GEM OF THE OCEAN,
By Entire Company.

Christmas came as all Christmases will and found the cooks all ready with their their dyspepsia laden eatables. Visitors came aboard and stayed to dinner having, so they asserted, a most enjoyable time. Liberty was granted and every one was happy.

Next day a couple of Englishmen from H. M. S. "Undaunted" came over to arrange for a prize fight with one of the boys, Billy Smith. The challenge was accepted and preparations made for the event Articles were sent to the Englishman and approved of and the fight was agreed to take place in two weeks.

After Smith had been training about a week, the Englishman sent a note stating that his Captain had heard of the coming event and had forbidden it and calling the fight off. We were all of the opinion that the British lad had had an attack of "cold feet."

On the twenty ninth of December they came again, this time to challenge us for a cutter race. It was swallowed like a piece of pork by a hungry sea-gull. Many of us wondered however whether it would ever take place. Who can say?

The race was to be for twenty dollars an oar and forty in the coxswain's box, to be pulled off in a week.

January 5th, 1897 the "Olympia's 400, burnt cork comedians" gave an entertainment on board for the benefit of the men that missed the one given ashore, of which this was a repetition.

The Admiral and Captain had seats in the "bald head row" and seemed to enjoy the show as much as anyone. The Admiral himself presented Brother Epps with a cake for being the most graceful in the cake walk.

Next day was to see the boat race and it came fine and clear. A few hundred dollars was placed on the "red herring" as our boat was called, and sent over to the "Undaunted" to be covered.

The boats were towed out to the starting point, Heirase beacon. a distance of about three miles and a half, and about thirty five minutes after leaving there, our cutter crossed the finishing line, one minute and forty seconds ahead of the "Undaunted."

They took their beating like true sports and after a drink all around went back to their own ship followed by three hearty cheers from the "Yanks." In the meantime we were transferring men whose time had expired or was about to expire, to the "Detroit" which vessel was going to New York via Suez Canal. We would all liked to have made that trip as she would touch at a great many ports of interest on her way, and we all had an ambition to circumnavigate the globe, to say nothing of getting home.

The 23rd saw us on our way bound for Hongkong, with a smooth sea and plenty of good things to eat on board.

We slowed down on entering the Formosan Channel as it is too shallow for fast running and always abounds in fleets of fishing junks which makes traveling here very risky.

We were but a short time in this channel and expected to meet the "Empress of India," whom we could never forgive or forget, at "Turnabout light-house," on her way from Shanghai to Hongkong. But sad to say we missed her. However we came to anchor in Hongkong having made the trip in sixty hours from light to light, beating the fastest record by twelve hours hitherto held by the steamship "China" of the Pacific Mail Steamboat Company.

On the 27th the Governor of Hongkong came on board and all hands were called to quarters in his honor. Admirals were common, as there were five flagships laying in the harbor at the time; the Centurion and Grafton, English; the Rurik, Russian; the Kaiser Wilhelm, German and the "Queen of the Pacific."

On February 2nd we had the pleasure or rather torture, of witnessing the "Chinese New Year." They made great demonstrations, firing tons on tons of fire-works of all descriptions and the streets were so crowded with merry-makers that it was almost impossible to walk.

The night of the 6th we lost one of our boys, Joseph Kelly, by drowning. The night was dark and gloomy. Joe in company with another of the boys attemped to jump ship. Both of them lowered themselves over the stern by means of a rope intending to

attract a sampan man and get him to take them ashore. While hanging there, a steam launch came by and fearful of being discovered they endeavored to climb back, but Joe was too tired. His companion told him to hang on whilst he got another rope. When he got back Joe was gone and though his body was never recovered and he is entered in the ship's log as a deserter, we all know and will ever believe that Joe was drowned, for he was too much of a man and an American to desert. A large reward was offered for the recovery of his body and the fact that no answer was received, confirms us in the belief that his body had been robbed, or that he had met with foul play.

Old Purdy relating his "Bar's Story."

The "Detroit" left on the 20th bound for "God's Country," her rigging full of happy tars waving flags and cheering themselves hoarse.

Washington's Birthday was celebrated here and we had the usual sports, boat-racing etc. and every ship in the harbor sent men over to win some one of the prizes; they weren't particular which one either. There were soldiers also from every branch of the service anxious to win laurels and incidentally the dollars which were offered to the victors.

The boats were just about to start off for the regatta when the "General recall" was hoisted on the "Grafton" calling all her men aboard.

They sent over word that their Captain of Marines had shot himself. This caused considerable indignation among the Britishers and one of the tars said, "it's a bloomin' shame he couldn't bloody well wait till to-morrow."

The programme went on however just as if nothing had happeded The most laughable thing was a cosmopolitan pie eating match between one of our boys, an Englishman and a German. The Englishman had a walk-over and was overjoyed at winning an addition to the prize, as his Captain had promised him five dollars if he won.

On March 4th we left Hongkong for Mirs Bay for target practice which seems to be the chief feature of the cruise. However its a good thing as we are all anxious to make a good record and as generous prizes were offered, a great deal of interest was taken in beating the record.

We were again unfortunate with our torpedo practice as we had a repetition of the occurence at Chefoo, the torpedo going to the bottom and although we had both our own men and natives diving for it, it was never recovered and Uncle Sam is about twenty-five hundred dollars out in the transaction. A standing reward was posted for its recovery.

We returned to Hongkong on the 19th in a very thick fog which compelled us to travel very slowly the siren sounding every few minutes, but at last we arrived at Hongkong.

The Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight was on the tapis and the lack of news keeps the boys in a state of suspense which is something awful.

Rumor after rumor is published, one stating that Corbett had won and the next that Fitz was the victor.

On the 24th our little Midshipmen left us and we were sorry to lost them for they were good fellows and well liked. They are going home for examination or if they see fit, to stay. If they decide on the latter course the navy will lose some good officers.

Next day we went in the Kowloon dry-dock which is just opposite Hongkong and came out on the 28th ready for another round.

The weather at this time was very disagreeable and we were anxious to leave for pastures new.

At last our wish was granted and on the 5th of April we left for Yokohama, where after a rough passage we dropped anchor on the 8th.

The night of the 12th the Mail Steamer "Peru" arrived with one hundred and sixty seven men to fill vacancies caused by deaths and discharges.

In the morning the Doctor went on board to inspect, and see if there were any contagious diseases among the new arrivals

He found some suffering from the measles, some from the croup while others were teething. All these were sent to the hospital so that they could receive proper treatment. The rest were taken on a scow and towed to Honmoku and disinfected. He killed all the microbes but came near putting some of the boys in a premature grave.

After all the necessary precautions they were brought aboard ship.

On the 7th of May the Yorktown came in to get her share of the draft of the men.

Just about this time she was expecting to go home and asked if there were any orders to that effect. They were told that there were no orders so they had to keep their "shirts on" and "spar light."

Two days later the "Petrel" came in from Honolulu fourteen days out, having had fine weather the entire trip.

Target practice again. On the night of the 22nd the Admiral transferred his flag to the "Yorktown" and next morning were we anchored off the small town of Oginohama.

It was a little to the northward of this place that the dreaded tidal wave had done such fearful execution last year. It struck us however that it would take a tidal wave combined with a Kansas cyclone to wake these people up, for we were rather short on meals and it was the chance of their life to make a stake, for we would have given anything for a few chickens, a bit of fresh meat or a few dozen eggs. But perhaps their minds were above such sordid things as the "iron dollar." Occasionally however, a chicken or "pig in the rough" would find its way aboard and some times we would get a loaf of bread like mother used to make, but where it came from is a mystery.

On the 12th of June we left for Yokohama where we arrived on the evening of the 13th. The distance was only about two hundred and twenty miles but we were taking it easy, not caring to get in sooner. Shortly after our arrival, the admiral came "home" and we were flagship once again.

The next event on the boards was the Fourth of July and elaborate preparations were made for a fitting celebration. About eight hundred dollars were subscribed and the affair promised to be a "daisy."

June 22nd came forth as if made for the occasion and we got ourselves in trim to help celebrate the "Queen's Diamond Jubilee" and everything ashore and afloat donned their brighest raiment.

Those interested started in to make the day a gala one and kept it up to midnight.

At noon the "Bund," (the water front) was black with the mass of sight seers to witness the salute fired by the men-o'-war and to hear the English National Anthem, "God save the Queen." A sixty gun salute was fired, the Anthem sung and the festivities opened with a grand bicycle parade in which several of our boys took part.

But now we are at home, for the "Glorious Fourth" has "arrove" and is celebrated in true old Yankee style.

We had to postpone our celebration until the 5th as the 4th came on Sunday.

Monday morning came bright and clear, an ice-cream and laundress day. Reveille sounded at 4 a.m. and the ship was dressed ten minutes later. Sampans began to arrive with greens and flowers and soon the ship began to look like a floating conservatory.

Everything was green from truck to keelson.

"Trevorrow Falls" named after the inventor, was in full bloom. It was an artificial waterfall built amidships surrounded by trees and flags; in front of the bank on which this work of art rested were the figures "1776 "and" 1897." In the back-ground surmounting the fall was a reproduction of the "Liberty Bell" worked in greens and flowers. It was all so realistic that the birds hanging in the drooping branches (in cages of course) didn't tumble and kept up a continual chirping and singing all day long.

Day fire-works commenced at 8 a.m. and continued all day while the air was full of representations of "Uncle Sam" "Stars and Stripes," "1776," "Liberty Bell," etc.

A few of the bombs were failures and the second or third came near putting a few of the boys on the road to the undiscovered country. It was humming a tune like an eight inch shell and struck the ship's side within a foot of where the boys were standing; with this exception no one else came near getting killed.

The boats were towed out to the light-ship off "Honmoku" at 12.45 and the sports began.

PROGRAMME.

Cutters, 12 Oars.....Marines vs. Firemen ...		$26.00
„ 10 „		22.00
Gigs and Whaleboats		26.00
Sampans	$3.00 &	2.00

DECK SPORTS.

Tug of war.....O.S. & Lds. vs. C.P. 12 men.		20.00
Mast head race		5.00
Swimming „	5.00 &	3.00
Go as you please.....(10 minutes)	7.00 &	5.00
Cake Walk ..... 1st Prize in Cake, ...	2nd	5.00
Three legged race	5.00 &	3.00
Greasy Pole		5.00
Pie Eating	5.00 &	3.00
Horizontal bar	5.00 &	3.00
High junping...	5.00 &	3.00
Thread the needle...		5.00
Two boxing bouts.....Each		5.00

Fencing contest between Japanese Sword masters. "Star Spangled Banner."

The "Grafton" and "Bayard" (who had come on the station again) sent representatives aboard. The "Monsieurs" did some excellent work on the horizontal bar and captured the prize.

On the 25th of July the Mail Steamer "Gaelic" arrived bringing Captain Charles V. Gridley who was to relieve Captain Read from command of the "Olympia."

The gig was called away to bring him aboard. He came but did not stay long, going ashore to renew old friendships, for he was well known and liked in Yokohama having been Captain of the "Marion" out here in '90.

On the 29th all hands were called to quarters and mustered on the spar deck where the two Captains made their appearance. Captain Read stepped forward and read his detachment appearing much affected and nearly losing control of his voice as he introduced Captain Gridley to the officers and men, highly commending the crew and ship but, much to the chagrin of the fourth classmen he did not say a word about "whitewashing the books" i.e. making all hands first class.

Captain Gridley then read his orders and took formal charge.

Shortly before dinner the gig was called away for Captain Read for the last time on the "Olympia." When abreast the ship, the boys gave him three rousing cheers which he returned with the aid of the gigs crew.

"Daibutsu," Kamakura.

Everyone aboard is as happy as a clam in a mud bank. An "Ice Cream Parlor" has been started on the berth deck by an enterprising young American who saw a chance to stack up some of the boys' hard earned dollars for his own rainy day. How the sailors do love ice cream. It is enough to make Farragut and Jones turn over in their graves. But why not have a few of the luxuries of civilized life when they can be had at the modest price of 15 cents per plate?, must say however that the plates were shallow and the measure slim. But then, what do you want for a song?

On the 14th of July the crew were invited to take dinner on board the Bayard and help celebrate the "Fall of the Bastile," About fifty were able to attend and had a good time.

On August 8th our raceboat's crew took the "gig" over and challenged the crew of H.M.S. "Pique" to race. The challenge was accepted and it was agreed to pull it off the following Wednesday. Stakes $30.00 an oar and $60.00 in the coxswain's box.

The race was pulled according to agreement and we beat them with room to spare.

The Klondike craze has struck the ship and every one is going as soon as his time is out. At least that's what they say.

On the 11th a message came from the hospital stating that one of the marines had committed suicide by shooting himself. It didn't take him long to die but before he did so he regretted his rash act. But it was too late to mend matters and he passed off like a dream.

On September 5th shortly after 4 a m. a very sad accident occured. Fred Yaufman a young apprentice, while engaged in hauling over the engine room hatch-hood fell through an opening in the gratings into the engine room, a distance of about eighteen or twenty feet, landing on the iron railings over the cylinders. He was injured internally and died about 2.30 p.m. the same day. He was conscious up to the last few moments, knowing that he was going to die but meeting his fate bravely.

A post mortem examination was held, which disclosed five broken ribs one of which had penetrated the lungs causing hœmorrhage.

He was buried next day and all the apprentices of the ship escorted his body to its last resting place.

On the 9th, Yokohama was visited by a severe typhoon starting about 4 a.m. and abating at 9.30 a.m. During this time the ships in the harbor were being shifted around like chessmen; yachts went floating by doomed to destruction, for when they struck the breakwater down they went, ships collided and some went on the beach, but no very serious damage was done with the exception that it was said that a few Japs went down in some of the yachts.

We also heard that the "Grafton" and three other English men-o'-war had been lost but we found later that this was not true.

Our awnings were blown to shreds but this was all the loss we sustained.

On September 15th we left for Chefoo to transfer all the men whose time would expire the following January, to the "Yorktown" for San Francisco and the "Machias" for New York.

We dropped anchor in Chefoo three days later and during the night the balance of the squadron came in; "Boston," "Yorktown," "Machias" and "Petrel."

On the 21st a list of the men that were going home was posted on the bulletin board and the minds of the "I want to knows" were set at rest.

The weather is much more comfortable here than in Japan and the living better. The price of food is reasonable which is more than can be said for Japan where everything has a summer picnic price tacked on to it.

Japan is all right to read about but it is best to limit yourself to reading.

The transfers were made on the 22nd and the ship has been a mad-house for the last twenty hours owing to the lads getting ready to leave, and preparations being made for the reception of the men who are to take their places from the other vessels.

As each boat load left, the men left behind gave them a rousing cheer. Nearly all of our officers were detached and sent to the "Machias."

On October the 6th the crew were given liberty till sundown, which is more than enough in such a hole.

The streets are only eight or ten feet wide and swarming with greasy Chinamen looking for small change.

One fellow in particular, big, strong and ugly as sin, sat in the middle of the road yelling like mad and beating himself upon the breast with one of his sandals. Every time he received a few "cash" he would lash himself as though trying to cave in his chest.

One of the boys kept throwing him money and when some one remarked his generosity telling him it was misplaced, answered, "O, I'm just doing this, hoping he'll kill himself. That's about all the fun there is here."

There are a great many French missionaries here, all of whom sport the festive pigtail.

On the morning of the 8th we left for Woo-sung. After a couple hours steaming we sighted a big rock that has been used as a target for years and has stood the bombardment of men-o'-war of every nationality.

We went into action at twenty-two hundred yards and as the order was to fire at will, she was well peppered.

After this little recreation we went on our way rejoicing.

Next day we sighted a fishing junk flying signals of distress. We hove to and they motioned that they were out of water. We lowered a life boat and supplied them with about thirty gallons for which they appeared very grateful. After performing this good samaritan act we proceeded and arrived at Woo-sung on the 11th.

Directly after arriving, the Admiral "transferred his flag" to the "Monocacy," that is he made his quarters on her for the time, and went in her to make a six hundred mile trip up the Yangtse Kiang River to Hangkow and back.

The "Monocacy" is an old time, side-wheel gunboat. She did good work on this station protecting American and in fact all European interests in this heathen land. Her light draught enabled her to go far up the rivers where any other vessel

could never go and the boys say that she could even go "overland on a heavy dew." This is very doubtful however, and not much credence is placed in the story. She is only fit for a museum shelf now.

She has acted "flagship" hundreds of times before, so this experience was nothing new to her and she received the stately, "gold braided" old gentleman with all honors, but as a matter of course, and at four o'clock she steamed out, flying the blue flag as to the manner born.

We had quite a record for Foot-ball, Base-ball, Boat-racing and so forth, so the Shanghai Foot-ball Team sent down a challenge to play a game.

their annual regatta lasting two days. We received an invitation to enter the contests for men-o'-war's boats and the first day we sent our "Red 'erring" to enter the cutter race. She was barred however for having "spoon oars" but pulled over the course any way, leaving everything behind.

Next day we sent our "gig" up and as they could find no fault with her, except that she was too fast, we won that race. As our boat came gliding by nearly two minutes ahead of the nearest boats, the captain of the "Petrel" the only American vessel up there, gave his crew orders to "man the rigging and cheer them men, yell as you never yelled before!" and they did.

A Japanese Practical Joke.

The boys had heard that they were professionals but thought they'd just go 'em one for fun. Liberty was given and the "Eleven" went into training. The game was to be "Association."

The Base-ball nine had also received a challenge and were at it hot and heavy.

On the 23rd of October the Foot-ball game came off, with the result that we did proper credit to the "Union Iron Works" and beat the "Shanghai Roosters" to the tune of two to one.

The next day the Base-ball game came off with the score 7 to 6 in our favor. After this, games were of daily occurence.

On October the 25th the "Shanghai Rowing Club" gave

We left Shanghai on the seventh of November for Nagasaki where we arrived on the ninth.

The same old familiar faces greeted us on every side (most of them with old bills to collect) and the place seemed quite homelike. "You pay now more better" is the greeting we receive, for owing to the great competition in trade they resort to almost any measure to turn an "honest" dollar and trust the boys unquestioningly, sometimes even loaning money, but always at interest which is twenty per cent or "6 for 5" for a day or a year.

On November the thirtieth, 1897 the ship gave birth to a newspaper, "The Bounding Billow" of which a complete file follows.

END OF PART ONE.

PART TWO

THE

"BOUNDING BILLOW."

"SEARCHLIGHT."

"BOOTS."

THE "BOUNDING BILLOW."

Published in the interests of American Men-o'-Warsmen.

Published at intervals on U. S. F. S. Olympia. | NAGASAKI, JAPAN, NOVEMBER 30, 1807. | Vol. I Number 1.

The Show.

Benefit Tendered the New York Novelty Co. by the Flagship "Olympia."

A Grand Success!!

The benefit tendered the New York Novelty Company was a grand success financially and from an artistic standpoint as well. The Olio was superb and each performer was vociferously encored by the appreciative and enthusiastic audience.

The "ball" was started by "Kakakono," the Japanese Prestigiditateur, who mystified the audience by his wonderful feats of legerdemain.

The "Burgoo (Pardue) Sisters," in their captivating songs and dances, held us all entranced and were cheered to the echo.

J. C. Jordan simply "brought down" the house with his inimitable rendition of that favorite song, "Standing on the Corner" and was encored and bravoed until he came ont again and sang "Since Murphy broke his Pledge," which he did with comical effect.

But if Jordan brought down the house, Smith and Ferguson fairly convulsed them with laughter in their comical knock about sketch, "Ten Minutes in the Gymnasium." They also did a turn on the Horizontal Bar that would have done credit to great many so called professionals. Their performance far excelled any thing we have ever seen them do before, and they certainly should give an exhibition of what they can really do, on board ship, for the benefit of those tbat could not go to the show.

"Lulu," (W. Fremgen.) was the pioneer of the new song, "You Are a Daisy," in this city. His rendition of the song and the pantomimic acting given therewith, delighted the audience and Adelina Patti would have turned green with envy could she have heard the round on round of applause that followed him as he retired behind the yearning wings. Good boy Lou, you are a daisy!

Prof. V. De Lorenzo, J. J. Grady and J. C. Jordan, of the "Olympia String Quartette," entertained and edified us with the sweet strains they drew from their instruments, which seemed imbued with musical life under the magicl touch of their gifted fingers.

J. W. Smith showed how the genuine old Hoe-down is danced "'way deown south," and his Buck Dance is impossible to describe, our press won't stand it. The "boys" should certainly make John get out and show what he can do, for he is commiting an outrage by depriving us of that pleasure. Come on John, wing out!

Prof. Hernandez entertained us with a lecture on the World which for funny climaxes and comical sarcasm "took the cake." He even managed to send a few of our "Windy City" friends aboard in a rather collapsed condition; after raising them to a point of exuberant enthusiasm by describing the beauties of their native city, he gave them a sarcastic dig which dropped them from their state of exalted beatitude and left them crestfallen and sad. The Professor deserves a vote of thanks for this alone.

W. Smith and S Ferguson, gave a scientific display of boxing for a purse of $50,00 and a lock of hair from one of the "Burgoo Sisters." After four three minute, stubbornly contested rounds, in which some hard blows were given and received, Ferguson got the decision and was presented with the purse and much coveted lock of hair. You ought to give the "Bounding Billow's" Staff a Champagne blow-out, Sam, 'deed you ought.

After the boxing, Mr. Hernandez made a speech thanking the crew of the "Olympia" for their kindness, saying in conclusion, "My hand and my purse will be always ready and open for an American Blue-jacket, wherever and whenever I meet them. I shall always remember with gratitude their kindness and genuine Yankee hospitality shown to me and mine and shall remain ever, as now, your humble and obedient servant, Leo Hernandez."

He was loudly cheered and left the stage greatly affected. "Bounding Billow" wishes him luck wherever he goes.

The entertainment was brought to a close by the Pardue Sisters in their Fiery Skipping-rope Dance, which met with a *burning* reception.

THE STORY OF A TELEGRAM.

The following poem was suggested by hearing a story about a machinist who was late for the steamer while in Shanghai and telegraphed down to the ship that he'd be back on the next boat, and stating that he had overslept himself (?). A prize, $000,001 will be paid to anybody guessing who it was.

A sweet, young(?) maid behind the bar;
A mile to the dock, that isn't far,
He, feeling like young Lochinvar,
Vows to win the maid or lose his star.
But he was given the Chilcoot by her mamma:
The hours fly, and THERE YOU ARE!
He sent a telegram to Woosung Bar;—
"On the next boat I'll be right thar
For I hate like fun to lose my star."
The "cable" came in the shades of night
And it gave us all a fearful fright.
'Twas addressed to First Lieutenant Paine,
Who said, "That won't o'Kerr again,
We'll put an end to his star class reign;
Five days restriction!" THERE YOU ARE AGAIN!!

Rube Bernardo is still bumming shines. Buy some black, Rube, the bumboat trusts.

A Gross Insult!!!

Clause in a Theatrical Advertisement.

Soldiers and Sailors Must Take Back Seats.

"Once upon a time a farmer, walking in his fields, found a snake frozen almost to death. Being of a kind and humane disposition, he picked the creature up and taking it home laid it on his hearth. In a short time the reptile recovered, and the kind-hearted farmer went to his cupboard and got some milk which he gave the snake. After it had eaten its fill the ungrateful reptile struck the hand that fed it."

[Æsop's Fables.]

This fable applies most aptly to the case in question. Here is a man an *exile* from Russia, who has no country, and after making his living from these despised sailors, who like the farmer, nursed this human reptile until he waxed fat and independent *on their bounty*, and then showed his real nature, the nature of the snake, by striking the hand that fed him. In other words, he gets a little money, hires the town hall, (in

OUR CULINARY ARTISTS.

which many sailors have given entertainments for charity, (a thing he would never do) and advertises his show, hoping to catch the eye and incidentally the dollar of the public by inserting the clause, "Soldiers, Sailors and Japanese shall take back seats only."

This is an insult, not only to us as men but to our flag and our country, whose honor we are pledged to uphold and whose cause we are serving.

We leave it to the public if a Blue-jacket serving his country in that capacity, isn't morally, mentally and socially. the superior of this man who would deny his creed, or sell his benefactor for the mighty dollar.

Any American Sailor or Marine that would so far demean himself as to attend this man's show after seeing this clause in his advertisement, must be lost to all sense of self-respect.

Obituary.

Death of James Francis McQueeney, Ordinary Seaman, U. S. F. S. Olympia.

We are very much grieved and distressed at hearing of the death of our beloved friend and shipmate, James Francis McQueeney. He died at the hospital, Nagasaki, at half past six on the morning of the twentieth of November, of hemorrhage.

He was a good friend and shipmate; his generous heart endeared him to all and his hand was always ready to aid a shipmate in trouble or distress.

We tender our sincere sympathy to his bereaved relatives and friends, trusting they will find strength in God to bear this great loss and beg them to remember that he has simply left this world of sorrow and preceded us to that Glorious World on high where some day we will all, please God, be re-united, never more to part.

The deceased was 29 yrs. 11 months of age.

He was buried at 2.30 p.m. on Sunday the twenty-first, with military honors.

He was a Catholic and the funeral services were held by Father Salmon of the Catholic Church at Nagasaki, Japan.

In Memoriam.

Rest thou world worn soul in peace;
Sleep in thy cold bed of clay
Till the radiant morn of thy release,
The glorious Resurrection Day.

Bathed in glory then thou'lt stand,
Pure, before the Heavenly Throne,
Welcomed to the spotless band.
That people thy Eternal Home.

Thy troubles on this earth are o'er,
No more wilt feel the hand of want,
But safe upon that Heavenly shore
Thy Great Creator's praises chant.

No more thou'lt feel cruel sorrow's dart,
Nor bow to this world's vile behest;
Safe with thy Saviour, quiet thy heart,
Thou now hast found sweet peace and rest.

News from Yaufman's Relatives.

A letter has been received from Yaufman's relatives thanking the ship's company for the kindness and humane feeling displayed by them at his funeral. They further stated that some man by the name of Yatman had posed as the guardian of Yaufman and that they intend to prosecute him to recover the money due the deceased, which they claim rightfully belongs to them as next of kin.

Rather cold-blooded isn't it, to "yaffle" onto a dead man's possessions without so much as a "by your leave" to the rightful owners?

Mrs. Kahmbacher, Fred's sister, wishes the witnesses of the accident to send their version of how it occurred so she will know how to act in the matter. I don't think they will violate any laws, military or civil, by complying with her request. She is very poor and depended greatly on the money Fred used to send her. She resides in Newark, New Jersey.

Thanksgiving Day.

Thursday morning, November 25th, broke bright and clear and all hands turned out light hearted and happy, in anticipation of the good things in store.

Although we had made no preparations for the usual sports, everybody went to work decorating the interior of the ship and tables, while the air was fairly laden with the appetizing odor of turkey and pie.

The ship had a regular gala-day appearance. The decks were rainbow like in the multi-coloured bunting and flags that adorned them fore and aft, while the tables fairly groaned beneath the weight of huge turkeys and hams, pies and puddings, and the abundance of fruit would make one think we were in the tropics.

At twelve o'clock the band struck up the stirring "War Songs of our Boys in Blue," the Bo'sun's Mate's whistle piped a merry charge, and the boys attacked the generous array of "grub" with a gusto which bespoke a healthy and well trained appetite. The day passed off merrily and we now wait patiently for Xmas.

Hot Shot.

FOR THE WAYWARD AND WICKED.

Perusers of this column will bear in mind that the editor has a ferocious purp and a gun.

If our gallant Ship's cook would spend as much time looking out for burning grub in the galley as he does combing his hair and holding down the Harness cask, he'd get more turkey Thanksgiving. Look out Frank, we've another "shot in the locker."

If Tommy Atkinson would utilize the rubber in his neck, he could go into the bicycle business and manufacture pneumatic tires. He shoves his head so far from him that his hair is growing on the back of his neck. Cheese it Tommy; aint you 'shamed?

Its a wonder the caterer of No. 6 mess would not give his shipmates something to eat. They are getting thin as rails The "Plug" is getting too 'weak to turn out of his hammock by himself. Feed them up Conley, feed them up! Turkey is cheap.

If Milton does not stop carrying on the *nickel nickel* business after pipedown, he'll be wearing glasses. Say, he must love money. Every time he spends a dollar some of his hair drops out. He uses hair tonic but he does not take it right.

'dough' saved to retire and become a gentleman of leisure. Yes. I'll take a cigar, thank'ee. Don't get many of these in the first division I'll tell ye. Good day." And he shook the ashes out of his pipe on the freshly scrubbed deck, and lighting the cigar, leaned back as if he owned the world.

Contortive Cognomens.

Hard on iron.—Rust. J.
Always hard up.—Poor. E.
You'd better be.—Leary. J.
A place for horses.—Barnes. E.

"THE HURDY GURDY BRIGADE."

Josephi De Lyons.

We are sorry to hear that the handsome and talented young culinary artist, Josephi De Lyons, has given up his position as chef-de-cuisine of number six mess and has become a common deck-swab in the first division. We will certainly miss him from his accustomed place, as he always had a kind word and a nice piece of pie or cake for any one that would stop and chat with him. On being asked his reasons for resigning the position by our reporter who found him sitting on a coil of rope smoking a short-stemmed "dudeen," he said, "Well I gave up the 'posish' for several reasons. In the first place the mess lived too high and were getting 'on their muscle;' secondly I was getting too fat and if I stayed I'd have to get a new bag of clothes and besides, I've enough

Not so slow, either.—Swift. L. T.
New kind of a cook.—Haycook. F.
A good thing to blow.—Horn. H. J.
So is a giraffe.—Longenecker. W. L.
A good name for the navy.—Gaul. P.
Talking about wheels.—Ferris. W. D.
Ought to be a bricklayer.—Mason. W.
So do the old maids.—Wishman. D. W.
A relic of the middle ages.—Knight. W.
Generally among the roses.—Thorne. E.
Much better than being well.—Weller. F.
Good thing on a race course. Trotter. H.
Much better than walking.—Rydholm. J. F.
Used to waiting for payday.—Goldwaithe. H.
Where a good many should go.—Church. E. F.

Chats.

The Marines are "coming out" in full bloom, and are going to show that they can do something besides hold down *mats*. They have a good foot-ball team and look very athletic in their neat and serviceable suits. They will make formidable opponents to any team they may run against and we hope to see them give many an English team their "Waterloo.' They also have a finely trained boat's crew who pull a stroke that is an example to many of our sailors and, under the able training of J. Eckstrom and Sergeant Perkins, they will eventually be able to "hold their own" against *all* comers. Stay with it boys! Good luck to you.

I'd like to see our foot-ball team play a game with the "Narcissus." They consider themselves invincible at this, their national game, but I honestly think our boys can wollop them with more ease than they did the combined team at Woosung, China.

Talking about sports I think this ship's company has cause to feel proud of their record. Won all the boat races but one, lost but two games of base ball in over two years, and last but not least, beat the English at their national game, foot ball, with a comparatively green eleven.

"Nazzem the Plug," CHAMPION PAPER WEIGHT of the Asiatic Station, has posted a forfeit at this office for a long distance pie-eating match to take place at the earliest possible date. "Rambling Rube" or "Birdie the Forecastle Pet" preferred.

The Boston is expected in soon and our baseball team is greatly pleased in anticipation of a game with her nine. They may well be pleased, for a more gentlemanly or squarer crowd of boys it would be hard to find, and we are anxious to renew our pleasant relations with them.

Well, the "Matchbox" has gone home; returned to God's Country. We all wish her success and a pleasant voyage. I guess the "Queen of the Pacific" will be next on the list and won't it feel good, boys, to sasché along Barbary Coast or promenade up and down the Bowery? The Steamerinos will more than steam and "Flagship Sailors" will be at a premium.

This is a cold, cruel, pitiless world. Isn't it? The "Second Mate" thinks so any how, and he has good reasons for thinking so too; "pought ein leedle saloon, und I puy me blendy of poose, und Schlitz peer, und dree dables, und tswei lambs, und eighd jairs, und den I goes me mid de ship avay und ven I back comes, de Japanese fraulein she haf sell mit de saloon owid und flied de coop avay! Ach, mein lieber Gott! Donner und vetter!!" Poor mate, you have our sincere sympathy.

Society Doings.

The "Galley-hatch Gang" are about to adjourn to their winter quarters on Starboard Avenue, between Galley Square and Quarter Place. The officers on watch between 4 and 9 p m. will miss their merry voices and hearty laughter. Well, the gang is is going to the bad anyway since Lu became a berth deck slusher and "Mag," took to drinking *absinthe*. What is the world coming to? Oh! Mag, Mag, who wud a thunked it?

"Pasha Tom" has shifted his bunk to the berth deck again. The "Row" was geting too warm for him, and neither Brunette Ellen's wiles, nor McNiff the Irish blond's mellow smile could tempt him to stay. Well, he'll get no more grub from the elite. Will he girls?

Say, the "forecastle blond" should follow the example of Sheenies Milton and Barlow, and try to get money enough to buy his own cigarettes. He'll never do it fanning decks. Stick to the Hurdy-Gurdy, Ralph, it pays better.

"Fat Helen" ought to be taken out of the Dynamo room. The poor thing is falling off. He'll be like a living skeleton if he has to stay down there much longer. Poor boy!

The "Billow's" Chat, With Our Friends at Home.

Nagasaki, Japan.

AT ten o'clock on Sunday morning, November the seventh, we left Woosung, China, for Nagasaki, Japan where we arrived on the ninth after an uneventful trip.

There were two foreign men o'-war in the harbor; the "Descartes," a French cruiser, and H. M. S. "Rainbow."

Nagasaki is one of the most sheltered ports on the Asiatic Station, being almost entirely surrounded by high hills which are a great protection against the storms that oftimes rage in this country. The bay is shaped somewhat like a pocket with the town at its bottom. It has a population of about 30,000, about 2,000 of whom are Europeans, mostly Russians.

Like Yokohama, Nagasaki is divided into settlements. Thus the north-west side of the bay is called "Russian Town," and the opposite side is known as "Oura," or European Settlement. The town is threaded by creeks running into the bay. These are used for carrying freight up into the town in sampans as there are no wagons used in Nagasaki.

There are quite a number of summer resorts here and in the mountains. The principal place "Moji," is about fifteen miles from Nagasaki, and it is a popular resort for the European residents.

The famous Horse Temple is here also, and if you visit this place the Japanese guide points with pride to the tree that General Grant planted when he made his tour of the

world in 1879. The entrance to this temple is by a number of steps running up the hillside with arches at intervals, carved with all kinds of oriental designs.

On passing the last arch the visitor finds himself in a spacious court. Here is the stall in which is kept the famous Albino horse which the Japanese consider sacred and from which the temple derives its name of Osuwa, or Horse Temple.

No one but the priests are allowed to handle this animal and he certainly leads a life of luxurious ease. The Temple proper contains all the adornments that are found in all Oriental Temples; Joss-heads, samisens, drums, etc.

The climate is mild and healthy. During the rainy season freshets occur frequently, oftimes doing great damage to neighboring property. The principal street, as in nearly all Japanese seaports, is along the waterfront and is called the "Bund."

The method of transportation between the shore and shipping is by sampan propelled by a lusty Jap who taxes you the small sum of ten sen. On shore, the Jinricksha takes the place of the street car. They are like a small two wheeled buggy with uncomfortably straight backs and are pulled by a Japanese 'ricksha man.

The first feeling one has on riding in one of these vehicles is that you are in imminent danger of being arrested for cruelty to animals.

In a small bight about two miles from the entrance of the harbor is an island with a gradual ascent on one side ending in a sheer and lofty precipice on the other.

This is known by the rather gruesome title of "Massacre Island." It derives this name from the fact that in 1593 a number of missionaries and converted Japanese were killed by being driven over the terrible precipice by order of the "Shogun," ruler at that time, who was a Buddhist and wished the Japanese to return to their former religion. They refused, and took refuge on this island where they were attacked by a powerful force and either driven over the precipice or burned to death. But that was many years ago and the dark clouds of barbarism are gradually being driven away by the glorious light of civilization, which will eventually extend to all parts of the earth.

BLUE JACKETS IN JAPAN.

Nearly Fatal Accident to H. M. S. Narcissus.

A Drain Bursts and Starts a Seam. Vessel Seemed Doomed.

"Boston" Offers Assistance.

Sunday, Nov. 17.—While H. M. S. Narcissus, was laying at anchor in the harbor of Chemulpo, Corea, one of her drains got choked and burst, starting a plate and allowing the water to rush in at an alarming rate.

In less than three minutes a foot of water had accumulated beneath the engine-room and before the pumps could be started it had risen to six feet. Great consternation was felt and the idea of running the apparently doomed vessel ashore was seriously considered. Boats were cleared ready for lowering and word was passed to stand by to abandon ship It was half an hour before the powerful pumps could cause any visible decrease in the volume of water that entered through the gaping seam.

Meanwhile the U. S. S. Boston had sent two officers on board with offers of assistance and to inform the English Commander that the "Boston" had up steam and was ready to come up and receive the crew if they found the ship was sinking. These officers remained on board until all danger was over.

At last the water was checked to such an extent as to permit the temporary repairing of the leak. The ship's company was kept busily at work day and night, securing against further danger.

The "Narcissus" is a twin screw, armored cruiser, of the first class. She has a displacement of 5,600 tons, is of 8,500 Horse-Power under forced draught, and has a speed of 19.84 knots.

She carries a main battery of two 9.2 inch guns in barbettes and shields, and ten 6 inch semi-rapid-fire guns. Her secondary battery consists of twenty nine pounders and six machine guns.

She will go into dry-dock here and will leave for Hongkong on or about the tenth of December, where she will spend the holidays.

Naval Notes.

Commodore Dewey is expected to arrive in Yokohama on the 24th of December, when he will relieve Admiral McNair. We will all miss the genial Admiral, for he has the interest of "Jack" at heart and did everything in his power to make our stay on this station as pleasant as possible. We wish him God-speed and good luck wherever he may go and a pleasant voyage to the dear old States.

The "Boston" is at Chemulpo, Corea, but is expected here on the fourth of December. Her dinghy's racing crew of apprentices are training daily in anticipation of a race with our boys.

The "Monocacy" is still at Shanghai, China.

The "Petrel" is Hongkong, China.

To Our Cooks.

Just keep the locker open,
Lots of cake upon the shelf,
Bread and butter always handy,
Let each one help himself.

Have your teapots always brimming,
Fresh sandwiches galore,
And when one feller's filled up,
Stand by to fill some more.

I hate to see a slusher
That's always full of gas,
When one tries to bum a hand-out,
Give you the icy Chilcoot Pass.

There's Reeves in the first division;
My, but he makes fine cake!
But when I strike him for a piece of it
He gives me the Klondike shake.

Then I stroll on down to Clase's,
When the juicy steak he'll fry;
And I say, "Well, Clase, how's cooking?"
But he gives me the grand go by.

And then I go to Chalmers.
Where the quivering custards are;
And try to make him feed me,
Till he tells me to "Take the blue car."

Then on to number seven
With eager steps I speed,
But Morris says, "Nay, Nay, Pauline!
This aint no place to feed."

Now I hie me to number two
Where no man holds a grudge,
And try to bum some pudding
But I get the chase from Judge.

Then straight to number four
Where Sweeny does the honors;
But nary a bite does yours truly get,
For he gives no pie to bummers.

Another try at number six,
Where there seldom is a treat,
But Callin he is "on to me"
As they say "With both his feet."

And then a tack to number eight,
Where our Teutonic friend doth reign;
Still, though I call him a "daisy" cook
Schmidt gives me the chase again.

"GALLEY JACK," AS A "JOHNNY."

After the show, our gallant ex-cook "Galley Jack" "held down" the stage door like a veritable "Johnny," awaiting with eagerly beating heart the "Burgoo Sisters'" answer to his invitation to "have something" with him. At last he is rewarded by a brilliant smile and nod of acceptance which accelerates the speed of his rapidly coursing blood and fills him with joy supreme. And now the last is over, the curtain falls, and the sisters trip out looking fresh and sweet as one of Dolly's shirts fresh from the laundry.

Without any ado they swing onto Jack's grappling apparatus and the trio quickly adjourn to a near-by café. "Oysters and Mumm for three!" cried the now almost delirious swain. They ate these and called for more, while he sat there perfectly radiant watching their enjoyment of the luscious bivalves and sparkling beverage.

At last they were satiated and started to leave. The ladies went on ahead while Jack remained to pay the bill. The waiter obligingly handed it to him. The smile on Galley's face turned to a look of horror and "*friz*" there. He gazed first at the bill, then at the waiter, and with a look of unutterable despair said, "I'fe ondly got fife dollars! Will you drust me?"

He managed to fix it with the proprietor and followed the footsteps of his imamoratas, but on getting outside found that they had tired of waiting and gone home.

Well, Jack's a sport anyhow, and it won't be the first fish that bit on an oyster bait. Call us in to the next banquet, Jack; won't you?

12 Gold Medals at Paris Exposltion 1492.

HARRY BARLOW.

Custom Tailor and Clothier.

UNIFORM SUITS A SPECIALTY.

SEA-GOING SUITS TO ORDER.

No. 17 Starboard St., Near Bell Alley.

First Prize at the World's Exposition.

44 Gold Medals.

F. H. MILTON.

Fine, Neat Mustering Lanyards Always on Hand.

No. 1 Gun Nook, Near Oilskin Place.

GET SHAVED BY

HUNT & McDONALD.

Marine Barbers and Hair Dressers.

HAIR CUT ALL STYLES.

No. 13 Larboard Ave., Marine County.

R. SHAY & Co.

TAILORS TO

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No. 1 Forecastle St., Cable County.

PATRONIZED BY THE ELITE.

MARTIN & PHELAN.

NAVAL TAILORS.

Homeward Bound Suits a Specialty.

Good Fit Guaranteed.

No. 7 Dungharee Alley, Cor. Clinker Sq.

BUY YOUR HOMEWARD BOUNDERS FROM

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FINE LANYARDS AND WATCH CHAINS

MADE TO ORDER.

Cor. Capstan Place & Groundtackle Ave.

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THE MUSICAL BARBER.

Shaving and Hair Cutting all Styles.

Bay Rum and Shampoo.

Ashute Hotel, 1111 Dungharee Alley.

Concordia Restaurant.

Fine Liquors and Cigars.

MEALS AT ALL HOURS.

No. 18 Oura, - - - - - - Nagasaki.

The holiday edition of the Fleet Newspaper came out on time, but owing to some rather warm remarks made by the "Editor," anent the murder of one of our boys by Japanese sampan-men, the paper had to be recalled and that part relating to this case modified.

It was a hard pill to swallow and the editor's breath came in "short pants" as he proceeded to do his duty and explained to the boys that the articles headed "Murder Most Foul" was too scathing, and as the trial of Epps' murderers was on at the time it was feared that the piece in question might prejudice the case.

It was accordingly changed and after being submitted for censorship was issued to the waiting multitude.

Murder of a Blue-Jacket!

An American Blue-Jacket Killed by Japanese Sampan Men.

Frank Epps, an Apprentice belonging to the U. S. F. S. Olympia, while returning to his ship at or about 8 P. M. the night of the 12th of December, was set upon and killed by two sampan men.

Epps went on liberty at one o'clock the same day and spent the afternoon walking about the town and making a few purchases at the Bazaar. He seldom drank and friends that were with him testify that he left the Hatoba perfectly sober..

About 8.15 P.M. the crew of the English ship "Saint Enoch," which lay about 500 yards from shore, were considerably startled by hearing the sounds of a struggle and shouting in a sampan near-by. On running to the rail they saw three men scuffling in a sampan. While watching they heard one of the men cry for help and saw another raise a club and strike him. The two then pushed or threw him overboard and, while he clung to the gunwale calling for help, they struck him again.

In the meanwhile the crew of the "Saint Enoch" called a sampan and started to the rescue, but before they could reach the drowning man, he sank and they only picked up a hat with the name F. Epps in it.

They pursued the murderers but they, finding that they were followed, extinguished their light and eluded their pursuers in the darkness.

The hat was sent to the "Olympia" with an account of the murder and notice was immediately sent to the authorities on shore.

The next day boats were sent out to drag for the body. At 2:25 P. M. a Japanese sampan man caught and brought it to the surface.

A board of doctors examined the body and found that he had received a blow on the left eye, with a club or some blunt instrument, of sufficient force to cause insensibility if not death, There were also marks on the legs, probably made in slipping over the gunwale of the sampan.

A number of arrests were made but it was almost a week before the murderers were captured. A preliminary trial was held and the accused so committed themselves that they left no doubt of their guilt. The final trial will take place January 10th, 1898.

The probable facts of the case as far as we can determine from the meagre information gleaned, are as follows; Epps was with a couple of friends belonging to the U. S. S. Boston, (then in drydock) and had expressed his determination to go off to the ship. At about eight o'clock, in company with E F. Taylor, of the "Boston," he went down to the Hatoba. Here he bid Taylor good-bye telling him he would write often as the "Boston" was to leave for Chemulpo, Corea, next day, then turning to the sampan men, he said: "To the Olympia." Taylor then went back to town.

It seems that when they got abreast of the "Saint Enoch" the Japs stopped and demanded a dollar before they would go any further. Epps refused and ordered them to go ahead, saying that when he got to the ship he would give them sixty sen. They then began to abuse him and finally one of them struck at him. Epps was very strong and on shore would have made short work of his assailants, but he could not swim and had a wholesome dread of the water, so as the sampan no doubt rolled considerably he held onto the house with one hand and defended himself with the other. In addition he had on a heavy coat closely buttoned, which also hampered his movements.

When he attempted to strike back at his assailant, the other sendoe struck him with a short club. Both then rushed at him and managed to force him over the side. Here he hung crying for help, when one of the Japs gave him the fatal blow over the eye.

The position of the hands when the body was picked up, as well as the bruises and marks, corroborate this theory.

About a week ago, all the foreign consuls in Nagasaki met at the American Consulate in order to determine on some system for the prevention of a repetition of this crime. It was finally decided that Nagasaki should adopt the method of taking the name and destination of night passengers, in vogue at Hongkong.

The most hated man aboard ship.

THE "BOUNDING BILLOW."

Published in the interests of American Men-o'-Warsmen.

Published at intervals on U. S. F. S. Olympia. | NAGASAKI, JAPAN, DECEMBER 30, 1897. | Vol. I. No. 2.

The Races.

Cutter Race between our Marines and the "Boston's."

ALSO RACE THE "BOSTON'S" BLUE-JACKETS.

The 12 oared cutter race between the Marines of the U. S. F. S. Olympia and U. S. S. Boston resulted in a complete victory for the former, they beating the "Boston's" cutter 38 seconds. The race was for $10.00 an oar and $20.00 in the coxswain's box, 3 miles straight-away, from a measured point, in to the "Boston's" anchorage.

A great deal of interest was centered on this event as it was the first race our marines had ever pulled, but nearly every one was confident of the result, for a better crew it would be hard to find anywhere; strong and sinewy they were, every man determined to win or die trying.

"The "Olympia" was in dry-dock the day of the race Monday, Dec. 6th, 1897, and Lieut. Comdr. Paine kindly gave all hands permission to go out to see it.

At two o'clock the "Boston's" launch came up towing her cutter and crew. Our boat pulled out to her and was taken in tow. As they steamed off to the starting point they were given three rousing cheers by the men assembled on the dock.

The start was made successfully, the "Boston's" winning the toss and taking the outside course. She led for the first three quarters of a mile when the long, steady, swinging stroke of the "Olympia's" boat began to tell and she rapidly overhauled "Boston's".

The race now became exciting. The boats are stem and stem. Every man lays back straining sinew and muscle. The excitement in the numerous boats along the course is at fever heat, each cheering their respective boat. Inch by inch the "Olympia's" boat forges ahead. Slowly but surely the "Bostons" lose their position, fighting desperately for every inch.

As the boats pass the dry dock the crew of the Flagship give three times three for the gallant marines, who respond by making a grand spurt, increasing their lead to over two boat's lengths.

As our boat passed the English cruiser "Undaunted," an amusing incident occurred. When we were in Nagasaki before we had a race with her cutter. We had given our boat a coat of shellac on that occasion and the Englishmen had promptly christened her the "Red Herring." We beat them pretty badly and they always felt rather sore over it, as they thought they had the best cutter in Asiatic waters. In this race however, we had our boat painted white, while the "Boston's" was shellaced. The Englishmen therefore mistook the latter for the famous "Red Herring," and as our boat passed them they cheered and clapped their hands, while cries of: "Go it 'Boston,' beat the bloomin' 'Red 'errin'!" "She cawn't catch ye 'Boston' g'on g'on!" "Look hat 'er, the blawsted 'Red 'errin,' she's woy be'ind!" etc, could be heard by our crew, who could hardly refrain from laughing at the ludicrousness of their mistake.

The "Boston's" crew were greatly excited and men thronged in the tops, on the yards and in the rigging, trying to make out which boat was ahead Owing to the fame of our cutter very little money was bet, but partisan-ship feeling ran high.

At last our boat hove in sight and tossed oars with the boom of the gun as they crossed the finishing line, amid the cheers of the "Boston's" crew.

As the losing boat came in they were given three vigorous cheers by the victors, which they returned just as heartily as they were given.

And so ended a race that was at the same time pleasant, exciting and a credit to men-o'-war's men.

THE CREWS WERE AS FOLLOWS

U. S. F. S. OLYMPIA.

A. Botsa.	Bows.	F. Cornyn.
T. F. McGrath.	II	G. Wachter.
T. Hedden.	III	J. Rooney.
W. Vogt.	IV	J. Ketcham.
W. A. Hickey.	V	T. West.
H. A. Harris.	Strokes.	W. T. McDonald.

Sergt. E. O. Perkins, Coxswain.

U. S. S. BOSTON.

J. MacFarland.	Bows.	A. Murray.
J. McCormack.	II	G. C. Nelson.
R. Hall.	III	L. Schramm.
M. Ryan.	IV	F. G. Farrell.
J. Joswick.	V	H. C. Jenson.
F. Martin.	Strokes.	F. King.

Sergt. A. Williams, Coxswain.

When the race between the marines was over Sergeant Perkins received a challenge to race a boat's crew of blue-jackets from the "Boston." He agreed on condition that the

stakes be for $50.00 an oar and $100.00 in the coxswain's box. After some demur this was finally accepted, and it was agreed to pull a four mile straight-away race, Marines vs. Blue-jackets, on the following Thursday.

The race in itself is remarkable, from the fact that it is probably the first race for a stake between Blue-jackets and Marines that had ever occurred in the U. S. Navy.

In the previous races and other sports between this ship and the "Boston," nothing but good feeling and pleasure in each others company had been felt. But all this felicity was broken by the un-American act of the Boston's Coxswain known as "Doggy" Woods.

At two o'clock Thursday afternoon, the boats were towed out to the starting point. The referees were Lt. W. G. Miller of the "Olympia" and Ensign S. Robinson of the "Boston." Fleet Paymaster Smith and Chaplain J. B. Frazier, were also in the launch in order to obtain a better view of the race.

The coxswains were Sergt. E. O. Perkins, for the "Olympia, and "Doggy" Woods for the "Boston." Woods won the toss and took the inner course.

For nearly half the course the race was even, but the "Boston's" lack of training, together with the superiority of the Flagship's boat and crew soon told, and she rapidly passed the "Bean-eaters" amid the enthusiastic cheering of the boats' crews viewing the race.

As they passed the oil tanks near Pagoda Point, the "Olympia's" were leading by over two boat lengths.

It was here that the coxswain of the "Boston's boat put his scheme into execution. He had made the remark that if he couldn't beat the marines he would "foul 'em or run 'em ashore." Perkins had been warned against the tricky fellow but did not think he had anything to fear from him, while holding such a lead, and therefore paid no attention to him.

"OLYMPIA'S" MARINE RACING CREW.

One of the articles in the agreements specified that each boat was to "keep its own water;" i. e. each boat keep its own course and not interfere with the other. "Doggy" Woods, like all men of his calibre, was quick to see the opportunity to put his rascally scheme to work. He quickly steered into the wake of the other boat and tossing his oars, claimed a foul, saying the Flagship's boat had steered into his course. He was ordered to go ahead and pull to the judge's boat by the referee from his ship.

In the meantime the marines had pulled to the finishing point abreast of the "Olympia." There they were greeted with cheer on cheer while the Flagship's "Siren" howled in ear-splitting approbation of the gritty "soldier boys."

One minute and sixteen seconds later the "Boston's" boat came in. As she crossed the line the winning crew and the Flagship's barge tossed oars and gave them three hearty cheers. They did not respond but pulled in sullen silence to the judge's boat. Here a hot argument was in progress. It seems that neither of the referees had been noticing the boats at the time as they thought the race was good as over, and therefore neither were sure which boat was in the right. In this dilemma they decided to call on a "third party," a thing almost unheard of in races between American boats.

Chaplain Frazier was called upon to settle the controversy and although he tried to decline, it was insisted that he give a decision. Not being a sporting man and the case in question being wholly foreign to his calling, he had not the slightest idea how to decide, so thinking to settle the difficulty as quickly and amicably as possible, he called it "No race."

This decision however did not meet with the approbation of our cutter's crew, who after pulling that distance thought it very much of a race and objected to being deprived of their rightful winnings in such an unfair manner.

They insisted that the race be pulled over immediately, and backed up by the cheers of the ship's company, they again manned their boat and pulled to the "Boston," in dry-dock at the time, and offered to pull the race over that very hour, for double the former stakes.

Woods however thought "discretion the better part of valor" and declined the offer.

The stakes were finally returned to the respective crews and the whole thing called off.

The "Boston's" crew, we are sure, were not aware of the facts of the case, or they would soon have rectified anything so unjust and either pulled over or publicly acknowledged the error.

A four oared dinghy race was to occur the following Saturday, between the Apprentices of the "Olympia" and Ordinary Seamen of the "Boston," but owing to the trouble arising from the cutter race, Lieut. Comdr. Paine of the former ship refused to allow his men to pull.

Hot Shot.

FOR THE WAYWARD AND WICKED.

Perusers of this column will bear in mind that the editor has a ferocious purp and a gun.

If Monsieur Valifuoco, our eminent Bandmaster, would present his band with a Webster's Unabridged for a Christmas present, he would confer a favor not not only on them but the entire Ship's company. Even though they are citizens of a free country it would do no harm to apply the old saying "When in Rome do as the Romans do," to themselves insomuch that when in America, talk as the Americans talk, or make a bluff at it.

When we were in Nagasaki last year a whale-boat made a trip ashore and while laying at the dock a European lady came down and stood looking at the boat's crew for some time. At last she came a step or two nearer and said in uncertain tones, "Can any of you men speak English?" And this with "Old Glory" waving in plain sight over the stern of the boat.

The men were so dumfoundered that at first they could not speak, but one of them finally managed to blurt out that we could speak a little. She then asked if we would kindly direct a sampan man to take her to the mail steamer "Coptic" laying in the harbor at that time.

It is for this reason that we make the above request; a person visiting one of our men-o'-war and seeing a group of Chinamen in one corner jabbering away in their heathenish lingo and a couple of bandsmen arguing over the relative merits of the rest of the band, with all the impassioned and extravagant gesticulations thrown in gratis with every metre of their language, would hardly know whether he was on an American man-o'-war or an emigrant ship.

This is not written to hurt anybody's feelings but simply with a view to the public good, "Pro bono Publico."

A great many people come to the Editor at all times, in office hours and out and request or hint to him that he give certain and sundry persons a "dig." With all due deference we would say that the "Bounding Billow" is for the benefit of the Blue jacket, not his humiliation."

There is a certain little fellow in this ship who was telling a number of shipmates about the numerous conquests he had made of the petite, almond-eyed beauties that reside in Nagasaki. Very few of the coy maidens had escaped the fascinating wiles of this modern Adonis, according to his account. "It's my dimples, that catches 'em," he said. "When I smile I've got a dimple in each cheek and I can see them nudge each other and point at them and I know they're 'dead stuck' on me." Oh, dear! Boys, we must all cultivate dimples or we'll be losers in Life's race. Our kind shipmate Mr. Cummings will present anyone with his only genuine "Dimple Inductor" on request.

The majority of our readers no doubt, have met a great many penurious people in their lives but we don't think they ever met one that would do what our "Prince of Tie Counters," "Rube" Bernardo, did to a poor, ignorant, Japanese sampan man.

He was given five boxes of condemned hard tack to give to the aforesaid Jap. Instead of doing this, he did wilfully and unlawfully misappropriate said hardtack to his own use and did dispose of them to an intinerant shoe maker for a pair of shoes.

Doings in Society.

An amateur dancing academy has been started on the starboard side of the gun-deck. Monsieur Alphonso Burnsetti and Mademoiselle Timini Mackniffio are proprietors and instructors, and peaches they are at it too. M'lle Tim gets over the waxed (?) floor like a duck with its wings clipped. When she throws that four by two, triple expansion, soul inspiring, heart transfixing smile at one, that one will dance or die in the attempt.

But that isn't all; Pop Church, our own Rip Van Winkle is a patron and is learning to dance. Actually trying to become a spieler. He is an apt scholar and is progressing so rapidly one would think him the teacher instead of the pupil. Oh, but won't he cut a—when he gets home.

Just think of the ancient mariner cutting the "pigeon wing" with a blackber—I mean "strawberry" blonde leaning on his strong right arm, her stately head reclining on his manly bosom. Her liquid eyes gazing languishingly into his responsive orbs (if he is not asleep) and their feet keeping rhymetical time to the entrancing music. Oh! Paradise! Who would not forego his sleep for such beatitude?

N. B. Neither the "Professor," the "Mademoiselle," nor the "Ancient Mariner," have been able to do much dancing since Christmas. The disappearance of a large fruit cake from No. 6 mess, simultaneously with their indisposition may form a good clew for some of our detectives to work on. We notice "Pop" has let go all the reefs in his waistband and the soft, lingering, somniferous smile of the satisfied epicure, courses across his manly countenance when reference is made to said fruit cake in his hearing.

A new whist party has also been started near the "Dancing Academy." It is composed of the Right Reverend "W. W." DD. LLD. "Spider Lil," the "Ancient Mariner" and "Fat Helen," the short circuit pet. "His reverence" pilots the youthful disciple of Edison and Tesla through the intricacies of the game with a patience worthy of a better cause.

Cruise to Date.

In Commission, February 5th, 1895, Mare Island, Cal.

PLACES.	ARRIVED.	LEFT.
Mare Island.	———	April 2 2886.
Sausalito, S. F. Bay.	April 2 1895.	" 4 "
Santa Barbara.	" 5 "	" 10 "
Island of Santa Cruz.	" 10 "	" 14 "
Santa Barbara.	" 14 "	" 20 "
San Diego.	" 21 "	" 26 "
Sausalito, S. F. Bay.	" 28 "	" 30 "
San Pablo Bay.	" 30 "	May 2 "
Mare Island.	May 2 "	June 11 "
San Pablo Bay.	June 11 "	" 12 "
San Francisco.	" 12 "	" 13 "
Santa Cruz.	" 13 "	" 16 "
San Francisco.	" 16 "	" 19 "
Mare Island.	" 19 "	" 27 "
San Francisco.	" 27 "	July 19 "
San Pablo Bay.	July 19 "	" 22 "
Mare Island.	" 22 "	Aug. 14 "
San Pablo Bay.	Aug. 14 "	" 15 "
San Francisco.	" 15 "	" 25 "
Honolulu, H I.	Sept. 2 "	Sept. 5 "
Lahaina, H. I.	" 6 "	Oct. 12 "
Honolulu, H. I.	Oct. 13 "	" 23 "
Yokohama, Japan.	Nov. 9 "	Dec. 18 "
Yokosuka, "	Dec. 18 "	" 30 "
Yokohama, "	" 30 "	Jan. 21 1896.
Koke, "	Jan. 22 1896.	" 22 "
Nagasaki, "	" 23 "	Mar. 3 "
Woosung, China.	Mar. 4 "	" 9 "
Side Saddle Island, China.	" 9 "	" 20 "
Woosung, China.	" 20 "	May 9 "
Chefoo, "	May 11 "	" 20 "
Vladivostock, Siberia.	" 23 "	June 2 "
Hakodate, Japan.	June 4 "	" 6 "
Yokohama, "	" 8 "	Sept. 17 "
Yokosuka, "	Sept. 17 "	" 30 "
Yokohama, "	" 30 "	Oct. 12 "
Kobe, "	Oct. 13 "	" 15 "
Shimonoseki Straits.	" 15 "	" 16 "
Chefoo, China.	" 18 "	Nov. 9 "
Nagasaki, Japan.	Nov. 11 "	Jan. 23 1897.
Hongkong, China.	Jan. 26 1897.	Mar. 4 "
Mirs Bay, "	Mar. 4 "	" 19 "
Hongkong, "	" 19 "	April 3 "
Yokohama, Japan.	April 8 "	May 23 "
Orinohama, "	May 24 "	June 12 "
Yokohama, "	June 13 "	Sept. 15 "
Chefoo, China.	Sept. 18 "	Oct. 9 "
Woosung, China.	Oct. 18 "	Nov. 7 "
Nagasaki, Japan.	Nov. 9 "	———

U. S. Cruiser Boston.

It was a very cold Christmas for the "Boston" in Chemulpo, Korea. She arrived there on the sixteenth of December after a rough and cold passage.

The Christmas dinner however was a marvel of culinary perfection, and sufficient to satisfy the most fastidious epicurean taste. Each mess sought to out do the other in the munificence of their eatables and the grandeur of their decorations. Messes 3 and 7, of which Norman and Clark are the respective cooks, seem from all accounts to have carried off the honors. Their decorations bid fair to outrival anything in that line seen on this station heretofore.

It must not be thought from this that the other messes were lacking in anything, for each and every one conduced toward making the interior of the ship a picture, that once seen would never be forgotton.

Chemulpo is a poor place to make liberties in, being cold and having no places of amusement. Several of the boys were frost bitten while in pulling boats. Coreans are very much like the Chinese, just as conceited and twice as dirty, if that is possible.

Owing to the low temperature, a few of the men indulged in some of the "painter's stores" and the transition from extreme cold to the comparative warmth occasioned by imbibing said stores, caused them to become somewhat hilarious and they started in to enjoy the holiday in proper style. Sad to say however, "Jimmy Legs" nipped their aspirations in the bud.

Their act, while it might be condemned on another occasion, had some extenuation in view of the fact that Christmas comes but once a year. It is however to be hoped that at the New Year they will turn over a new leaf and forswear "painter's stores" in the future.

The "String Band" played until eleven o'clock and singing and dancing was indulged in, the day passing off merrily as a wedding.

Gifts for the "Bean-eaters."

In name only.—King. F.
A "dusty."—Walk. J. H.
Takes patience.—Waite. W.
Forced draught.—Wind. A.
Good way to feed.—Jolly. A.
Needs tightening. Loose. W.
A thing to avoid.—Folly. T. J.
Germany.—Rhinlander. C. W.
Not a "huckle."—Berry. E. H.
Must be a pugilist.—Hitman. F.
Not horse back.—Muehlback. P.
Don't need an extension.—Long. H.
Best place to kiss your girl.—Hall. R.
Electric, horse, or cable.—Carr. D. H.
Twelve dozen, equal one.—Gross. J. E.
But he don't say much.—Seymour. J. J.
That's what our "bull purp" is.—Barker.
Wouldn't masticate sound better?—Chew. C.
A man you don't meet every day.—Goodman. G.

Naval Notes.

Commodore George Dewey, will relieve Rear Admiral F. V. McNair from command of U. S. Naval Force on this Station, January 3rd. 1898.

Lieut. Commander Francis H. Delano relieved Lieut. Commander Sturdy, as First of the "Minneapolis."

The U. S. S. Boston is at Chemulpo, Korea, where she is expected to remain until March or April.

The U. S. S. Petrel is at Hongkong, China.

The "Monocacy" is still at Shanghai but expects to leave soon for a trip up the river.

A draft of 150 men are expected here shortly. This means that a great many "short timers" will go home soon. It is said that there are 33 Marines among them.

The "Raleigh" is reported to have left Smyrna on her way here.

The "Concord" also is on her way to strengthen the Asiatic fleet.

Chats.

Apprentices! Attention! In view of the fact that the majority of the Boys in this ship have been shipmates for the greatest part of their career in the Navy, sharing all the vicissitudes attendant on that career and that the time is fast approaching, when with the end of the cruise we will be separated, some of us never to meet again, I would suggest that we have a sociable gathering, a reunion, before the occasion, sad though tempered with the sweetness of going home, arrives.

Three apprentices can go to the "Mast" and request that all the boys be allowed to go on shore for one day in order to partake of a farewell banquet, each having previously agreed to return aboard promptly at the allotted time.

The First Lieutenant I am sure would offer no objections when he hears the circumstances.

After obtaining the necessary permission, a committee of three can be appointed to make arrangements for procuring a hall and all the other necessary articles, catering, decorating etc.

There are over forty apprentices on this ship and there is no reason that we cannot do this in proper style. It would serve to bind us closer as shipmates, and will form a pleasant landmark of the past to think of when we are older.

The entire thing could be done at a very slight cost per man, while the benefit derived from it in good fellowship would be priceless.

Let us pitch in now and try to make a success, every man do his mite; go in with the proper American spirit and success will surely crown our efforts. All the apprentices in favor of having this farewell dinner before we are separated will please hand in their names to H. V. D. Trotter, Apprentice.

The Marines are to play the crew of H. M. S. "Redpole" a game of Association Football, New Years Day. The "Redpole's" team have the name of being very hard to beat and as we have already had an evidence of our soldier boys' "pluck," a good game may be anticipated.

Jack Weir on Temperance.

"What do oi t'ink about timperants. Well thot's a harrud question tu answer. Oi wuz droonk lasht noight an' divil a t'ing do oi know about anyt'ing 'ceptin' me head aches and oi'd loike to be a slapin 'stid o' sthandin' here a palaverin wid ye about timperants."

All oi knows 'bout it is, thot oi wisht oi had'nt droonk that lasht glass, fur 'twas that wan kilt me, intoirely. Timperants is a blamed foine t'ing tu be talkin' about, but divil the timperants advocather c'u'd make me belave thot he has a betther toime thin oi hod lasht noight. O but t'was glorious; oi was singin' 'The Lasht Rose av Summer,' whin sumwan shoved a bottle ave 'Three Stharr' under me nose, and oi sthopped singin', beggorah.

Yis, yis, timeperants is all roight, but wan bottle of 'Three Stharr' 'ull knock timperants hoigher than the ould 'Tusca-

rora's' main thruck, thot's all oi knows about timperants. O ye're wilcome young feller, wilcome. Phat's thot? Put me in the paper are yez? Divil a wurrud yez will! Oi'll not lave enuff av ye tu make a dacent male, if yez go tu transhscroibing me in yer paper! Oi'll burn thim, be jabbers, if oi hov tu buy thim all.''

Contortive Cognomens.

Never short.—Long. W.
Nobody's fool.—Wise. C.
In name only.—Baker. G.
Can't be weak.—Strong. V.
Not the judge.—Lynch. Wm.
Belongs above.—Lord. M. C.
Not a chicken.—Carey. M. J.
Best side in a storm.—Lee. T.
A sort of blind.—Curtin. L. H.
A new brand.—Rakebrand. H.
Doctor Squibs.—Dutreaux. C. J.
Ought to be McFat.—McLean. A.
Must be Solomon.—Davidson. A.
New kind of a duck.—Ducklin. J.
Hope he'll get stout.—Slight. E. P.
Better than winters.—Summers. G.
A descendant of the Scotch king.—Bruce. J.
A man the liberty breakers dodge.—Marshall. J.

War Dire and Dreadful.

Trouble over the taking of Port Arthur by Russia.

(Special from our War Correspondent "Second Mate.")

Trouble is brewing between England and Russia and war is almost certain.

Russia has taken Port Arthur, and the British seem to object to this encroachment on their rights in the "grabbing" line.

Nearly the entire British fleet is assembled at Chemulpo and hostile demonstrations are momentarily expected. It is rumored that the reason of this mobilization is for the prevention of further "aggression" as they call it, on the part of Russia.

When the Russians hoisted their flag at Port Arthur, they also *requested* that the British Legation at Seoul, the capital of Korea, be withdrawn. Such a request can only be looked at in one light, and the mobilization of the men-o'-war in the north is an harbinger of certain war.

China has no objection (as if it would matter) to Russia's occupation of Port Arthur, and seems content to let things take their own course.

The Korean Customs are in the hands of the Russians. Russia has also ordered that the English engineers on the Chinese railways, as well as English and German military instructors be dismissed and replaced by Russians.

Obituary.

Lieut. Richard Mitchell.

Lieut Richard Mitchell, U. S. N., formerly Navigator of the "Olympia," died at his home in Worcester, Mass. on October 30th, 1897, of pneumonia.

The men of this ship that have been shipmates with the genial Lieutenant regret his death greatly, for he was a general favorite both as an officer and a friend.

He was sent home from this ship owing to his bad health, but his sad demise is a hard blow to us who knew and loved him.

We, the crew of the "Olympia," tender our respect and sincere sympathy to his family and friends.

Apprentice Frank Epps.

Frank Epps, Apprentice, was murdered by Japanese sampan men on the night of December 12. 1897, at Nagasaki, Japan.

We tender our sincere sympathy to his bereaved relatives and friends. We feel with them the great loss they have to sustain and trust they will find strength in God to bear up beneath this great blow, believing in his divine wisdom and mercy, and with us look forward to that Great Day when the grave gives up its dead and we will all be reunited for ever.

The funeral services were held on board in the presence of all the officers and men; Chaplain J. B. Frazier conducted the services and, after the last solemn lines of the burial service had been read, the choir sang the beautiful hymn "Beyond the Smiling and the Weeping" with touching effect.

The body was then taken ashore and buried in Nagasaki Cemetery with military honors. All the men-o'.war in the harbor half-masted colors as tribute to the dead.

In Memoriam.

Wearied spirit now at rest,
Earthly troubles forever past,
Gathered to thy Father's breast,
Immortal Life is thine at last.

Safe from mortal grief and care,
Amid the blessed angel throng
Whose blithe hosannas fill the air,
Joined in their glad redemption song.

Mortal thou wert. Immortal now;
At Home upon the heavenly shore
The halo of peace upon thy brow,
And glory thine forever more.

Our Christmas.

Well, the long waited and much wished for Christmas has come at last and all hands started in to enjoy themselves in proper style.

Friday afternoon was spent in dressing the ship with evergreens, holly and mistletoe, till one would simply have to close his eyes to imagine himself counting ties on a forest-bordered railroad track. The ship, Christmas morn, formed a pretty picture. A rainbow of evergreen ran from truck to truck and stem to stern; wreaths of the same adorned guns, turrets and smokestacks; each yard arm boasted a sprig of holly and mistletoe; the hatches and gangways were gay with arches, while the after turret groaned beneath the weight of a mighty Christmas tree resplendent with paper dolls, false faces (not face powder) watches, clothes, fans and red radishes, nearly all of which were provided by a number of good samaritans led by Chief Bo'sun's mate Murray, who has the heartfelt thanks and best wishes for a Happy New Year of all the little Boys and Girls.

Quite a number of the boys hung up their socks and received some very valuable (?) gifts. Even Freddy hung up his and appeared to be pleased with his presents, though he vows that if he finds the person that put the hunk of squash pie in the toe of his sock and then tried to shove a teapot and frying pan in after it, he'll scratch his eyes out. So there!

The boat races that were to have taken place were postponed, owing to the fact that a great many of the crews had overindulged in mince pie the preceding night and were accordingly indisposed for races next day.

The messes came right up to the mark. The decorations were artistic and tasteful and the cooks received the commendation of Admiral and Captain for their painstaking efforts and culinary achievements. One large jelly cake in particular, caught the Admiral's eye and he declared that it was "just like home." Now if that cook had any "ruse de guerre" he would have begged the Admiral to sample that cake and he might even now be looked on to go home as "chef de cuisine" to the staff. But then enterprise is getting very scarce on the gundeck since "Nancy Lee" went home.

The dinner was superb. All the cooks, from little Frankie May down, seemed to have put forth every effort to make this Christmas dinner a grand success, and they certainly succeeded. Words cannot adequately describe that dinner. How those plump and tender fowls did seem to melt away in your mouth, leaving naught but a pleasant memory and an increasing tightness at the waist-band. And the delicate sucking pig and appetizing salads. Then the dessert: mince, apple, pumpkin and custard pies, fruit cake, jelly cake, apples, pears, oranges and all kinds of nuts but the *festive peanut* reigned supreme. It was a feast that would have enravished the most fastidious of epicures.

The Captain raised all classed men one class as a Christmas present. This is the first time this has occured since the "Olympia" has been in commission, and and all hands should show their appreciation of Captain Gridley's kindness by trying to keep first class the remainder of the cruise.

This is probably the last Christmas on the "Olympia" for most of us, but it will always remain as a pleasant spot in our memory when we look back on the past and review those pleasant landmarks of the happy "has been" that will never be destroyed by the waters of time.

THE SONG OF THE "SLUSHER" BRIGADE.

We are glad that the cruise is near over,
For we've "grafted" much harder than Turks;
When we get home we'll be right in clover,
For we'll own 'Frisco's chief liquor works.

Our kettles and pans are all shining,
Our lockers and chests spick and span,
And all that's used by us in dining,
Is clean as can be made so by man.

And when two bells are struck in the morning,
We shine up the knife and the fork;
And "Daibutsu" comes around to give warning
That the "skipper" has eyes like a hawk.

The "First Luff" comes around here to see us
And he finds ev'ry thing neat and clean,
And he doubts that the "slushers" can be us,
We're the neatest he ever had seen.

But we're glad the cruise is near over
And we'll be anchored in 'Frisco once more.
And say boys, we'll be right in clover,
When we're moored hard and fast to the shore.

Mr. James Hatter.

If you want a good pleasant and all round jolly liberty, as well as performing a humane and patriotic action, no better place can be selected than the house of Mr. James Hatter the veteran and pensioner from our Navy.

Mr. Hatter is thoroughly American and delights in having American men-o'-war's men about him. He is very old and receives a pension of eight dollars from the U. S. Government. This is hardly enough for his needs, so he keeps a little place here and anybody that will give him a call can be assured of a hearty welcome. This should interest the members of the R. A. & N. U. especially, as he is a member of "Olympia" Garrison. His address is "Boston" Restaurant No. 15 Oura, Nagasaki. Name to be changed to "Raleigh" Restaurant.

The following order and notice was posted on the bulletin board for the benefit of the crew:

1st. In obedience to the orders of the Honorable the Secretary of the Navy, the command of the United States Force on the Asiatic Station will be turned over on January 3rd, 1898 to Commodore George Dewey, United States Navy.

2nd. Before hauling down his flag, the Commander takes occasion to express to the commanding and other officers and to the enlisted men of the Squadron, his efficiency to which they have brought their respective vessels, and to bespeak from them for his successor, the same cheerful obedience to

orders and close attention to duty that have heretofore characterized the performance of all services assigned to them.

Signed

F. V. McNair,
Rear Admiral,
U. S. Navy.

Commanding United States Naval force on the Asiatic Station.

On January 14th 1898, we left Nagasaki for Yokohama where we arrived two days later.

Many of the men were reporting their times out, but as the ship is short handed and there were no men to take their places, they were not paid off.

GET A GENUINE FLAGSHIP SUIT

FROM,

O. B. Forstrom.

Custom Tailor and Clothier.

Good Fit and Swell Cut Guaranteed.

No. 777 Basshorn Alley and Capstan Pt.

NEPTUNE'S SHAVING SHOP.

HAIR CUTTING ALL STYLES.

Bay Rum and Shampoo.

Bootblack "Peggy" in Attendance.

No. 77 Radiator Sq. U. S. S. Boston.

E. McSweeney, Proprietor.

PATRONIZED BY THE ELITE.

MARTIN & PHELAN.

NAVAL TAILORS.

Homeward Bound Suits a Specialty.

Good Fit Guaranteed.

No. 7 Dungharee Alley, Cor. Clinker Sq.

12 Gold Medals at Paris Exposition 1492.

HARRY BARLOW.

Custom Tailor and Clothier.

UNIFORM SUITS A SPECIALTY.

SEA-GOING SUITS TO ORDER.

No. 17 Starboard St., Near Bell Alley.

BUY YOUR HOMEWARD BOUNDERS FROM

A. LARSON.

FINE LANYARDS AND WATCH CHAINS

MADE TO ORDER.

Cor. Capstan Place & Groundtackle Ave.

First Prize at the World's Exposition.

44 Gold Medals.

F. H. MILTON.

Fine, Neat, Mustering Lanyards Always on Hand.

No. 1 Gun Nook, Near Oilskin Place.

E. C. MOORE.

THE MUSICAL BARBER.

Shaving and Hair Cutting all Styles.

Bay Rum and Shampoo.

Ashute Hotel, 1111 Dungharee Alley.

GET SHAVED BY

HUNT & McDONALD.

Marine Barbers and Hair Dressers.

HAIR CUT ALL STYLES.

No. 13 Larboard Ave., Marine County.

Concordia Restaurant.

Fine Liquors and Cigars.

MEALS AT ALL HOURS.

No 18 Oura, - - - - - - Nagasaki.

R. SHAY & Co.

TAILORS TO

H. R. H. "Chimmie Fadden."

No. 1 Forecastle St., Cable County.

THE "BOUNDING BILLOW."

• • • Published in the interests of American Men-o'-Warsmen. • • •

Published at intervals on U. S. F.S. Olympia. | YOKOHAMA, JAPAN, JANUARY 31, 1898. | Vol. I. No. 3.

A Sad Accident.

A Blue-Jacket of the U. S. S. Petrel, Falls Overboard and is Drowned.

Sunday Jan. 16—A sad accident occurred on the U. S. S. Petrel at Canton, China, resulting in the death by drowning, of William Savage, one of the crew, a native of San Francisco.

It appears that Savage was returning from leave at about eleven o'clock in the morning of the 16th when, as he stepped from the sampan to the gangway, he slipped and fell backward into the water.

Boats were lowered and every effort made to save him, but he sank immediately and did not reappear. The body was dragged for all day and a reward offered for its recovery.

It was not found until next morning, when a Chinese sampan man recovered it about 300 yards from the ship.

He was quite a young man, about 23 years of age, and a general favorite, his genial nature endearing him to his officers and shipmates, and making him many friends.

The family of the deceased are very prominent in San Francisco.

The accident has cast a gloom over the entire Ship's company and all regret his untimely end.

The crew of the "Petrel" subscribed $477.00 for the purpose of erecting a headstone in memory of their dead shipmate.

The crew of the U. S. F. S. Olympia tender their sympathy to the crew of the "Petrel" for the loss of their shipmate.

The Murder Case.

The Murderers of Epps Found Guilty of Unavoidable Homicide.

The two Japanese sampan men that murdered Epps, Apprentice of the "Olympia," the night of December the 12th, 1897 were tried and convicted of unavoidable homicide.

They were fined Yen 100 and Yen 50 respectively, the total amount being less than $75.00 in U. S. Gold. This is certainly inadequate punishment and would be hardly sufficient to restrain the coolies and sampan men from further acts of violence similar to the murder of Epps.

It seems that the murderers claimed that Epps was the aggressor and that they were acting simply on the defensive.

This is simply improbable, as the murdered boy had a wholesome dread of the water, not being able to swim, and when he entered a sampan always held on until he was safe on shore.

We can't understand how a jury of sensible men could render such a verdict as "unavoidable homicide," when the evidence of the Doctors and the marks on the body show that the fatal blow was struck *while he was in the water.*

It is entirely incomprehensible to us, how these learned men deduced this conclusion. Does it seem possible that a boy will deliberately pick a quarrel with two strong men, on a dark night, in a boat far from shore? And does it not stand to reason that, if he were the aggressor, he would have prepared himself to fight, whereas on the contrary he had on a heavy coat buttoned close up to the chin, when his body was recovered?

No doubt there were high words and bickering as to fare, but anybody that has ever made a trip in a Japanese sampan knows that the sendoe is never satisfied; that if you give him a dollar for a twenty sen passage he'll want two.

If ever a deliberate and unnecessary murder was committed, this was the one, and were the cold-blooded murderers to receive punishment befitting their crime they should be hanging "higher than Haman."

The Football Game

Yokohama Vs. U. S. F. S. Olympia.

An Association football game was played on the grounds at Yokohama between the local team and the boys of this ship on Wednesday the 26th. The game resulted in a victory for the Yokohama team, they winning by a score of four to one.

A strong wind was blowing from the northward and as the ship's team won the toss, they played from the north end of the grounds.

In the first half our boys kept the Yokohamas pretty busy, though at one time they came near to scoring a goal but for the vigilance and clever work of O'Malley of the "Olympia."

Near the end of the first half the forwards of our team got possession of the ball and Heelings scored the only goal of the half.

The second half, our team played very poorly and their lack of practice was painfully evident. They lacked speed and the quick fertility of resource that had characterized all their plays heretofore. The Yokohamas on the other hand showed that they had been long in training for this game, and while it is not our habit to whine *when* beaten (*which the people of Yokohama know is very seldom*) they must concede that we have had very little opportunity for practice being on board ship.

In the second half the Yokohamas had the wind in their favor and having the advantage of being well disciplined, they made two goals before our team buckled down to work.

Dunn got the ball and pased to Blanchard who in turn passed to Heelings. The three then ran it to Yokohamas' ground. Here Heelings tried a shot at goal but it was cleverly saved by Kilby Jr. of the local team.

The Yokohamas again got the ball and scored two more goals making the score 4 to 1 when the game ended.

Our learned contemporary of the Daily Gazette, in his article criticizes the manners and playing of our team saying, "The visitors indulged in incessant talk;" and again, "We hope the visitors whenever they play a game will always show a friendly spirit and not use threats as some did this afternoon." Now we wish to inform the writer of this article and the players of the Yokohama team that we have never entertained any but amicable feelings toward the people we have played, either in Yokohama or elsewhere, and we wish the Gazette would bear in mind that what he says about "things occurring in the height of the game that cannot be avoided" applies as well to our side of the question. As for the poor fellow that got kicked, we certainly sympathize with him, but cannot help mentioning the fact that a few of our team have a mark or so from *unavoidable occurrences*.

It is such newspaper talk as the above that causes all the trouble and hard feeling between the teams. It is such talk that makes the public think of us as a rowdy lot who can not act like gentlemen, and we would respectfully ask that our gifted contemporary confine himself to reporting the game, and not comment on the manners of the opposing team without sufficient reason. Impartiality is the surest way to success.

The local team do not seem to consider themselves injured as they have accepted a challenge to play again next Wednesday.

TEAMS.

Yokohama.

Kilby, Jr.

Forrest. Pearson.

Hayward. Scott. Clarke.

Watt. Drummond. Edwards. Kuhn. Kilby Sr.

"Olympia."

Dunne. Blanchard. Heelings. Hunter. Nutcher.

O'Neil Sweeney. Forrow.

Reynolds. Martin.

J. O'Malley.

Let Jingo papers howl and rave
Till planted 'neath the willow,
The paper for King Neptune's brave,
Is "Jack Tar's" "Bounding Billow." (Ed.)

A Generous Act.

The Crew Of The "Boston's" Donation, To The Mother Of Our Murdered Shipmate.

A letter has been received from the U. S. Cruiser Boston, expressing their sympathy with the bereaved relatives of Frank Epps, our murdered shipmate, and enclosing a cheque for $76.19 U. S. Gold, to be sent to the mother of the deceased. She is very poor and this money will be a Godsend to her.

This is certainly a wholesouled, generous act, well worthy of an American ship. It shows the true manliness of the "Boston's" crew and we, the crew of the "Olympia" extend the right hand of good fellowship to these our brothers and thank them sincerely both on behalf of the dead boy's relatives and ourselves, for their humane and manly act.

May the charity and generosity exhibited by the "Boston's" crew, be emulated by every man-o'-war's man in our service, and may this act devolve in blessings on them and theirs.

Obituary.

Charles Broad, Seaman.

With heartfelt sorrow we register the death of Charles Broad, Seaman, U. S. S Boston, who died at the U. S. Naval hospital, Yokohama, Japan, January 21st, of consumption. He was buried in the cemetery at Yokohama, with military honors. Chaplain J. B. Frazier conducted the burial service.

The shipmates and friends of the deceased mourn his loss and respect his memory.

We tender our sincere sympathy to his relatives and friends, and trust they will find strength above, to bear this bereavement, remembering that our great Creator has taken him to that bright land where trouble and sorrow never enter, and all is peace and joy.

Crew of the U. S. S. Boston.

William Savage, Landsman.

It is with sorrow and regret that we register the untimely death of our beloved friend and shipmate, William Savage, Landsman, U. S. S. Petrel, who was drowned at Canton, China.

He was beloved and respected by all that knew him, and his sudden death is a great blow to all.

We offer our sincere sympathy and respect to his bereaved family, and beg them to remember that he has simply gone on before to the bright haven where his spirit will receive Life Eternal and where, please God, we shall all meet to be reunited forever. We hope they will receive strength from our Heavenly Father to bear this burden of sorrow, trusting in His divine wisdom and mercy.

"The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away."

Crew of the U. S. S. Petrel.

In Memoriam.

Spirit Immortal safe at Home,
Earth's pilgrimage for thee is o'er ;
Radiant Peace dispels the gloom,
And lights thee to Life's golden shore.
Then seated near the Holy Throne
Where hallowed joys for thee abound,
Thrice blessed, O Immortal one,
'Tis Life Eternal thou hast found !

L. S. Young.

Floating Christian Endeavor Society :—Meetings every Friday night at 8 P.M. in the officers' smoking room. Everybody welcome.

Hot Shot.

Perusers of this column will bear in mind that the editor has a ferocious purp and a gun.

There are three young men in this ship who are almos heartbroken at leaving Nagasaki. Their glum faces and downcast bearing are enough to smite *tenderer* hearts than ours and bear witness to the fact that their sorrow is indeed a deep and heavy one.

Well, the course of true love is a hard course to steer, there are so many points to the compass. (Eil, Eil Soleil, Soleil by Eil, Soleil.) But cheer up, life isn't always rough, and if this paper comes under the Commodore's notice (which it certainly will as our circulation is increasing) he will most assuredly hasten his return to the above named port, and of course Eddie, Willie and Clarence will change their opinions of life with that bright prospect in view. Poor fellows. How sad.

"Rambling Rube" again! Not satisfied with buncoing the Japs, he has started in to take the bread and butter out of the mouths of his shipmates, metaphorically speaking. He started making lanyards a few nights ago and was trying to run opposition to the old reliable firms of Milton and Larson by selling his fake sennet lanyards for one yen and ninety nine sen. He soon saw that he could make no showing against Freddie's speed and Knute's industry, so he started a Five Sen Barber Shop in Oilskin Place with two ditty boxes. a bucket of water, a dish towel, a borrowed razor and an old seaboot for a strop. He knew the "Bounding Billow" would show him up, but we know he is looking for a cheap advertisement. We notice also that Conley the Caterer patronizes him. Well he furnishes a good *cheek* to practice on, "Rube."

But "Rube" has been outdone at last. And sad to say by a third division man, and one whom none would suspect, Jack Bowers.

It seems that while on liberty in Nagasaki, he was walking down the *mane avenoo* with a couple of the boys, when he espied a blind man led by a Japanese pug. Now these dogs are very valuable, worth in fact three times as much as a "C. Noble" dog. Well as soon as the wicked Jack saw the animal, he determined to possess himself of it by fair means or foul, the latter evidently being preferred.

Borrowing a knife from one of the boys, he crept up behind the man and cutting the string he seized the dog and running as fast as he could reached the Hatoba, where he got a sampan and pulled off to the ship. Here he passed the pup around to be admired, saying he *bought it for six yen*. It is our object to establish the truth at all hazards, so don't get excited Jack, for our *purp* can do the best Japanese *kiyoodle* you could steal in a month of Sundays.

There's a fellow in this ship, an oiler (though he sometimes acts as stoker) who goes ashore here to the Salvation Army Headquarters and gets shin roasts and coffee at current rates, with a few home made buns thrown in for Comisho ; not satisfied with this however, when he thinks no one is looking he *empties the sugar bowl* into his vest pocket. Pity some philanthrophist don't present Eletson with a box of bonbons. We'll start a subscription.

Contortive Cognomens.

Hard to find.—Hidden. T.
Side of a house.—Wall. A.
"Paradise Lost."—Milton. F.
The king of beasts.—Lyons. J.
The bloom of youth.—Young. L. S.
Handy in cold weather.—Glover. H. B.
Ought to put some clothes on.—Baer. A.
Hits the nail on the head!—Hammer. E.
Head of our detective bureau.—Pinkerton, J. B.

Chats.

There is a rumour to the effect that we are going home in a few months, and we should begin now to get a homeward bound flag and pennant that will beat anything that has left this station heretofore. This is a big ship's company and as the majority are going home in the ship we will find it very easy to top the climax in "homeward bounders." It would be

a nice idea to have U. S. flags in bombs to fire when we leave the last port on the station, and if possible when we go into 'Frisco.

A number of U. S. men-of-war seem to be bound for the Orient, the beautiful country where the chickens fly in at the open ports and the women are fair as houris (?)

It would be drawing it mild to say we are glad these ships are coming out, for it signifies a speedy return for us to the dear old States, and though we sympathize with the crews of these ships, we can't help feeling overjoyed at our brightening prospects in regard to going home.

The "Raleigh" will soon be here and as it is said that she has a very good cutter, our crew had better wake up for they may be almost sure of a challenge. It will be a fine opportunity to find out the "Red 'errings" mettle. According to rumor, a race with the "Raleigh's boat will be no *cinch*.

The football teams will do well to keep in trim also, as they will undoubtedly get a game from the above named vessel.

The Minstrel Troup should give at least one more show before we leave for home. They could have it, say in Nagasaki, and give the proceeds to the Charitable Institutions after deducting enough for a dinner, to which the "Bounding Billow's" Staff will gladly accept an invitation.

That's a fine moustache Short Circuit Ed is raising. He'll be putting "Pop" Church to the blush if it flourishes at the present rate. We are not jealous but it reminds us of a Gibraltar coir brush. You'd better look out Ed when you're eating, for if your fork touches it you may blow out the fuzes.

Doings in Society.

The Editor has resigned from the "Dynamo Dignitaries.' No more will his manly form encased in well fitting dungharees be seen promenading the spardeck or diligently inspecting his circuit. Although his resignation is a great loss to the habitues of the Dynamo Room it was unavoidable, and though he is now no more one of them, he will always entertain a kindly feeling toward, and takes this occasion to thank them, for their generous disregard of their own comfort to enable him to perform his literary work undisturbed.

Mademoiselle Timi McNiffio is neglecting the Terpsichorean Academy since the leader of the Poop-scrubbing Aristocracy has presented him with an exaggerated specimen of a St. Bernard Purp. You'd better look out Tim, or you will lose your custom.

Harry Kay, the "Naval Daibutsu," is continually rubbing his stubble. He must meditate having a shave now that he has bought a cheap razor at auction. He'd never get a shave otherwise.

In Acknowledgment.

We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of a handsome paper entitled, "The High School Leader," edited and published by scholars of the High School, Butte, Montana.

We thank the Editress and Staff for their favor, and compliment them on the beauty and journalistic style of their bright little paper.

The "Bounding Billow" will be delighted to hear from any other papers wishing to correspond or exchange. [ED.]

The "Billow's" Chat with our friends at home.—Yokohama, Japan.

We left Nagasaki, at 11 o'clock, Saturday morning, January 15th, for Yokohama, by way of the Inland Sea. The weather during the passage was fair, though rather cold the last day and night. At about half past ten the night of the 15th, we anchored in Shimonoseki Straits, off the town of Shimonoseki, at the entrance of the Inland Sea.

We got under way again at 6.55 next morning and proceeded up the Sea. At 10.35 the night of the 17th, we hove to, five miles from Kobe (Hiogo) at the end of the Inland Sea, and signaled for a boat to take our pilot. No boat coming we lowered a whale boat and sent him ashore. At 12.30 we went ahead again. At 2.30 the morning of the 18th, we anchored in the Gulf of Tokio until daylight, when we went into Yokohama Bay.

Yokohama is the largest treaty port in Japan. It is also practically the seaport for Tokio, the capital. It is situated on the eastern coast of the Island of Hondo, the largest Island of the Japanese Empire. The city has a population of about 140.000 about 2.000 of whom are European residents and 4.000 Chinese.

The climate is temperate and healthy but smallpox or typhoid occasionally break out. The principal summer resorts are Honmoku, about two miles from the city, and Kamakura, a very pretty and interesting town. Here can be seen the Buddhist Temple where sits the great "Daibutsu," the famous "God of Peace" This idol is one of the largest in the world. The following is a brief history of this colossal work: —In the year 737, A.D. the Emperor or "Mikado" Shonu, being a sincere devotee to Buddhism, caused numerous temples to be erected throughout Japan, a few of which are standing at at the present day. Chief among these is the "Ko-to-ku-in" Kamakura. In the grounds of this ancient fane stands the huge bronze image of the great "Dai-butsu" (Buddha) which was cast in the year 1252, A. D. by the celebrated glyptic artist One Go-ro-yemon. The image was much injured by a tidal wave which swept over Kamakura in 1495. It is still in an excellent state of preservation despite the ravages of the elements.

It is about 50 ft. in height and 98 ft. in circumference; the length of the face is 8 and a half feet, the eyes, which are

of pure gold, 4 ft., the ear 6 and a half feet and of the nose 3 ft. 8 inches. The image sits in a squatting position. The distance from knee to knee is 36 feet, the breadth of the month is 3 feet 2 inches and the circumference of the thumb is over three feet.

In the centre of the forehead is a silver boss symbolizing the light flowing from the great Buddha, an idea somewhat similar to that expressed in our Scriptures—"I am the light of the World." This boss is 1 foot 3 inches in diameter and weighs 30 lbs.

There are a great many other places of interest too numerous to mention; but a visit to Yokohama or for that matter to Japan, would not be complete without a trip to Fuji-yama, the "Pride of Japan." This majestic mountain is 12,365* feet above the sea level. It is about sixty miles from the coast and on a clear day can be seen almost a hundred miles at sea. Fuji-yama is a volcano but has not been in eruption for many years. It is certainly a beautiful sight to see this grand mountain from the sea, the sun turning the snow-capped peak to silver, its rays reflected and multiplied, seeming to send a shower of quivering radiance over the entire scene. Fuji-yama is a s ht that once seen can never be forgotten.

The Pilgrims, a sect somewhat similar to our Evangelists, deem it their duty to climb to the crater once a year where they claim that they become purified. It is also said that the afflicted visit the peak of this stately mountain where they are cured of all their ills. But this of course is all superstition, and as we have never witnessed any such miracle we cannot vouch for its truth.

Yokohama was originally surrounded by canals which formed the bounds of the city, but it has grown so that it extends far beyond these limits. The European Settlement is in the eastern part of town. The Missionaries and wealthier class of foreigners reside on Mandarin Bluff, a large hill overlooking the Gulf of Tokio and forming the eastern arm of the bay.

The harbor is protected by immense breakwaters enclosing a space of about 1,000 acres. The eastern breakwater extends from Honmoku Point for a distance of 5,389 ft. The northern one extends from Kanagawa Flats (just above the fort of that name) for a distance of 6.702 ft. toward the end of the eastern breakwater. The entrance is between these two ends and is 800 ft. wide. A lighthouse marks each side of this eatrance.

There are quite a number of theatres, and while the Japanese drama would appear rather dry to us, the native audience is spellbound until the villain is beheaded by the hero. The only features wherein the Japanese theatre resembles ours are the "lemonade and peanuts" boy and ye inevitable "Gallery God." The galleries here however, are covered with wire nettings which prevent the "gods" from throwing peanut shells at the bald heads below.

* A curious thing about the height of Fuji-yama, is the fact that the thousands of feet correspond numerically with the months, and the hundreds with the days, of the calendar year.

The Life of Gilbert H. Purdy.

I was born in the township of Union Vale, near Poughkeepsie, Duchess County, State of New York, January 29th, 1828. I led the usual life of a country boy until I became imbued with the desire to become a sailor.

At the age of seventeen I determined to gratify my longing for adventure. Having some friends in New York City, I told my folks that I was going to visit them. So one morning, with nothing but the clothes on my back and very few cents in my pocket, I stood on the deck of the old side wheel river steamer, "Santa Claus" and looked back at the place of my birth that I was leaving perhaps forever.

I arrived in New York the same day and enquired my way to a shipping office. I can not remember the exact location of the building. It was somewhere on South Street. In memory I can see the old brick house, with its creaking signs, its dusty windows, a murky gin mill, with sawdust sprinkled floor and tier on tier of barrels and bottles, the crowd of loafers standing around the door, and an old iron stairway running along one side of the building. I climbed up this stairway and entered the shipping office with as bold a front as I could assume, though inwardly my heart was quaking.

There were quite a number of men in the room when I entered, some of them on the same errand as myself. One man, who I found was a shipping master, asked me what I wanted. I told him I wanted to ship. "Well," he said, "we need men, but we don't like to ship boys unless their parents are willing." I assured him that my parents were not only willing but anxious that I should go to sea. He then gave me some very good advice, telling me the hardships I would have to undergo ere the cruise was over, and told me to consider well. I told him that my mind was made up and that I was determined to go to sea. After a few more remarks I was told to stand by to leave for New Bedford that night. Accordingly the same night in company with six others, under the guidance of another shipping master, we left for New Bedford which was at that time a very small village. Here I remained three weeks waiting for a ship. At last I was sent aboard the whaler "Marengo" Captain Theodore Cole. We lay two days at Palmer's Island and on the 5th of October, 1845, we got up anchor and I was off on my first cruise. It was on Sunday that we left and it was a Sunday I shall never forget. The orders shouted around and at me, the creaking blocks, the flapping of sails and the intricate maze of ropes and rigging bewildered me so, that I knew not which way to turn, but ran here and there, trying to help, but only getting in the way. But it was when we struck the open sea that my troubles really began. At first the ship rolling first to one side and then to the other gave me very little uneasiness except to keep my feet, but after a while a curious desire to lay down somewhere, anywhere, to get rid of the terrible feeling I had came over me. Suddenly I felt as if my backbone had hit me in the roof of my mouth, and then, as many had done before me, I leaned over the rail and paid tribute to King Neptune.

In the latter part of the month we arrived at Mayo, of the Cape Verde group, where we traded for hogs and poultry. We lay "off and on" to avoid paying the customs and harbor money. The islands belong to the Portuguese.

On the second day the customs officers came on board and talked grandly of the terrible crime we were committing by not anchoring and paying dues. Captain Cole told them that, as it was late in the afternoon, he would anchor in the morning. But they had forgotten that he was a Yankee. That night under the cover of the darkness we squared away for Bravo, another island of the same group. The next day I witnessed a sight I shall never forget.

It was Sunday and we were becalmed under the lee of Toga, a volcanic island. The huge mountain was using its "safety valve" in grand style. It was a beautiful sight, and one to make a man look on the wonders of nature with awe.

In the afternoon we got a breeze and next day we were laying "off and on" at the island of Bravo. We traded here the same as at Mayo. I belonged to the skipper's boat and had an opportunity to go ashore. All I saw here was squalor and poverty.

After a few days here we left for the Rio Plate and on the 25th of November, Thanksgiving day of 1845, we got our first whale. The captain's boat "struck" him. I pulled what is called "tub oar" in this boat. The "old man" got too near to the whale and before we could realize what had happened, our boat was stove in. The bow and midship oarsmen sprang overboard. As the boat didn't sink we pulled them in again. The mate killed the whale and we returned to the ship. It was a sperm whale and yielded us 95 barrels of oil. On hoisting the boat she broke in two and was abandoned. We got two more "Sperms" on this "ground" and then shaped our course for the "Horn."

On New Year's Day, 1846, we were off the Cape heading into the mighty Pacific. While cruising off the coast of Chili, we captured three small "Right" or Black whales. They averaged about 60 barrels each. They are splendid "fighters" but only use their flukes and tails.

We were steering for Juan Fernandez, the home of Crusoe and his man Friday. We remained here a few days and then went on to St. Felix where we had quite a picnic fishing with hook and line. We caught all kinds of fish there being hardly two alike. From here we went to the Galapagos. We landed here for terrapin, getting some on Chatham Island weighing over 200 lbs. We had quite a time getting them to the beach and when we finally got them on board, we were a sight to behold. Clothes were torn, shoes wrecked and the skin scratched by poisonous thorns and blistered by the burning sun. I had no desire for another terrapin hunt.

We left the third mate and a boat's crew on shore to capture sea turtle. During the night the ship drifted to the opposite side of the island and meeting with light baffling winds we found it impossible to get back. After beating around for two days we saw a flag on shore. Sent a boat in and found a small settlement of Ecuadorians. They had an interpreter and through him we learned that the place where we had left the third mate was thirty miles from where we were. They sent out a pilot, who took us in to an anchorage. The next morning, accompanied by the interpreter, we sent a relief party on shore to look for and bring back the third mate and his party.

We found the mate and boat's crew at about one o'clock the same day. Several of them were made temporarily blind by sleeping under a poisonous tree, from which the dew dripped on their faces. They were cured by bathing their faces in salt water.

Captain Cole traded shoes and clothing for terrapin with the natives, who had several hundred of these huge land turtles in a sort of corral.

This region was famed as a whaling ground, but as we did not have any luck we headed for the Sandwich Islands. On the 6th of April '46, we dropped anchor in Lahaina, Island of Maui.

After taking in provisions and fresh water we sailed for the Behring Sea. Here we caught quite a number of whales and returned to Maui in the fall. From here we took a short cruise on the Equator looking for sperm whales, but without success. We returned to Thar bay. Here I had a look at the ground where Captain Cook was killed.

From here we again went to Lahaina taking some deserters in "irons." It was very common at that time for men to desert the whalers, but they were generally brought off by the native police, who received $500 reward. Their mode of treating a recalcitrant prisoner, was novel and original to a fault. They simply bound the wrists and ankles together and ran a pole through between their arms and legs. The natives would then shoulder the pole and carry you to your ship, and that without enquiring as to your comfort. If you made too much noise you were immediately gagged. The natives were all Christians at this time.

In the summer of '47 we were in the Behring Sea. We also stopped at Petropaulovski, at that time a Russian settlement.

Before leaving the Behring Sea, I must record my bear hunt. While I was at school I had seen a picture of a Norwegian hunter killing a bear. The animal stood with his fore paws on the man's shoulders and the man stabbed it in the breast with a long knife. That picture gave me the idea that I could kill a bear as easily as a chicken.

Well, one day the captain said he was going ashore on a bear hunt and I was anxious to accompany him so that I might be able to put into practice my Norwegian style of bear killing.

(*To be continued*).

Naval Notes.

Admiral McNair was relieved from command of the Asiatic Station on January 3rd, 1898, by Commodore George Dewey. The fleet wishes the genial Admiral, God-speed.

Carpenter Macdonald has been ordered home and granted two months leave.

U. S. F. S. "Olympia," Capt. C. V. Gridley, is at Yokohama but is expected to leave about the 7th, for Hongkong.

U. S. S. "Boston" Capt. F. Wildes, is at Chemulpo, Korea.

U. S. S. "Monocacy" Capt. Farenholt, is at Shanghai, China.

The U. S. S. "Concord" arrived from Honolulu on the morning of the ninth. She made the trip in fourteen days without mishap, having had fine weather the entire trip.

We left Yokohama for Hongkong on the 10th of February going by way of what is known as the outside passage, (with out going through the Inland Sea.) which makes the distance about sixteen hundred miles.

We enjoyed fine weather until the third day when it blew rather strong and the sea roughened.

Sighted a Japanese schooner flying urgent distress signals. We bore down on her and asked what was wanted, but finding that she only wanted a tow in shore, the Commodore told the Captain to continue on his course. That Japanese must have thought we were "good things." Think of "the flagship" playing tow boat. Preposterous!

We came to anchor in Hongkong on the 17th in a fog that almost obscured the city from view.

On the night of the seventeenth, news reached us that the "Maine" had been blown up in Havana Harbor. We were just preparing for Washington's Birthday, but this terrible news cast a gloom over the crew and of course pleasures were laid aside.

The "Boston" and "Concord" were cabled to and ordered to Hongkong, where they arrived on the fourth of March.

The Commodore called a conference of commanding officers and something serious seemed to be on the tapis.

War and nothing but war is the topic of the day. The boys hunger for news. Nothing definite can be learned and no one but the Commodore and commanding officers know the contents of the cablegrams received.

But we must know something, so the crew contributed three hundred and forty four dollars for a cable-gram and we endeavored to possess ourselves in patience until an answer arrived.

The amount we sent paid for three messages, the first of which arrived in twentytwo hours after our request left here. It read as follows: "To crew of U. S. S. Olympia, Hongkong. War preparations active. Divers down at wreck. Country greatly excited Congress delays action. Results doubtful. Further advices after investigations are made."

Army and Naval Journal.

Fverybody was pleased with the telegram except a few who were out for blood and thought it did not sound warlike enough.

The second message came on March the 6th stating:

Licutenant Jenkins and Engineer Merritt. killed, bodies missing. Two hundred and forty of crew killed. Fiftyone injured, nineteen uninjured. Government action awaits finding of court. Think from advices that I have, that you may return home. Army and Naval Journal.

The mail from the States came in the same day and it is said that homeward bound orders for this ship had arrived, but as the cablegram was of a later date these orders are countermanded.

After this the war scare seemed to quiet down and the men who had been skeptical all along of any war breaking out, went around with very long faces thinking their expectations had been realized. While Cuba's woes had never bothered us, we were now every man anxious to avenge the Maine and our slaughtered shipmates, for not for one moment did the boys doubt that it was an act of Spanish treachery.

As we could not apparently have the satisfaction of shedding Spanish blood, we determined to shed some of our own. An "eleven" of the Olympia played against a combined team of the fleet in a ferocious game of "Rugby."

The game was played on the 27th of March at "Happy Valley" in the gentle way the Yanks have of doing such things. However it all passed off good naturedly, winners and losers cheering each other to the echo.

Ensign Davidson of the Fleet team distinguished himself by his pluck and brilliant playing and although we beat them, there would have been a different story to tell had the fleet team the opportunities for practice equal to ours. It is hard to get together a lot of men from different ships, and this fact, instead of putting odds against us, played in our favor and gave us great advantage.

Another boat race. This time the Raleighs challenged us with a crack ten oared cutter of the North Atlantic Station.

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GET SHAVED BY

HUNT & McDONALD.

Marine Barbers and Hair Dressers.

HAIR CUT ALL STYLES.

No. 13 Larboard Ave., Marine County.

RHYME OR SPACE.

'Tis said that old King Solomon
Was wisest of the Wise.

And many modern people hear
The story with surprise.

But did he live in this bright age,
The knowing ones surmise,

He'd take advantage of this SPACE
And quickly ADVERTISE!!!

R. SHAY & Co.

TAILORS TO

H. R. H. "Chimmie Fadden."

No. 1 Forecastle St. Cable County.

ME MOURN OUR LOSS.

THE "BOUNDING BILLOW."

Published in the interests of American Men-o'-Warsmen.

Published at intervals on U. S. F.S. Olympia. | HONGKONG, MARCH 31, 1898. | Vol. I. No. 4.

U. S. BATTLE-SHIP MAINE BLOWN UP IN HAVANA HARBOR.

CONCLUSIVE PROOF THAT THE EXPLOSION WAS EXTERNAL.

Two Hundred and Fifty Three Lives Lost. Many Injured.

Serious International Complications May Arise.

The U. S. Battleship Maine was blown up in the harbor of Havana, Cuba, on the night of February 15th, by either a mine or torpedo. The terrible disaster occurred about 9.45 P. M. when nearly all hands were turned in. The explosion occurred on the port side forward, which accounts for so many being killed. Two hundred and fifty three lives were lost and fifty eight seriously wounded. Among the lost are Lieutenants Jenkins and Merritt.

The wounded were taken to Key West, where every thing possible was done for their comfort.

It has been conclusively proven that the Maine was blown up from the outside, but whether by Spanish conspirators, or Cubans, in the hope of precipitating a conflict between Spain and America, is hard to determine.

This is the greatest disaster which has ever befallen our Navy, and has cast a gloom over the entire nation. Flags were half-masted everywhere and expressions of sympathy were received from every nation.

Great excitement is felt both in the United States and Spain and unless the latter makes adequate reparation war is almost certain.

Lieutenant Commander Wainwright was sitting in his cabin, when the explosion occurred. He ran into Captain Sigsbee's cabin and both went on deck together. They gave orders to some of the men to flood a compartment where 2500 lbs. of gun-cotton were stored. The order was obeyed, but the brave men that performed this duty never returned.

After the first explosion which tore her from her moorings, the once splendid ship floated around until her stern struck on a reef. The water-tight doors and hatches had been closed ere the second explosion had occurred. She now lays with her bows literally blown to fragments, and her hull almost entirely submerged. Her stern lays on the reef with the after search light and a rapid-fire gun above water.

Divers were sent down to examine the wreck and found indisputable evidence that the "Maine," with her gallant crew, was blown up by some foul fiend, whose death a thousand times over could never atone for the loss of so many human lives. Shipmates, brothers, friends, all hurled into eternity without a word of warning, no chance for a prayer or a farewell grasp of the hand, sorrow and desolation brought to hundreds of hearts and homes, gray haired mothers bewailing the loss of their sons, loving wives eagerly scanning the papers, dreading yet hoping, and anxious sweethearts waiting and watching for the return of their loved ones. This is a picture to make the heart ache.

Volunteers for service are applying at all the military and naval stations, the city of Detroit alone having 10,000 men ready to march at a moments notice. And in the face of this, jingoists and other imbeciles are crying about the spirit of '76 being dead. The spirit of '76 will live in the heart of every American as long as our our glorious banner floats.

Patriots all; when the tocsin sounds not a man will fail in his duty and our battle cry shall be, "Remember the Maine!"

The "Maine" Relief Fund.

A Noble Response From the Asiatic Fleet.

At a meeting held by the wives of the chiefs of bureaus, to determine on some plan whereby a fund could be started for the relief of the families of the men lost on the U. S. Battleship Maine it was decided that appeals be sent to all vessels in the U. S. Navy, requesting every man to contribute his mite Contributions were limited to one dollar, per man.

The response on this station was a typical American one; generous and humane. The sum of $1,300 U. S. Gold was collected on the "Olympia," "Boston," "Raleigh," "Concord" and "Petrel." The "Monocacy's" report has not yet been received, but a letter sent to the Editor requested that they be "counted in" if any financial aid was to be rendered, and commented in the most feeling and sympathetic manner on the horrible calamity.

Russia in Port Arthur.

Serious trouble is expected in the north owing to the Russian occupation of Port Arthur and Talienwan. The Japanese have demanded the immediate evacuation of the Russians from Port Arthur, and in the event of Russia refusing to comply with the demand, Japan will in all probability deciare war.

In case of a conflict between these two nations, England will no doubt take sides with the former. The English fleet are all north or northward bound. The Battle-ship "Victorious" which arrived here a few days ago from Europe, remained in Hong Kong but four days. It seems that she met the English Flagship "Centurion" outward bound, and received orders from the Admiral to proceed north with all possible dispatch.

That there will be war in the Orient at no distant date is certain, and it will be a long and bloody one, but what the outcome will be, is hard to foresee. As regards naval power in the Far East, Russia and Japan are about evenly matched, but if England takes a hand, the odds will be against the former, unless they increase their fleet on this station.

Finish of Gig Race, July 4th, 1897. "Olympia Ahead"!

Naval Notes.

Commodore George Dewey, Commander-in-Chief of the U. S. Naval Force on the Asiatic Station.

Flagship "Olympia," Protected cruiser, 14 guns, 5,870 tons, 17,313 horse power. Captain Chas. V. Gridley, at Hongkong, China.

U. S. S. "Boston," Protected cruiser, 8 guns, 3,000 tons, 4,030 horse power, Captain F. Wildes, at Hongkong, China.

U. S. S. "Raleigh," Protected cruiser, 11 guns, 3,213 tons, 10,000 horsepower, Captain J. B. Coghlan, at Hongkong, China.

U. S. S. "Monocacy," cruiser, 6 guns, 1,370 tons, 850 horse power, Comdr. O. W. Farenholt, at Shanghai, China.

U. S. S. "Concord," Gunboat, 6 guns, 1,700 tons, 3,405 horse power, Commander A. Walker, at Hongkong, China.

U. S. S. "Petrel," Gunboat, 4 guns, 892 tons, 1,092 horse horse power, Commander E. P. Wood, at Hongkong, China.

Lieut. Comdr. S. C. Paine has been detached from the "Olympia" on account of ill-health. He will be relieved by Lieut. C. P. Reese.

Coming Events.

A ten-oared cutted cutter race is to be pulled between the U. S. F. S. "Olympia" and the U. S S. Raleigh, on the 15th of April. From all indications the race promises to be a good one, and the result is very doubtful. It is to be three miles straight-away. Stakes $20.00 an oar and $50.00 in the coxswains box.

Owing to the lack of space, the account of the Rugby football game, played between the "Olympia" and the Fleet team, on March 29th, will have to be deferred until our next issue.

FLOATING CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR SOCIETY:—Meetings every Friday night, at 8 P. M. in the officers' smoking room. Everybody Welcome.

The "Boys in Blue" Beat the Yokohamas in an exciting game of Rugby.

An interesting and exciting game of Rugby was played on the Y. C. & A. C. grounds Saturday, February 12th, between the local team and the "Olympia." The game resulted in a victory for the latter team by a score of 24 to 10.

The "Olympias" won the toss and chose the eastern end of the grounds. The teams lined up at 2.22 and the Flagship's team scored first touchdown. Ferguson received the ball on a pass and made a brilliant dash, skipping by left tackle Salabelle, who made a gallant effort to stop him, and gaining 35 yds. before he was brought down like a bird, by one of Bain's flying tackles. On lining up, the "Olympias" by a flying, irresistible rush, carried the team over the line and scored a touch-down.

Church distinguished himself by his splendid kicking, putting the ball through like a shot. Once however he put the ball rather low and it was caught by a Yokohama player.

Ellis of the opposing team secured the ball and passed to Dwyer who made a flying run up the field passing everybody until Ferguson lit on him like a whirlwind and brought him to grass.

Several scrimmages occurred, but the ship's team forced the ball to Yokohama's goal line and scored a touch-down. From a line-up in front of goal, Church punted the ball from behind. It was "marked" by the player that caught it, but on the ball being placed for the goal kick, it was charged down from Church's attempt to kick for goal.

On the next kick-off the ship's team made a grand rush and forced the ball to Yokohama's goal-line where a touch-down was made.

The first half ended with the score "Olympia" 16, Yokohama 0.

There were quite a number of spectators and excitement ran high. The ladies especially, following with plaudits spurred the boys to redoubled efforts.

In the second half the Yokohamas had the kick-off. Ferguson caught the ball and made a good run scoring the first touch-down of the half.

The "Olympias" had worked down toward Yokohama's goal when the ball was passed to Church and he was rushed through the center. When about four feet from the goal line he was downed and a great scrimmage occurred. In some way Church managed to wriggle from beneath the pile and over the line. The Yokohama team however claimed that he had called "down."

The ball was brought back and the ship's team forming a wedge forced the other over the line.

The home team played a much better game and managed to score several points. Onderdonk received the ball and made a splendid dash and though a plucky attempt was made by Church to stop him, he managed to put the ball between the uprights.

Shortly after, the ball was kicked well up the field by Onderdonk. Church missed, White secured it and after a short run planted the ball behind the uprights just in the nick of time, for old "Pop" Church was right on his heels. The place kick was unsuccessful.

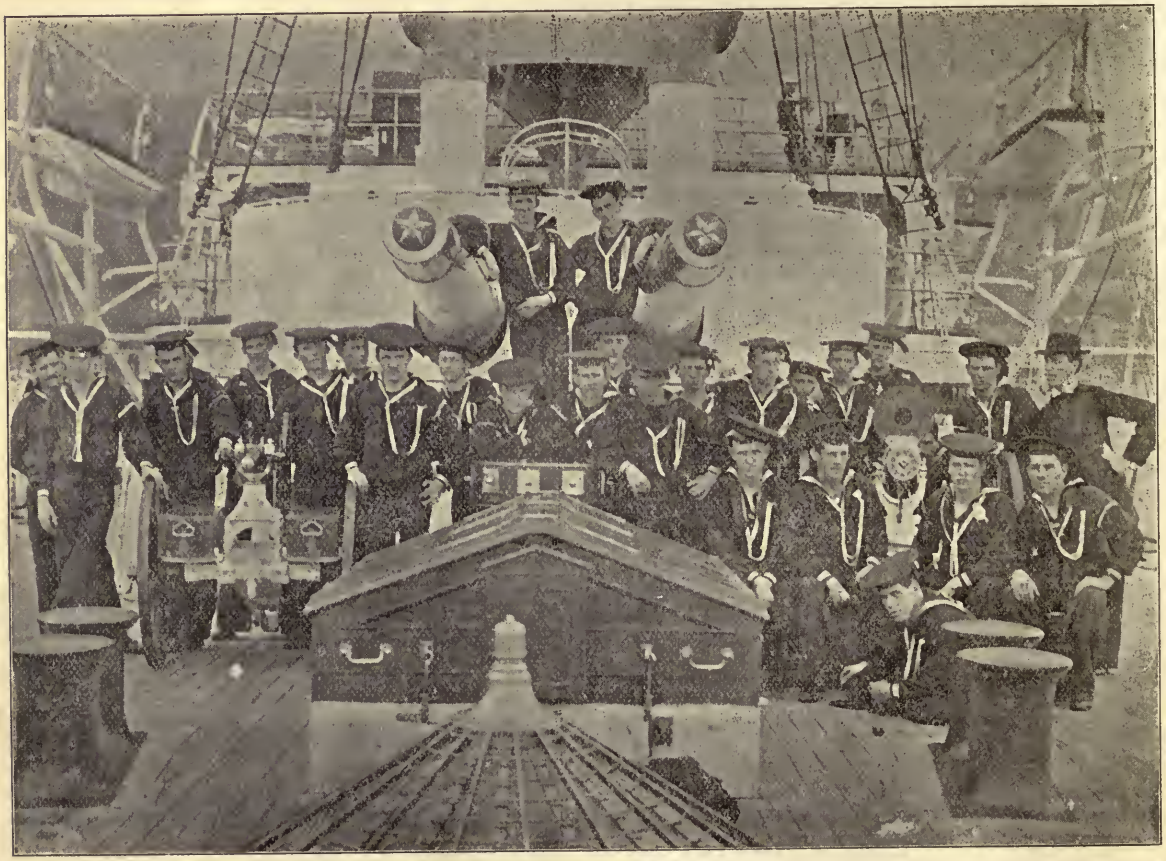
Ferguson scored another touch-down for the "Olympias" just on the call of time. The game ended Olympia 24 Yokohama 10.

From the start the game was full of interest and excitement. The manœuvers were quickly and brilliantly executed and every man of the ship's team showed his determination to win or know the reason why. The game was not rough at any time though Scott *accidentally* ran his head into a Yokohama man's stomach.

Church, Ferguson, Scott and Kavanaugh distinguished themselves for their side while Bane, Onderdonk and Dyer played splendidly for the home team.

THE TEAMS.

OLYMPIA.		YOKOHAMA.
Anderson	Centre	Curtis
Behrsing	Right Guard	
Kavanaugh	Left "	Salabelle
Judge	Right Tackle	Dewette
Longenecker	Left "	White
Taylor	Right End	Ellis
Methfessel	Left "	Azibill
Dunne	Quarter Back	Smith
Ferguson	Right Half Back	Dyer
Scott	Left " "	Bain
Church	Full "	Onderdonk



A Gang of Apprentices.

THE DIFFERENCE.

"Tennyson could take a worthless sheet of paper, write a poem on it and make it worth $65,000—that's genius. Vanderbilt can write a few words on a sheet of paper and make it worth $50,000,000—that's capital. The United States can take an ounce and a quarter of gold and stamp upon it an 'Eagle Bird' and make it worth $20—that's money. A mechanic can take material worth $5 and make it worth $1,000—that's skill. A merchant can take an article worth 75 cents and sell it for $1—that's business. A lady can purchase a 75 cent hat, but she prefers one that costs $27—that's foolishness. A ditch digger works ten hours a day and handles several tons of earth for $3—that's labor. The printer of this could write a check for $80,000,000, but it wouldn't be worth a dime—that's rough."

Hot Shot.

FOR THE WAYWARD AND WICKED.

Perusers of this column will bear in mind that the editor has a ferocious purp and a gun.

J. W. Evans, the "Wielder of Mitre and Plane" is becoming a star confidence and bunco steerer. A short time ago he made the remark that he would give 50 dollars to get out of the mess he belonged to. A few days later a man belonging to another mess offered to exchange with the maker of chips and sawdust, but he, seeing the opportunity for financial profit, lauded his mess to the skies, and said he couldn't think of an exchange unless he received a bonus of three dollars.

The other agreed, the swap was quickly made, and now Chips has to wrestle for his grub. He belongs to Mess

TWENTY ONE, the mess of scrimmage and tackle, and the yearning look in his eyes, together with the continual hitching and tightening of his belt, goes to show that if "virtue has its own reward" sin has its own punishment. And now he wants to return to his own mess.

"Dungharee Edward," has declared his intention to raise a "Vandyke" beard. Now we've seen Kentucky "Kunnels" and "Majahs" with fiercely drooping mustaches such as the Col. now boasts, but a "Vandyke" will certainly be an innovation. We can see the wily Edward's little game pretty plainly however.

He hopes that, with the assistance of the aforesaid hirsute appendage, he will pass as a "Juke" or some other H. R. H. and capture a rich southern beauty, before they find out that he's only only an ordinary "Kentucky Kunnel." We're onto you, Ed. with both trilbys.

We observe that *little* "Willie" Moore has been taking a rest in the sickbay. Well, its far more comfortable than the LOGROOM. Eh, Bill? More room to stretch out in and no danger of a chase.

One of the love-sick swains mentioned in our last issue, (Willie) says he is going to see Woodbury the "Face Manipulator" and try to have himself made good looking. Ha, ha, ha! Might as well try to turn a newspaper chromo into an oil by NATTIER OR RUBENS.

Contortive Cognomens.

H. M. S.—Blake, M.
A fish trap—Weir, J.
Not the Irish.—Channell, C.
Without a crown.—King, W.
A relative of Annie.—Rooney, J.
The only one we have.—Phelan, W.

The "Bean-Eaters."

Light yards.—Royal, G.
Not a free one.—Mason, F.
A frontispiece.—Beakes, E.
Thursday dinner.—Duff, J.
Oftener than weekly.—Daley, T.
Runs the ship's farm.—Gardiner, J.

"Sir Walter."

M-A-N.—Spellman, M.
"Fingers off!"—Trigger, D.
Lost his flock.—Sheppard, M.
In good condition.—Prime, C.
Always on the "Spree."—Berlin, Y. K.
A great favorite with the Girls.—Hug, W.

The "Ferry-Boat."

Not the pirate captain.—Kidd, A.
Hope he'll grow large.—Small, G.
A human shellfish.—Musselman, E.
Good things in the mess. { Pepper, T. / Sault, V.
Have to keep clear of him.—Skinner, F.
A "sand piper."—Bird, M. (We know ye, Mike).

"Mother Carey's Chicken."

Rice and,—Currie, A.
Rather dark.—Black, F.
Good advice.—Singman, B.
Hard to make.—Conquest, A.
A good quality.—Sterling, W.
Ought to get re-tempered.—Sprong, C.

Chats.

Owing to the terrible calamity which befel the "Maine," it was decided that we would not have any of the usual sports on "Washington's Birthday. Foregoing these sports and devoting the money for the erection of a monument and for the help of the families of the deceased, would be only proper, and will meet, we are sure, with the approval of every man in the fleet.

The American men-o'-war on the Asiatic Station, are respectfully invited to join with the "Olympia" in sending a donation for the erection of a monument, and the relief of the families of the men killed and wounded by the blowing up of the "Maine."

This is a thing that will appeal to our most noble instincts, and we know that it will meet with a noble, generous, American answer. The money subscribed can be sent to the Captain of this ship, (the "Olympia") and forwarded by him in the name of the Asiatic Squadron. Remember, shipmates, every little helps.

The Foot-ball team ought to have a game with some of the ships in this port. The "Powerful," it is said, has a good Association team who are willing and anxious for a game.

The Base-ball nine, also, should revive interest in our National Game and challenge one of the many American ships out here, to a battle on the "diamond." It's been so long since we have had a game of base-ball that we've almost forgotten how to whoop.

Doings in Society.

"Pop" Church has made a new departure by becoming *cook* (?). He is certainly a shining star in the culinary firmament. First he started in to make "corn dodgers" and used oatmeal by mistake, then he used all the *cornstarch to wash*

the dishes, thinking it was washing powder, put sugar in the stew instead of salt, and put eggs for breakfast on to boil the night before, so that they might be well done. And they were, We have ten of them for mementoes and weapons of defence.

Ralph Shay has bought three pair of socks at half price, and walks around the deck with his trouser's legs rolled up to his knees, so that all hands shall see them. Fancy shirts must be a paying investment; he hasn't worked for two months.

Another and far sadder calamity befel them while lying at Colombo, Ceylon. Two marines, L. Barnes and W. A. King, were drowned while attempting to leave the ship without permission. They tried to swim to the break-water but were either attacked by sharks or exhausted, before they could reach it. Their cries for help were heard by George B. Neiley, P. M. and Bayman E. McCartney, both of whom sprang overboard and made heroic efforts to save the doomed men, but all in vain; they sank before the brave would-be rescuers could reach them. It is on such men as Neiley and McCartney that our country relies at all times; it is to such men as they, that our country owes its existence, and they should receive the commendation of every American for their brave act.

"Olympia" Saluting, Washington's Birthday.

U. S. Cruiser Raleigh.

The U. S. S. "Raleigh," arrived at Hongkong China, from the European Station, February 18th, after a rather eventful passage.

On the third of June, 1897, while making the passage from Gibraltar to Smyrna, Chief Boatswain's mate, Dennis Downey, died after a few days illness. The "Raleigh" put in to Algiers where he was buried on June 5th, with military honors. He was greatly liked, and the crew feel his loss keenly.

The bodies of the drowned men were recovered next morning, in a sadly mutilated condition. They were buried the afternoon of the same day, in the cemetery at Colombo.

The "Raleigh," is a Twin Screw, Protected Cruiser, 3,213 tons and 10,000 Horse Power. She carries a main battery of

one 6 inch and ten 5 inch rapid fire guns. Her secondary battery consists of eight 6, and four 1 pdrs.

The "Billow's" Chat With Our Friends at Home.—Hongkong, China.

HONGKONG is an island situated on the eastern coast of China, at the mouth of the Canton River. The island and most of the adjacent country belongs to the British and is used by them as a Naval and Military station. It is very mountainous, the entire island in fact being formed by a continuous ridge, the highest point of which is called Victoria Peak, 1,900 feet above the sea level.

There are many barracks and forts all over the island and mainland in the district known as Kowloon, commanding the entrances, of which there are two, the Northern and Eastern. There are 4 regiments of soldiers stationed here, the Royal Artillery and Lancaster, English companies, the Hongkong Regiment of Sikhs, and the Royal Engineers, English and Chinese.

The city, Victoria, so called in honor of the Queen, is on the northern side of the island, and has the appearance of being plastered against the side of the mountain. It has a population of about 10,000 Europeons and the Lord knows how many Chinese. Victoria is cosmopolitan in every sense of the word, for nearly all nationalities are represented ; English, Americans, Germans, French, Portuguese, Sikhs, Siamese, Bengalese, Japanese, Burmese and last but not least, (in numbers) Chinese.

It contains some very fine buildings, chief among which are the Governor's residence, Theatre Royal, Hong Kong Club-house and numerous splendid hotels and private houses. There are also schools for the instruction of Chinese in the English language, and a splendidly equipped fire department, in which European and Chinese fire laddies work side by side.

Part of the town along the water-front known as the "Praya" (reclaimed land) is built out into the harbor, and is being built up so rapidly, that it bids fair to become the most important part of the city.

In a spacious square near the water-front, is a bronze statue of Queen Victoria, seated on her throne. It is built on a stone pedestal, with a cupola supported by a eight beautifully designed columns. A rather laughable story is told of this statue. At the time of unveiling, thousands of Chinese assembled, to see the great "lady of the lion." They waited patiently while the silver tongued orator was speaking, but when the statue was unveiled a great shout of suprise burst from the expectant throng of heathen, "What for, what for, allee samee black woman." And to this day many of them think that England is ruled by a black woman.

Victoria, unlike the other cities we have described, has well kept roads and *real* side walks. The principal street is "Queens Road" which extends from the West Point to Happy Valley, a distance of about three miles. It also contains some very pretty parks and parade grounds. At the eastern end of the town in a valley are recreation grounds where there are foot-ball, base-ball, polo, and cricket grounds, a race course, and above all, golf links.

This part is not inappropriately called the "Happy Valley." Annual sports are held here by the men-o'-war's men, soldiers, and clubs. Everybody is allowed to attend these free of charge. This is on the whole, a very good institution, for it creates good feeling among the people of the colony, as well as forming a bond of sympathy between the citizen, the sailor, and the soldier.

Many of the people have residences on the Peak, where they reside during the hot season.

A cable road runs up this mountain, the slope of which is so steep, that a passenger going up lies almost flat on his back, and coming down has to brace himself against the seat in front. The cars are built after the English style, with first, second, and third class sections. There are two cars at opposite ends of the cable, so when one car is at the top the other will be at the bottom. The power-house is at the upper terminal.

The climate in the early spring is damp and unhealthy, in the summer almost intolerably hot, but in the fall and winter it is cool and healthy.

The portion of Kowloon belonging to the British extends the entire length of the province a distance of about twenty-six miles. It runs from one and half to three miles into the interior. The British possessions are divided from Chinese Kowloon by a bamboo fence, six feet high. There are divisions of Chinese soldiers, thirty in a division, at distances varying from one to two miles apart. Each of these soldiers carries thirty rounds of ammunition, and no foreigner is allowed to pass this boundary line without a special permit from the Chinese authorities.

The harbor as regards its defenses, is well-nigh impregnable, being mined its entire length and over-looked from the surrounding heights by fortifications armed with cannon and mortars commanding the entire harbor and entrances.

There are nearly always some English men-o'-war present, while a great many war-ships from other nations frequently lie here, their shining guns giving the harbor quite a martial and warlike appearance.

Owing to circumstances we could not continue the Story of Purdy's life in the "Bounding Billow" and in lieu of doing so give an abbreviated account of his experiences.

He is one of the oldest men in the navy "before the mast" and is still hale and hearty.

He whaled in the Pacific in 46, served under Hooker in the Army, and was with Porter's mortar fleet at New Orleans during the Civil war. Was chased by bears up in Kamschatka, and dined with the dusky belles of the South Sea Isles.

His adventures have been many, but he has lived to give to this modern generation an example of the old tar of the days of Farragut and Porter.

Preparing for War.

In spite of the prophecies of our pessimists, war preparation are still going on.

within the next two weeks, but not even the pessimists would cover their money after the purchase of the two steamers.

It would make one's blood creep to see the carpenter's gang turning out stretchers by the wholesale. They are built on the plan of a toboggan with nice little foot rests and clean white straps to hold the wounded so they will not fall out when being lowered to the sick bay by the gentle (?) "Aids to the wounded."

The quartermasters were also busy making new flags as the signals have nearly all been changed.

Hongkong, Britain's Great Seaport in China.

On the 7th of April we purchased the collier Nanshan and on the 10th the steamer Zafiro. They were towed over near our anchorage and loaded with coal.

The evening of the day that the latter vessel was purchased a draft of fifty men arrived from the Monocacy which is laid up in "Pie Row," Shanghai, too old to participate in the apparently inevitable war. The new arrivals were distributed among the vessels of the fleet.

Many of the boys were betting that war would be declared

On the 12th McKinley's message to Congress was received in a boiled down cablegram which gave us very little information.

The Ships were all coaled and ready to move at a moment's notice.

April the 15th the race between the Raleigh and ourselves took place. Great excitement was evinced over this race, and thousands of dollars were bet on the result. The odds were in favor of the Raleigh ashore, and one sport

chartered a tug and came on board with several thousand dollars to cover. It was covered, to his sorrow, but he never had more fun for his money or saw a finer race in his life.

The race was close from start to finish, the boats crossing the stake line with "The Yellow Kid," as our boat was called, just about eight feet, or one second ahead, which was about as close a shave as ever a man got for his money.

Two days later the Revenue Cutter "McCulloch" arrived from New York. She is a handsome little craft and was on her way to San Francisco. She was to go on duty in the Behring sea, but owing to the state of affairs she was held over to await developements.

The 19th is the day of days, for the ships are putting on their "war point" and looked ferocious as Thibetans. The war color is a dark slate, with the faintest tinge of green, and makes the ship seem very cool and big, and she looks as though she could ladle out steel passports to that warmer clime where quarter sections are given away gratis.

On the 21st a cold wave struck us and we had quite a blow. The Mail steamer China lying outside made signals that she would come in when it calmed down.

She came in early in the morning and we received mail from her.

The Baltimore came in about nine o'clock, and as she had ammunition we were glad to see her.

However it was too rough to transfer it that day, so we postponed it until fine weather.

The latest telegram from home states that "hostilities have commenced."

On the 23rd of April the "Baltimore" went into drydock on condition that she was to be finished in twenty four hours.

Next day we received our walking papers from the Governor of Hongkong, as no vessels of combatting countries are allowed to remain over forty-eight hours after the declaration of war, in a neutral port.

The Boston, Petrel, Concord, McCulloch, Nanshan, and Zafiro left immediately for "Mir's Bay:" Owing to some injury to the Raleigh's engines, the remaining three vessels were permitted to stay in harbor for absolutely nessecary repairs.

We followed the other vessels, however, next day and anchored with them in "Mir's Bay" where we transferred ammunition.

About midnight all hands were called to man the guns, as a launch was seen coming in and it was thought she might be a torpedo boat. It proved however to be a tug from Hongkong bringing dispatches, and after establishing a quarter watch to guard against surprises we piped down again.

Two days later the tug "Fame" came down from Hongkong bringing Consul Williams, late of Manila, and several newspaper men, who stated that war had been declared on the 24th and we were happy.

Man-o'-war "Mandarins."

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HAIR CUT ALL STYLES.

No. 13 Larboard Ave., Marine County.

Many people admire "Mark Twain,"
While others have no choosin,'
But the "sheeny" that passes this space again,
Can gamble that he's loosin'.

R. SHAY & Co.

TAILORS TO

H. R. H. "Chimmie Fadden."

No. 1 Forecastle St. Cable County.

Gig's Racing Crew.

Louis Stanley Young. *"The Bounding Billow." Being an authentic account of the U.S. Flagship "Olympia" from 1895 to 1899.* 19--

Emilio Aguinaldo claimed that it was while on board the U.S. Flagship Olympia that Admiral Dewey assured him that the United States would recognize the independence of the Philippines. Dewey later denied making such a promise. The "Bounding Billow," published on the Olympia, offers an American military account of events in the Philippines, including explanations for the American refusal to grant independence following Spain's surrender: "Our retention of these islands will assure a form of government that will advance the country morally and mentally, insure 'equal rights for all,' open the road for commerce to the world, and give us a stronghold in the Pacific, from which we can protect our extensive and practically unprotected western coast." (99)

JNDING BILLOW."

e interests of American Men-o'-Warsmen. • • •

A, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS, JUNE, 1898. { Vol. I. No. 5.

LE OF MANILA BAY

We Saw! We Conquered!"

"Twas for Cuba and our honor, to avenge our heroes slain,
That victory wreathed our banner, when we fought the ships of Spain."

Gig's Racing Crew.

THE "BOUNDING BILLOW."

• • • Published in the interests of American Men-o'-Warsmen. • • •

Published at intervals on U. S. F.S. Olympia. | MANILA, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS, JUNE, 1898. | Vol. I. No. 5.

THE BATTLE OF MANILA BAY

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That victory wreathed our banner, when we fought the ships of Spain."

THE BATTLE OF MANILA BAY.

THE U. S. FLEET GAINS A DECISIVE VICTORY OVER THE SPANIARDS.—NOT A MAN KILLED AMONG THE AMERICANS.

Ships were sinking;
"Old Glory" flying;
Guns were roaring,
And Spaniards dying.

The U. S. Fleet, consisting of the "Olympia," (Flagship), "Boston," "Raleigh," "Baltimore," "Concord," "Petrel," "McCulloch," (Dispatch boat) and the transports "Nanshan" and "Zafiro," (merchant steamers carrying coal for the fleet) left Mirs Ray, China, April 27th, 1898, for Manila, Philippine Islands, to engage the Spanish Fleet stationed there.

The ships made a very warlike and imposing picture as they steamed out of the harbor in three columns, with all colors flying, bent on their dire and fateful errand.

A looker on would have thought that the ships were merely going on a pleasure trip, judging by the happy and careless demeanor of the crews; but unless they have experienced it, they would never guess the strain that the uncertainty of whether we were really going to war or not, had put on the nerves of these men who had almost nothing to divert their minds. Once the suspense was relieved however, and a definite move made, there was a complete change and they went about their different tasks as blithesome and gay as if it were *extended leave* instead of grim war.

The second day out the following intellectual abortion was posted on the bulletin board. For arrogance and conceit it certainly caps the climax; as a sample of ignorance and idiocy it is unsurpassable.

Proclamation issued by the Governor-General of the Philippines;—

"SPANIARDS:

Between Spain and the United States of North America hostilities have broken out.

The moment has arrived to prove to the world that we possess the spirit to conquer those who, pretending to be loyal friends, take advantage of our misfortunes and abuse our hospitality, using means which civilized nations count unworthy and disreputable.

The North American people, constituted of all the social excrescences, have exhausted our patience and provoked war with their perfidious machinations, with their acts of treachery, and with their outrages against the laws of nations and international treaties.

The struggle will be short and decisive. (*It was.*) The God of victories will give us one as complete as the righteousness and justice of our cause demands. Spain, which counts upon the sympathies of all the nations, will emerge triumphant from this new test, humiliating and blasting the adventurers from those States that, without cohesion and without a history, offer to humanity only infamous traditions and the spectacle of a Congress in which appear united, insolence and defamation, cowardice and cynicism.

A squadron manned by foreigners, possessing neither instruction nor discipline, is preparing to come to this archipelago with the ruffianly intention of robbing us of all that means life, honor and liberty. Pretending to be inspired by a courage of which they are incapable, the North American seamen undertake as an enterprise capable of realization the substitution of Protestantism for the Catholic religion you profess, to treat you as tribes refractory to civilization, to take possession of your riches as if they were unacquainted with the rights of property, and to kidnap those persons whom they consider useful to man their ships or to be exploited in agricultural or industrial labor.

Vain designs! Ridiculous boastings!

Your indomitable bravery will suffice to frustrate the attempt to carry them into realization. You will not consent that they shall profane the faith that you profess, that impious footsteps shall defile the temple of the true God, nor that unbelief shall destroy the holy images which you adore. The aggressors shall not profane the tombs of your fathers, they shall not gratify their lustful passions at the cost of your wives' and daughters' honor, nor appropriate the property which your industry has accumulated to assure your livelihood. No, they shall not perpetrate any of those crimes inspired by their wickedness and covertousnese, because your valor and patriotism will suffice to punish and abase the people that, claiming to be civilized and cultivated, have exterminated the natives of North America instead of bringing to them the life of civilization and progress.

Philippinos, prepare for the struggle, and, united under the glorious flag of Spain, which is ever covered with laurels, let us fight with the conviction that victory will crown our efforts, and to the summons of our enemies let us oppose with the decision of the Christian and the patriot the cry of "Viva Espana."

Your General,

BASILIO AUGUSTIN Y DAVILA.

This unjust and cowardly manifesto aroused the anger and indignation of every man in the fleet, and many and deep were the growls and threats. The learned General would have fared badly had he been at hand. The following speech was made by the Editor (being the literary organ and representative), in answer to the foregoing proclamation.

Shipmates:

You all, no doubt, have seen and read the rank and cowardly attack, made by the Spanish governor at Manila, on the Glorious Flag and Country we serve.

In it, he questions our bravery, our birthrights, the honesty of our government, and claims that we have no history! What do the acts of our forebears represent? What was the glorious fight they made for independence in the war of '76, when father and son left their plows in the furrow and shouldered their muskets for liberty, while wives, mothers and sweethearts cheered them on to victory? What was the war of 1812? The Mexican War? Even our Indian War? History all, and *honorable*, *unstained* history at that!

What does he mean by saying we are "a cowardly nation?" "Old Glory," the dear old Flag we serve and love, harbors no cowards. Wherever seen it is recognized as the emblem of freedom and honor, the standard of a *nation of heroes*, and though he may prate and proclaim from now until "hades freezes over," he will never make any but the most benighted or bigoted believe that he is even sane.

The sight of Our Flag is like a breath of pure fresh air. Its very colors are significant; the red is emblematic of the blood of heroes shed in the defense of our country; the white the purity of our aims and objects, and the star spangled blue, the Heaven we look to for guidance and strength.

Then this *Spanish Solomon* goes on to inform the brave muchachos under his sovereign command, that we are a gang of cut-throat Protestant heretics who will convert them "willy nilly" into a belief in our faith; that we are marauders and thieves; that we are the scourings of the earth's gutters, "social excrescences" (soft impeachment), and lastly that we had veritably driven them on to war, manufacturing causes and insulting them because we knew, or rather, thought they were weak.

Shipmates, you all know what has brought on this war. The barbarous inhumanities practiced by them in the Island of Cuba, right before our eyes; old men and women cruelly tortured and slain, babes murdered on their mother's breasts, thousands of peaceful homes ruined and destroyed by these Spanish fiends, the dear old Stars and Stripes trampled in the mud of Spanish streets, and last, worst of all, the tragedy that has been too lately enacted to be forgotten, the destruction of the "Maine," when brothers, friends and shipmates were foully murdered through Spanish treachery and hatred, an act that has won for Spain the aversion of all civilized nations. These acts have brought on the war. Acts the wildest savage would disdain, crimes that none but the lowest of Lucifer's emissaries would commit. It is to avenge these wrongs, to give blessed liberty to an oppressed and down-trodden nation, and to uphold the honor of our country, that we are going to war with Spain. The Governor says the Spanish flag is covered with laurels; perhaps, but they are laurels of infamy!

Fellow patriots, when the hour arrives we will one and all gladly lay down our lives for the dear flag and beloved country that has never had one stain to blemish the purity or its escutcheon. I know of no words that will appeal more forcibly to your hearts than those of the "Patriot Poet" Holmes, in the beautiful poem,—

"The Flower of Freedom."

"What flower is this that greets the morn,
Its hues from Heaven so freshly born;
With burning star and flaming brand
It kindles all the sunset land,
O! tell me what its name may be?
It is the 'Flower of Liberty!'
Behold its streaming rays unite.
One mingling flood of braided light,
The red that fires the southern rose
With spotless white, from northern snows
While spangled o'er its azure, see
The sister stars of liberty!
The blades of heroes fence it round,
Where e'er it springs is holy ground,
It makes the land, as ocean free,
And plants an empire on the sea.
Thy sacred folds, fair freedom's flower,
Shall ever float from dome and tower,
To all their heavenly colors true
In blackening frost or crimson dew,
O! land where thy banners wave last in the sun,
Blazoned with star clusters, many in one!
Waving o'er mountain and prairie and sea,
Hark! 'tis the voice of thy children to thee;
Here at thine altar our vows we renew
E'er in thy cause to be loyal and true;
True to thy flag on the field and the wave,
Living to honor it: dying to save.
Flag of the heroes who left us their glory.
Borne through their battle field's thunder and flame,
Blazoned in song and illumined in story
Waves o'er us all, who inherit their fame.
Light of our firmament, guide of our nation,
Pride of her children and honored afar,
E'er the bright beams of thy full constellation,
Shall scatter each cloud that would darken a star.
Yet if by madness or treachery blighted,
Dawns the dark hour when the sword thou must draw,
Then with the arms of thy millions united,
Smite the bold traitors to freedom and law.
Lord of the Universe shield us and guide us,
Trusting thee always, through shadow and sun.
Thou hast united us; who shall divide us?
Keep us! O keep us! the 'Many in One.'
Up with our banner bright,
Spangled with starry light
Spread its fair emblems from mountain to shore
While thro' the sounding sky,
Loud rings the nations cry,
Union and Liberty! One evermore!"

And now shipmates, when we get to Manila and meet the Spanish murderers, let our battle cry be,—

Remember the "Maine"
And down with Spain!

About two o'clock Saturday morning land was sighted, and at day-light we were close on the coast of the enemy's country.

We kept about five or six miles from the coast line, keeping a bright look-out for men-o'-war or other craft of the enemy. During the morning the "Boston" and "Concord" were sent ahead to reconnoitre Subig Bay, as it was rumored that there were two men-o'-war there. Later we sighted a couple of

fishing shooners. The transport "Zafiro" was sent to board one. They informed in the officer that there were only two gunboats in Manila Harbor. We knew they were lying, but allowed them to proceed without further molestation.

In the afternoon the light house on Cape Bolinao, was sighted, and the "Baltimore" was sent ahead to reconnoitre.

When the fleet reached Subig Bay the "Baltimore" was close in shore while the "Boston" and "Concord" were standing out toward us. They had seen nothing of the enemy. The fleet then formed in column again and proceeded to Manila.

It was Commodore Dewey's intention to pass the large fort on Corregidor Island, 26 miles from Manila, about midnight if possible, without being seen. It was a bold move, and certainly deserved the success that crowned it, for there was great danger of mines and torpedoes being placed in the entrance, to say nothing of the guns in the forts. The harbor had in fact been considered impregnable, and no doubt it was, but not against Yankee grit and daring. At about midnight we were standing up Manila Bay at a speed of four knots. We were in hopes that the moon would go down, as her light was rather annoying to our hopes of entering undiscovered, but she seemed determined to stay out and see the fun. The guns were all manned and kept trained on the forts, while eyes and ears were strained watching and waiting for the shot that would indicate our discovery. Corregidor fort was on our left, while another battery somewhat further in was on our right hand.

On board the ships everything was quiet and nothing could be heard but the officers giving the range in whispers and the monotonous swash, swash, of the water. The strain was terrible, and not one of the men that manned that fleet will ever forget the morning of the "First of May."

Suddenly a flash of light was seen on the fort on Corregidor. The men hold their breath waiting the report, but it was only a rocket. Soon another goes up, a light on shore flashes out signals, another on the other side, and we know we are seen. It is afterwards rumored that two torpedoes had been fired at us, but they did not have range enough to reach us.

At seventeen minutes past twelve the battery on our right opened fire, the shell passing between the "Olympia" and "Baltimore." The "Raleigh" answered immediately. Another shot between the "Concord" and "Boston" was answered by the latter and the "McCulloch." The "McCulloch" then turned back to look after the transports. The Flagship signalled to the "McCulloch," "are you all right?" "McCulloch" answered "O. K." It was too dark for the "Boston" and "Raleigh" to locate the batteries, so they ceased firing. None of the ships were struck.

About 3.20 word was passed to "lay by your guns and take it easy." Some of the men "lay," but "taking it easy" was out of the question. The decks were sprinkled with sand, and it would get into eyes, ears and nose, and scratch the skin and occasionally some one would stroll over your recumbent form, as leisurely as if on parade, for all lights were out and the decks were as dark as Erebus. At four o'clock coffee was served out, and the stillness was broken by the clashing of bowls and the merry laughter occasioned by collisions in the dark. Everybody was as happy as though on an excursion, jokes and witty stories were going the rounds, while every once in a while some *pensive nightingull* would strike up the affecting song "Just Before the Battle, Mother," until some one spilled a bowl of hot "boot leg" over him and quieted him for a few minutes.

The men were all in "war-clothes" (which consisted of almost nothing) and despite the joking and laughing, the determined gleam in their eyes showed that they meant business and were there to "do or die."

We were standing in toward the city to reconnoitre. Several foreign sailing vessels were laying off Manila but no men-o'-war could be seen. At twelve minutes to five we broke "Old Glory" at the mast heads and gaff and were saluted with a ten inch shell from a battery on the south bastion of the city. This battery kept up a continual fire, but all shots fell short. We did not return their fire but headed in for the Navy Yard at Cavite.

The Spanish fleet as sighted at seven minutes to five. They were lying in line from Sangley Point to Las Pinas across Cavite and Canacao Bays. Their right flank was protected by Cavite peninsula on which was mounted a very heavy battery. The left flank reached to the shoal part of the Bay near Las Pinas.

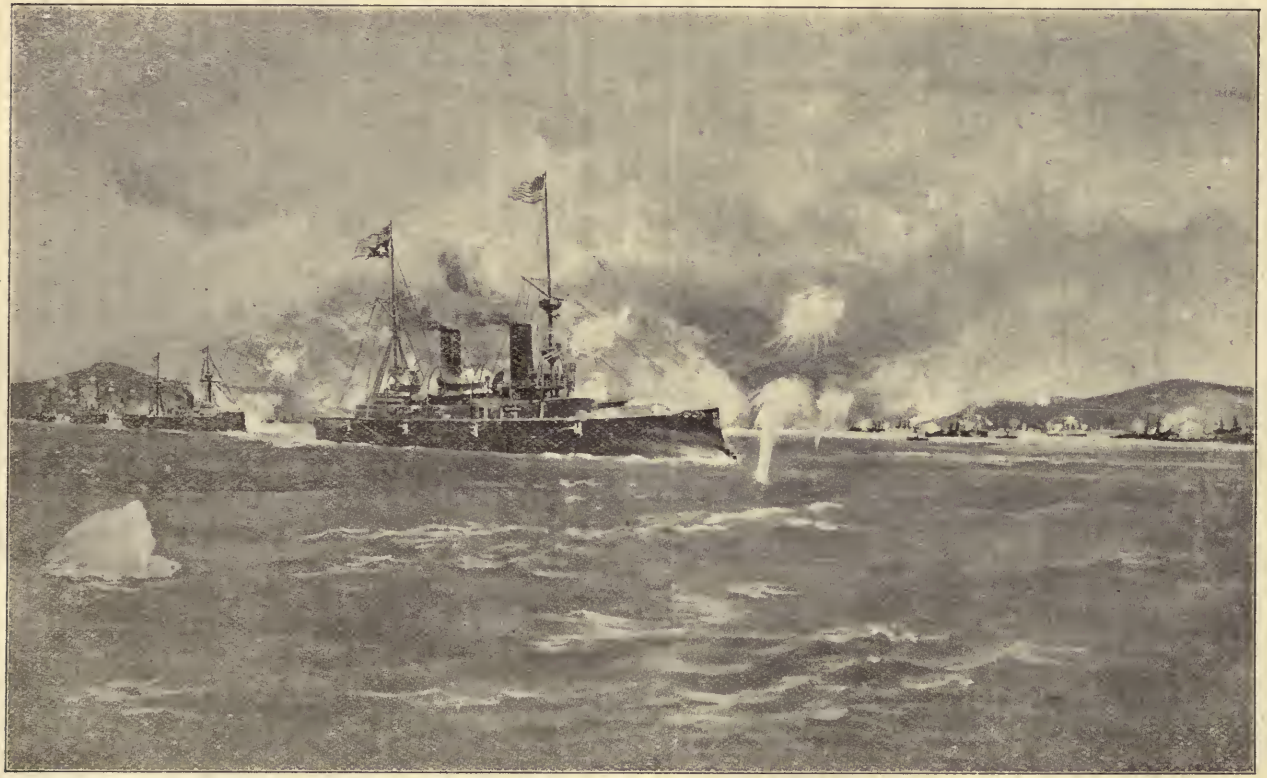
The Spanish vessels were further protected by a huge boom covered with chains, lighters filled with stones and water, covering the water lines.

The "Reina Cristina" was standing off the left flank of the line, and had the Spanish Rear Admiral Montojo y Pasaron on board.

At 5 35 the ball was opened by the batteries on Sangley Point and a shell fell near the "Olympia." The American fleet then advanced to the attack, flagship leading. Commodore Dewey personally directed the movements of the squadron from the forward bridge. The Captain directed the firing, while the Captains in command of the other vessels handled their respective ships with a dexterity that was little short of marvelous.

At 5.38 the "Reina Cristina" opened fire, followed by the rest of the Spanish fleet. At 5.55 the American fleet began firing and a rapid fire was kept up by the entire fleet during the engagement. A torpedo boat came out about ten minutes past six and endeavored to place itself in the track of the "Olympia" but was driven ashore by the rapid fire guns. Another boat came out and fired a torpedo which passed across the bow of the "McCulloch" but did no damage. Before the boat could escape it was struck by so many shots that nothing was left of it but smoke. There were several torpedo attacks made on the other vessels but luckily all were effectually repulsed or blown up. This was mainly due to the good marksmanship of the "men behind the guns."

The American fleet steamed along the entire length of the Spanish line at distances varying from 5000 to 1500 yards,



"Concord." "Petrel" "Raleigh" "Boston." "Olympia." Other Spanish Ships. "Reina Cristina." "Castilla." "Don Antonio de Ulloa"
"Baltimore." Spanish Transport "Mindanao." Shore Battery. Dry Dock.

The Battle of Manila—Admiral Dewey's squadron swinging around the Ellipse.

Drawn by W. A. Rogers after a Sketch made on the Despatch-Boat "McCulloch" by John T. McCutcheon.

The order was given to fire on the arsenal in Cavite and a well directed shot from an eight inch gun sent it up in smoke. This was at 6.45 and our fleet had just made the first round. We passed the line of ships and forts five times, three times from the eastward and twice from the westward. On the second round from the westward the Spanish Admiral made a desperate effort to get outside the boom but received a concentrated fire from the fleet. His ship caught fire and he transferred to the "Isla de Cuba" first hauling down the colors on the "Reina Cristina." The American ships then stopped firing at the latter and kept a continual storm of steel raining on the enemy's other ships and forts.

The "Don Antonio de Ulloa" also made a desperate but futile attempt to get out. She went down with her colors flying at her peak until the "Petrel" lowered a boat and cut them away. The flag was presented to Commodore Dewey. In the meantime the Spanish Admiral returned to the "Reina Cristina," the "Isla de Cuba" being in a sinking condition. The Spaniards fought very courageously, many of them going down fighting their guns until the last. Even amidst the horrors and cruelties of war, one cannot help remarking and admiring the valor of these heroes, Spaniards and enemies though they be.

It was on this round that the "Boston" stood like a fort for ten minutes firing as fast as it could load and aim, receiving the concentrated fire of all the Spanish ships.

The "Olympia" was twice hulled but the shells did not penetrate sufficiently to do much damage. Although shot and shell rained thick around her she was struck but eight times and miraculous though it may be, not a man was injured. The other ships in the fleet thought the Flagship was sinking, for all that could be seen of her was a cloud of smoke and jets of flame bursting through.

One shot struck the "Baltimore" in the starboard waist just abaft one of the 6 inch guns. It passed through the hammock netting, exploding a couple of 3 pdr. shells, wounding six men, then across the deck striking the cylinder of a gun, making it temporarily useless, then running around the shield it spent itself between two ventilators just forward of the engine room hatch. The shell is in possession of the Captain. The other vessels also, with the exception of the "Concord" and "Petrel" were struck several times.

At about half past seven the Spanish fire slackened. The "Reina Cristina" was on fire and sinking, the "Castilla" was sunk, and many others were afire and crippled. The fort on the mole at Pasig River had ceased firing.

At 7.56 we stood off shore for the middle of the bay, while the batteries in the forts on Sangley point, along the beach of Cavite and on the south bastion of Manila kept up a continuous but ineffective fire.

The crews had breakfast and a rest which they certainly needed, though they were every one anxious to continue and "have it out."

The batteries on Cavite kept up a continual fire, but the range was too long and they did no further damage except to waste their ammuntion.

A conference of Commanders was held on board the Flagship and at 10.15 the fleet stood in to silence the batteries. The "Baltimore" led, "Olympia" followed close behind while the "Raleigh" and "Boston" formed on the right flank. Tne "Concord" and "Petrel" diverged to the left and manœuvered to get behind the point on which the forts were situated. The two leading vessels steamed in bows on and when about 1500 yards from the batteries opened fire with their large guns. As the "Boston" and "Raleigh" came up the Flagship drew back while the "Baltimore" remained remained stationery delivering shot after shot with such telling effect that in twenty minutes she silenced the two most dangerous guns.

The "Boston" and "Raleigh" steamed along the point delivering broadsides as they went at the remaining fort on Sangley point. In the meantime the brave little *battle-ships* "Petrel" and "Concord" steamed in behind the point and attacked the forts from the rear, utterly demolishing the Spaniards. The "Concord" fired a few shots at the transport "Mindanao" which had been run on the shoals off Las Pinas, and after being assured that there was no life on board set the vessel on fire.

At twenty minutes past twelve a white flag went up near Cavite and the bombardment ceased. The "Petrel" was sent up the Ciran River to destroy the gunboats that had retreated there.

The "Boston" and "Concord" remained off the Navy Yard while the rest of the fleet proceeded to the city to silence the fort there, that had been so persistant in making itself *heard*. Just as we got in range they ran up the "white flag" and when the sun set that night it's last rays rested like a benediction on "Old Glory" waving proudly from mast head and peak of Uncle Sam's doughty arbitrators.

Superior tactical knowledge and calm calculations, superior gunnery and coolness, together with Yankee daring, won the day.

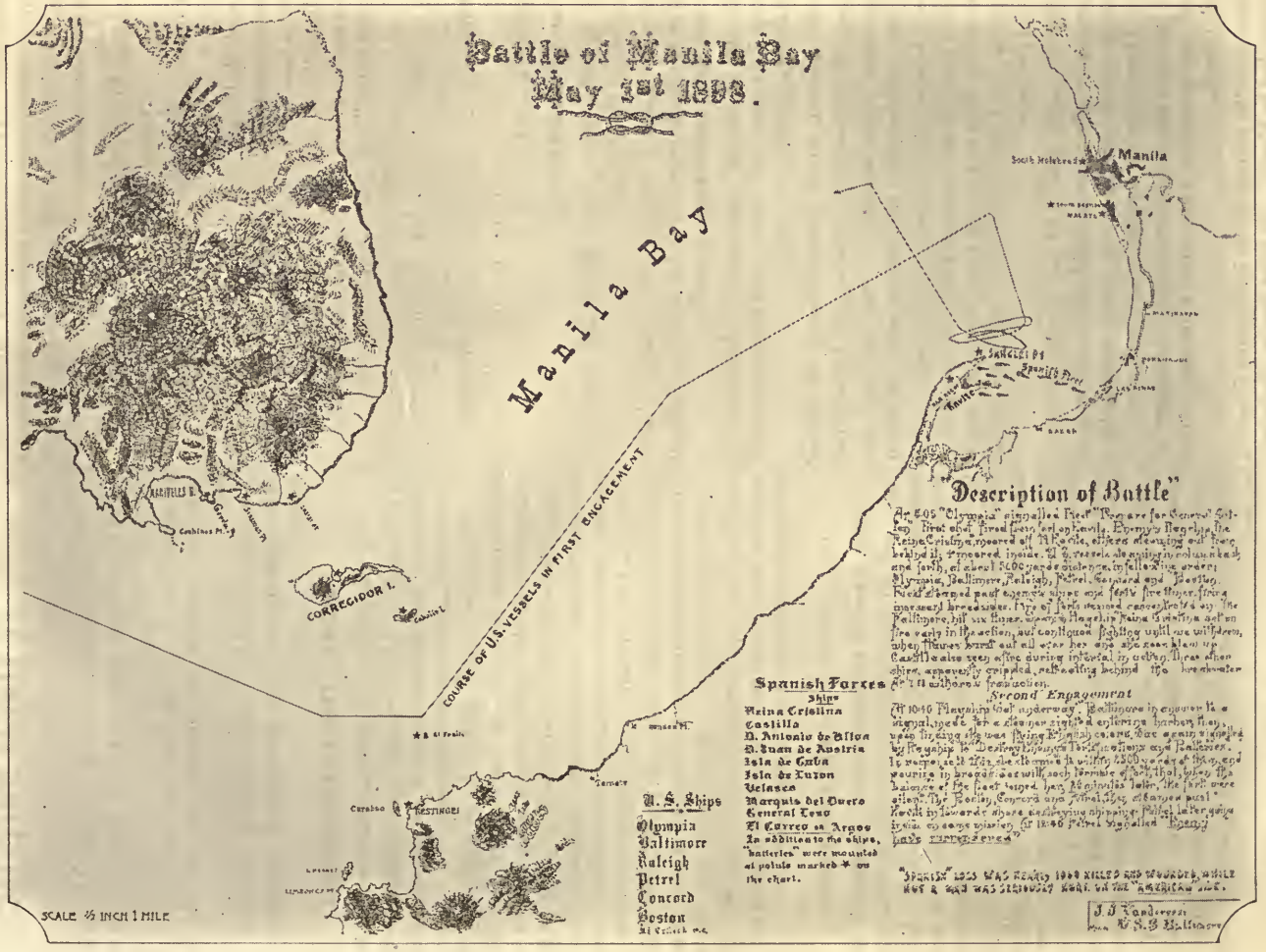
The next day the "Petrel" went into the bay and brought out a number of steam launches, two tugs and a couple of small boats, which were distributed among the fleet.

The surrender of all the vessels of war, forts, and arsenals in the bay was demanded and given. The surrender of the city was delayed until the authorities at Washington were heard from.

Apothecaries, nurses, and detachments of men were sent on shore to assist in caring for and transporting the wounded to the hospitals, and burying the dead.

The effect of our deadly fusilade was simply frightful, the dead and wounded strewing the ground and buildings like leaves in autumn.

One of the wounded from the "Reina Cristina" could speak very good English, having been in America some time, but on returning to his native land on a visit had been impressed into the service. He had both legs shot away. He stated that nearly all the vessels had double crews, many of them being volunteers from among the citizens and that the number


Battle of Manila Bay
May 1st 1898.
Manila Bay
COURSE OF U.S. VESSELS IN FIRST ENGAGEMENT
CORREGIDOR I.
Manila
Description of Battle"
Spanish Forces
Ships
Reina Cristina
Castilla
D. Antonio de Ulloa
D. Juan de Austria
Isla de Cuba
Isla de Luzon
Velasco
Marquis del Duero
General Lezo
El Correo
El Argos
In addition to the ships, "batteries" were mounted at points marked * on the chart.
U.S. Ships
Olympia
Baltimore
Raleigh
Petrel
Concord
Boston
"SPANISH" LOSS WAS NEARLY 1000 KILLED AND WOUNDED, WHILE NOT A MAN WAS SERIOUSLY HURT ON THE "AMERICAN SIDE."
SCALE ½ INCH 1 MILE
J.J. Vanderveer
U.S.S. Baltimore

of deaths would never be known. He also said that no sooner had a gun been loaded than a storm of projectiles would sweep away the gun's crew. At the time the Spanish Admiral tried to get his ship out he received such a terrible fire that the deck was one mass of bursting shell. The captain, he said, was killed almost at the first discharge.

THE SPANISH FLEET CONSISTED OF THE FOLLOWING NAMED VESSELS:

†	"Reina Cristina." (Flagship).	Cruiser.
‡	"Castilla."	"
†	"Don Antonio de Ulloa."	"
†	"Don Juan de Austria."	"
†	"Isla de Cuba."...	"
‡	"Isla de Luzon."	"
†	"General Lezo."	Gunboat.
†	"Marquis del Ducro."	"
‡	"Elcano."	"
†	"Velasco."	"
†	"Argus."	"
‡	"Isla de Mindanao."...	Transport.
	"Manila."...	"

Vessels sunk are marked thus (†).

Vessels burnt are marked thus (‡).

The Luzon, Cuba, Duero, Lezo, Austria and Elcano are sunk in the mouth of Cinar River.

The transport "Manila," the armed tug "Barcelo" with a large quantity of appurtenances for laying mines, and several other armed tugs and launches were captured.

Since the day of the the engagement the American fleet have been busy destroying fortifications and ammunition, and disarming the hulks of the Spanish ships.

An amusing incident which occurred during the heat of the engagement will show what an utter disregard the men had for the seriousness of the occasion. It was on board the "Raleigh." Two shellmen, both fair amateur musicians, would snatch moments between hustling ammunition to take, one the guitar, the other a violin, and strike up the the inspiring tune "There'll be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-night," while even the Captain could not refrain from laughing at the ludicrousness of the scene.

That night the scene was awful but grand. The blaze from the burning vessels threw a lurid glare over the rack and ruin ashore and the wrecks afloat, while occasionally a magazine would burst, like the eruption of a volcano, throwing its flaming debris high into the air, making a lurid picture of the horrors of modern warfare, which made a life-long impression on all who saw it.

The following is the account of the battle taken from the daily paper published in Manila. To judge by the disconnected appearance of the article, the writer must have been viewing the engagement from a *pine apple orchard* or some other place of safety a good many miles distant. However we give the extract as it is, and leave it to the judgment of our readers.

(*Translated From the Diario de Manila, May 4th, 1898.*)

A Naval Surprise.

When the enemy's squadron was sighted in perfect line of battle through the clouds of a misty dawn on the morning of the first of May, gloom and surprise were general among the people of Manila. At last these ships had strained their boldness to the point of appearing on our coast and defying our batteries, which showed more courage and valor than effect when they opened fire on the squadron. It needs something more than courage to make projectiles penetrate—indeed it does!

Every Man to his Station.

The inequality of our batteries when compared with those of the squadron which alarmed the inhabitants of Manila at five in the morning was enough to transform the tranquil character of our tropical temperaments.

While ladies and children in carriages or on foot fled in fright to seek refuge in the outlying suburbs and adjacent villages around the Capital, from danger multiplied by their imagination, every man, from the stately personage to the most humble workman; merchants and mechanics, Spaniards and natives, soldiers and civilians, all we repeat, sought their stations and put on their arms confident that never should the enemy land in Manila unless he passed over their corpses. Yet from the first moment the strength of the enemy's armor and the power of his guns demonstrated that his ships were invulnerable to our energies and our armaments. The hostile squadron would never have entered our bay had not its safety been guaranteed by its manifest superiority.

Spectators and Observers.

The city walls, the church towers, the roofs of high buildings, and all high places convenient for observation were occupied by those who were not retained by their military duties within the walls, on the bridges, or at the advanced posts. The slightest details of the enemy's ships were eagerly noted as they advanced towards Cavite in a line parallel with the beaches of Manila, as though they had just come out of the Pasig River. There were no gaps in the line, but the curious public hardly realized the disparity between their great guns and the pieces mounted on our fortifications. Some had glasses and others were without; but all seemed to devour with their eyes these strangers who, while brave, were not called upon to show their courage since the range of their guns and the weakness of our batteries enabled them to preserve their impunity while doing us as much harm as they pleased.

Remarks of the People.

All who appreciated the impunity with which the hostile ships manœuvred, as if on a harmless parade, were full of such rage and desperation as belongs to the brave man who can

make no use of his courage; to whom remains no remedy except an honorable death rather than a cowardly inactivity.

A soldier of the First Battalion of Cazadores gazed at the squadron sweeping over the waters out of reach of the fire of our batteries, looked out at the ships and then toward heaven, saying, "If Holy Mary would turn that sea into land, the Yankees would find out how we can charge in double time." And a crouching native staring out at the ships said, "Just let them come ashore and give us a whack at them."

On they stood at full speed in column of battle heading for Cavite with the decision due to a sense of safety and a firm assurance of success.

The Fight Seen from Manila.

For more than an hour and a half the bombardment held in suspense those whose souls followed the unequal struggle, in which the Spanish ships went down with their glorious banners flying.

What was going on in the waters of Cavite? From Manila we saw through glasses the two squadrons almost mingled together in the clouds of smoke. This was not far from a triumph for our side, considering the weakness of our batteries. For, once alongside the enemy the cry of "Boarders Away!" and the flash of cold steel might have enabled our devoted seamen to disturb the calm in which watches and instruments were regulating and directing those engines of destruction. In the blindness of our rage how should we paint the heroic deeds, the prowess, the waves of valor which burst forth from our men-of-war? Those who fought beneath the Spanish flag bore themselves like men, as chosen sons of our native land who never measure forces, nor yield to superior force in the hands of an enemy: who would rather die without ships than live in ships which have surrendered.

To name those who distinguished themselves in battle would require the publicaton of the entire muster-rolls of our ships, from Captain to cabin-boy. To these victorious seamen of ours we offer congratulations; laurels for the living; prayers for the dead; for all, our deepest gratitude.

Since we cannot re-construct the bloody scene which was exhibited last Sunday in the waters of Cavite, we will not attempt a description, which would only be a pale shadow of great deeds deserving a perpetual place in the pages of history.

When the hostile squadron turned toward Cavite, the crew of the steamer "Isla de Mindanao" heard the drums beating to quarters, and answered with enthusiasm the three rounds of cheers for the King, for the Queen, and for Spain, which echoed along our line.

Later, until a quarter to five, absolute silence reigned. Everything was ready. The idea of death was lost in ardor for the fray and every eye was fixed on the battle flags waving at our mast heads. In perfect and majestic order—why should we deny this?—the nine Yankee ships advanced in battle array. The "Olympia" bearing the Admiral's flag, led the column followed by the other ships, steering at full speed toward Cavite. The "Olympia" opened fire and an instant reply came from the battery on the mole, which kept on firing at five-minute intervals, while the iron-clad shaped her course for the "Reina Cristina" and "Castilla." Into both these ships she poured a steady and rapid fire seconded by the ships which followed in her wake. Another ship which directed a heavy fire on our line was the "Baltimore," and so the cannonade went on until a quarter to eight. At that moment the "Don Juan de Austria" advanced against the enemy intending to board the "Olympia," and if a tremendous broadside had not stopped her self-devoted charge, both ships might perhaps have sunk to the bottom.

The Captain of the "Reina Cristina," seeing that the resolute attempt of his consort had failed, advanced at full speed until within about 200 yards of the "Olympia," aiming to attack her. Then a shower of projectiles swept the bridge and decks filling the ship with dead and wounded.

Heroes and martyrs whom the nation will remember as long as it endures!

A dense column of smoke from the bow-compartment showed that an incendiary projectile. such as the law of God and man prohibits, had set fire to the cruiser. The ship, still keeping up her fire on the enemy, withdrew toward the arsenal, where she was sunk to keep her from falling into the hands of the Yankees.

The desperation of the men of the "Reina Cristina" was aggravated by the sight of the "Castilla" also in a blaze, from a similar use of incendiary projectiles.

The principal ships of our little squadron having thus been put out of action, the Yankee vessels, some of them badly crippled by the fire of our ships, and the batteries at Point Sangley, stood out toward Mariveles and the entra ce of the bay, ceasing their fire and occupying themselves in repairing injuries until ten o'clock, when they began a second attack to complete their work of destruction.

In this second assault the fire at the arsenal was extinguished, and they continued to cannonade the blazing gunboats.

One gunboat, which seemed to have nothing more venturesome to undertake, detached herself from the squadron and set to work to riddle the mail steamer "Isla de Mindanao."

Now that the ships were in flames, the Admiral, Senor Montojo, who had shown his flag as long as there was a vessel afloat, landed, and hostilities ceased.

The only Spanish ship which had not been destroyed by fire or or by the enemy's projectiles, was sunk so that she could in no wise be taken.

Such in broad outlines which we cannot correct at this moment, was the naval battle of Cavite, in which the last glimpse of our squadron showed the Spanish flag.

A thousand sensational details have reached us, which we would reproduce gladly, after the necessary corrections, if our pen would serve for anything except to sing the glory of these martyrs of the nation.

Perhaps to-morrow or another day, with fuller knowledge of the facts, we can furnish our readers with many interesting details. To-day we limit ourselves to a sketch of the grand picture which was unrolled before us on the first of May, begging our friends to excuse the defects which they may note.

The Killed and Wounded.

Killed: The Captain, Chaplain, Clerk, and Boatswain of the "Reina Cristina."

Wounded: The Captains of the "Castilla" and "Don Antonio de Ulloa;"
The Executive Officer of the "Reina Cristina;"
A Lieutenant of the "Don Juan de Austria;"
The Paymaster of the "Ulloa," the second Surgeon of the "Cristina," the Surgeon of the "Ulloa" and Chief Engineers of the "Cristina" and "Austria."

Vigilance.

By naval authority the most careful watch was kept in the river, as on the coast, to secure the defense of the port.

Batteries.

The gunners of the batteries defending Manila and Cavite showed the highest degree of energy and heroism. Every one applauds these brave artillerymen who, by their calmness and skill, did all that was possible with the guns assigned to them, allowing for their deficiencies and imperfections.

The battery that did the most harm to the enemy was the one on Point Sangley made up of Hontorio guns. From one of these guns came the shot which the "Boston" received, while four ships which had altogether 65 guns were pouring their fires on this battery to reduce it to silence. One gun having been crippled the other kept on playing, firing whenever damage could be done, and avoiding waste of ammunition.

To one of its shots is attributed the hurt which turned the "Baltimore" from the fight. This gun must have greatle annoyed the Yankees, to judge by the effort they made to silence its fires, following it up until six gunners had been killed and four wounded.

On this account it is proposed to demand the bestowal of the laurel wreathed cross of San Fernando upon the valiant gunners who served this battery.

The Luneta battery at Manila which assailed the Yankee ships with much vigor was the object of the enemy's special attention as he stood past the fortifications of Manila, heading for Cavite.

Guns were also mounted at the entrance of the bay on Corregidor and Caballo Islands, on El Fraile rock, on the south shore at Point Restinga, and at Mariveles, Punta Gorda and Point Lasisi on the north shore. The guns on Corregidor Island were of about six inch calibre; similar guns were mounted on the rock and on Point Restinga. The other batteries had guns of smaller calibre and short range.

The Spanish Club, ever earnest in remedying misfortunes, gave liberal help to the refugees who survived from our ships-of-war.

Doubtless the Civil Commission has arranged to secure supplies for the city, but it is certain that since Sunday there has been great scarcity of everything, and speculators have got what prices they cared to ask for articles of prime necessity.

Already people are growing calmer and the shops are open, and it is to be expected that Manila will go on resuming her usual life and animation

The great masses of the rural population of the Philippines, as well as the leaders of the nation, have responded like loyal sons of Spain, sharing our pains and assisting in our labors.

The Admiral, Senor Montojo, has received a telegram of congratulation from the Minister of Marine who, in his own name, and in the name of the Queen of Spain, felicitates the Navy of this Archipelago upon its gallant behavior on the day of Cavite. These are the terms of the telegram referred to: "Honor and glory to the Spanish Fleet which fought so heroically in the bay."

After two days of silence, in which our paper failed to see the light by reason of the exceptional circumstances occurring at Manila, and known to all the public, we return to our regular issues, trusting in the good will of our subscribers."

* * *

The above is certainly as fair an account as could be expected from a Spaniard, but a few little things are slightly overdrawn. For instance, in one place he says the weakness of their batteries enabled us to do as much harm as we chose. No doubt, but he omits to say that only a few days before, they were holding high carnival in anticipation of their coming victory over us.

Again, he seems to forget that the days of boarding men-o'-war are over. It would certainly be a poetical climax to have the two ships going down together, but then the Spanish always were a poetical race. Further he goes on to say that we used incendiary projectiles "prohibited by the laws of God and man," which either shows his ignorance of the laws of warfare or a desire to mislead his readers.

That they fought heroically cannot be denied and far be it from us to belittle their bravery in this action. As for the brave soldier of the Cazadores who prayed the Virgin Mary to turn the sea into land, so that they could charge us, (thirty thousand men against about sixteen hundred) we will quote the remark of one of the boys, who very naively said "he'll be praying for another forty day flood when Merritt and his troops arrive."

Mason of Illinois.

Hail patriot! Columbia's sons that sail the mighty sea
Accord thee thanks for thy brave stand, "for war and liberty!"
The nation 'neath the tyrant heel of cruel, despotic Spain,
The souls of the heroes murdered, on the illfated "Maine,"
The widow and the orphan, as they kneel in daily prayer,
And Columbia's proud heroes who serve our country fair,—
Thank thee.
America's host, 'midst the cannon's thund'rous roar,
Applaud thy brave words that ring from shore to shore,
Telling to every nation that the Land of Liberty
With mighty arm and flashing sword will smite bold tyranny.
Oh proud Illinois! to give us such a son.
'Tis patriots such as he that our Nation's prestige won,
And when the cruel war is over, in sorrow or in joy,
We'll ask Heaven's choicest blessings on—Mason of Illinois.

L. S. Young.

Hot Shot.

FOR THE WAYWARD AND WICKED.

The writer of the pamphlet printed on board the "Baltimore," describing the battle of Manila Bay, should bear in mind that there were *six* ships fighting that day.

We are not "throwing stones" for we are fully aware of the fact that we reside at present in a very fragile glass residental structure and worse yet, have no splinter nets, but as the oldest marine literary organ in these benighted lands (or rather, waters) we deem it our duty to give our young friend a little fatherly advice;—Always be impartial in all your writings, give credit where credit is due, treat matters in a purely literary light, never allow yourself to be swayed by the desire to please only your own immediate neighbors, but take for your motto "Pro bono Publico," (the public good); live right up to it and success will surely repay all your efforts.

* * *

Our worthy contemporary, the Hong Kong Telegraph, kindly corrects an error made by the Editor in his description of Hong Kong and its surroundings. The mistake was in that portion relating to the Kowloon district in which I said,—"The portion of Kowloon belonging to the British extends the entire length of the province a distance of twenty-six miles."

It seems, according to the Telegraph, that I was rather premature in saying England owned *all* that territory, but I can assure my readers that they need not scratch out that article as, if she don't own it now, she will in the *near* future. England believes in the Scriptures and particularly in the part which says, "*Go ye forth into the world, increase and multiply.*"

However I thank the Editor of the above paper for his kind and disinterested correction and join him in bewailing the seeming carelessness of his Government, as regards the annexation of this valuable piece of land. But give 'em time, old man, give 'em *time*.

* * *

If there are two lights, one above the other and the torpedo boat steams away from them she sees only one light, one above the other, but if she gets "three or four sheets in the wind" she would see a numerous multitude of lights in all shapes, while if she deflected at all off her course she would see one li—I mean two—no, one a—that is above—er, er, - Oh! hang it! Ask Stanton.

* * *

"Sliver" Russell has announced that, when the war is over, it is his intention to travel through Syracuse and lecture on the "Obesity Producing Propensities of Sea Diet." He should give his shipmates complimentary tickets for we might be able to help him out if he should lose his bearings.

N. B. His voice will be propped up with the aid of a *kinetoscope*.

Chats.

We partly owe our readers an apology for the lateness of this issue, but as they are aware of the rapid march of events which have kept us busy for the last month, they will be lenient in their judgment

We were also delayed by lack of paper and only through the kindness of a few of our shipmates who brought us some which the Spaniards left on evacuating Cavite, are we enabled to print this issue. We take this opportunity to thank them.

Well "tis an ill wind that blows nobody any good;" the fact of the "Bounding Billow" being printed on captured paper will certainly enhance its value as a memorial of this occasion.

* * *

We are in receipt of two issues of the Butte "High School Leader" for January and February-March, and feel called upon to compliment its staff on the improvement in the cover of the later issue. At the same time we take the opportunity to thank the Editress for her kind remark anent our paper and gladly accept her *invite* to call again.

* * *

It certainly isn't right to boast, but we cannot help taking this opportunity to congratulate the other ships and ourselves on the coolness and bravery displayed by the men of the entire fleet in this their first experience in real warfare. Of course after the first gun was fired and the eye caught the gleam of the glorious Stars and Stripes, all thought of self was lost in the one resolve that that flag would never be disgraced by any act of theirs; but it was in the night, entering the hostile harbor amid uncertain dangers from torpedo and mine; with unseen guns frowning down upon us on either hand; each moment expecting the flash of a gun and fierce upheaval of a mine to herald our discovery and hurl us into eternity, that the strain was greatest and each man's courage was tested to the utmost.

And how did they bear themselves? Like Americans and veterans. Not a man flinched, and we feel justified in writing this little eulogy on ourselves. Eh, shipmates?

Rear Admiral George Dewey.

A telegram was received from the President and naval authorities at Washington, thanking Commodore Dewey, and the officers and men of this Squadron for their overwhelming victory and brilliant achievement in the Battle of Manila bay.

The Commodore also received a vote of thanks from Congress in the name of the American people and was commissoned Rear-Admiral, dating from May tenth.

The entire fleet join in congratulating Admiral Dewey on his appointment, and hope it will prove but the precursor of further honors and promotion.

Captain Charles V. Gridley.

It is with indescribable sorrow and regret that we hear of the untimely death of our beloved captain, Charles V. Gridley. He died on board the O. &. O. steamer "Coptic," at Kobe, Japan, June 5th.

Owing to a serious illness he was ordered home on sick-leave, taking with him the sincere respect and esteem of every man in the fleet.

He left on the "Zafiro," escorted to sea by the "Concord," amid the cheering of the entire fleet. He was taken to the steamer by a boat's crew of officers with First Lieutenant Reese acting as coxswain.

The news of his death came like a thunder-bolt, filling our hearts with grief and pain. We respectfully extend our sincere sympathy to his relatives and friends.

Gone a-head, to the Heav'nly land
Across the mighty River;
Gone to join the angel band:
Gained peace and joy forever.

Capture of the Callao.

About six o'clock, on the morning of May 12th. a steamer was sighted entering the harbor. The "Raleigh" got up anchor and went to board her. As she came nearer it was found that she was a gun-boat flying the Spanish flag. The "Olympia," "Baltimore" and "Raleigh" opened fire on her. She lowered her colors and hoisted the white flag. On boarding her she was found to be the Spanish gunboat "Callao." It seems that she had been in the Caroline Islands and knew nothing of any war. Even after we fired, they thought we were the Spanish fleet at target practice.

The officers and crew were paroled and landed in Cavite with all their personal property.

We hear later that the Captain of the "Callao" was to be shot by his countrymen for not fighting his ship; a little one gun gunboat against six vessels, the smallest of which would look like a battle-ship beside her. It would have been little short of suicide, and the fact of the Captain being court-martialed speaks badly for the much-vaunted Spanish generosity.

Our Map.

Owing to the fact that our original map was cut out of lead and would not stand much use, we substitute a copy of the official map used in the engagement. On the right, stretching from Sangley Point and Cavite to Las Pinas, is the Spanish fleet. The crosses mark the positions of the forts.

The Maine.

Like a thunderbolt, the dire news came,
That bowed our heads in sorrow,
How midst a mine's fierce, flashing flame
'Neath the walls of Castle Morro,
A nation's pride, the stately "Maine,"
On peaceful mission bent,
By the hands of murderous sons of Spain.
Now lying wrecked and rent.
Not midst the battle's stirring blast,
With colors proudly flying,
Nor where the mighty cannon crashed
O'er cheers of heroes, dying.
'Twas while they slept; 't was time of peace
For proud Columbia's seamen:
When treach'rous hand the mine released;
Let loose the fiery demon.
O noble ship! O gallant crew!
Thy nation mourns it's loss.
Beneath Havana's waters blue,
Thy murdered bodies toss.
But Columbia's heroes true and brave,
Avenge thee, beauteous "Maine."
The requiem thundered o'er thy grave
Shall sound the knell of Spain.
A monument we'll raise to thee:
Biding token of our sorrow,
And in mem'ry of Spain's infamy.
It shall stand o'er Caste Morro.

L. S. Young.

The Curio Fiends.

They've got flags and scraps of iron,
Tomahawks and bay'nets too,
Soldier's pants without the linin'
'Nother's got a woman's shoe.
They've got knives marked "Mi Amigo,"
Which is Spanish for "my friend."
Swords and daggers marked "Toledo"
Which a Sandow couldn't bend.
And each had a shot or shell
Which was added to their hoard.
And some brought them for to sell
To the suckers left on board.
There was lots of writing paper
And O! sech lots o'tools!
And they cut full many a caper,
A guardin 'em like jewels.
One had a big ship's bell
Which weighed almost a ton,
And about twenty worked like (dash)
And got a three inch gun,
A blunderbuss from sixty seven
Which adorned some mantel piece.
Old socks and bits o' ribbon.
And a box of axle grease.
There were Admiral's flags and pennants,
That numbered o'er a score
All from the "R. Cristina,"
Each curio hunter swore;
And some brought off a coat of arms
From the stately Justice Hall,
And others took the mirrors,
That hung ag'in the wall.
We expect to see more actions
'N lots o' bloody scenes,
But I'd prefer such distractions,
To the crazy Curio Fiends.

L. S. Young.

The Battle of Manila Bay.

What sight is this our eyes behold? What do these ships of war?
Manned by Columbia's seamen bold, they speed for foemen's shore:
For news had come, sad news and dire, of brothers cruelly slain,
And Cuba's woes raised heroes' ire; they go, to war with Spain!
And as they leave bleak China's coast, receding fast from view,
Determined is this little host, to fight like freemen true.

Two days upon the tropic sea, so mighty, calm and grand,
Ere close beneath our squadron's lee, we saw the enemy's land.
All day we steamed along the coast and scanned each niche and bay,
While ev'ry man stood at his post, impatient for the fray.
When night, a pall-like darkness fell, though lightning lit the skies,
Their forts to pass, we planned it well and thus our foe surprise.

'Twas midnight when our vessels boldly passed Corregidor,
For where Manila calmly nestles on fair Luzon's tropic shore:
And guns frowned down upon us, from their forts on either hand,
But no danger could deter us, not their might on sea or land.
We had come to die or conquer, to avenge the sunken "Maine,"
Our watch-word, *no surrender*, our war-cry, *down with Spain!*

Calm and cool broke the morning, on that fateful first of May,
When like storm's thund'rous warning, roared a shot across the Bay.
But why that mighty cheering? Every eye is turned on high,
Where our banner brightly gleaming, rainbow radiance in the sky:
'Twas "Old Glory" proudly waving, that cheered each patriot breast,
War's fearful dangers braving, to free a race oppressed.

When the Spanish ships were sighted, stripped like warriors for the fray,
When the Sabbath morn was lighted, and battle's thunder woke the day,
Every man stood at his station, grimly waiting the command,
To spread death and devastation, midst the foe on sea and land.
As we closed the deadly distance and six Yankee broadsides bore,
Brave and stubborn their resistance, though our shells swept ships and shore.

Five times we passed. A fiery line that rivaled Heaven's thunder,
While on they fought, brav'ry sublime, though ships were going under,
Though every moment seemed their last, with colors proudly flying,
Amid that fiercely raking blast they showed no fear of dying.
Again we plunged into the fight and with one mighty blow,
Assured the victory for the right: subdued the haughty foe.

The Spanish colors down at last! Avenged the sunken "Maine!"
Victorious as in days gone past, we've conquered cruel Spain.
We've struck a blow for honor and to set a nation free:
The guns beneath our banner roared the knell of tyranny.
Tell the story to our nation, to the people brave and true,
How our banner brought salvation, with the gallant "Boys in Blue."

'T shall live in his'try's pages how our noble squadron sailed,
Where thick the battle rages and the deadly missiles halled.
For Spaniards, arbitration was'mid the cannon's roar;
We were fighting for a nation and the flag we all adore.
'Twas for Cuba and our honor, to avenge our heroes slain,
That victory wreathed our banner, when we fought the ships of Spain.

L. S. Yougn.

Observations During and After the Battle of May First.

In the early part of the engagement three mines were exploded but they were all inshore of us. The Spaniards either used poor judgment in timing the firing, or as later stated, the Spanish admiral did not know the location of these mines, and fired them to avoid danger to his own vessels.

During the action, about the time the Reina Cristina attempted to get out, the Chief of Staff came down and shouted to the gun captains to fire on the Spanish Admiral." One old fellow dropped his lanyard and looking up and down the deck said in a way that was irresistibly laughable, "Where is he, where is he?" and squared off as if ready for a fistic encounter.

While coming through the entrance on the night before the engagement the engineer of the "McCulloch" fell dead from heart disease, which had been aggravated by the excitement and heat of the fire rooms.

As the vessels were circling for the second round before the Spanish ships, the Baltimore's band struck up, "Arrah go on, Ye're Only Foolin," and the boys got out on deck, unmindful of the enemy's ships, and cheered themselves hoarse.

Late in the afternoon a demand for the surrender of Cavite and all the forts and arsenals was sent ashore.

In a short time a launch came off to the Flag ship, flying a flag of truce.

The secretary to the Governor of the Philippines was in her and stated that they were willing to surrender, but could not say anything about the forts at the entrance.

Commodore Dewey told him to tell the fiery Don Angustin that if the demand for surrender, including the forts in question, was not complied with by one o'clock next day, (May second) the bombardment would continue, and he would shell Manila.

On the second he came on board again and informed the commodore that his demand had been complied with. To make assurance doubly sure, he was placed on board the Raleigh, and she and the Baltimore were sent out to the entrance with orders to hang the secretary at the first sign of treachery. However, they had surrendered and the two vessels sent men ashore to destroy the ammunition and guns.

On the fourth a funeral party was sent ashore to bury the dead, whom the Spaniard in their mad retreat had left behind to the mercy of the elements and the enemy.

Captain Lamberton, then "Chief of Staff" landed the same day to make arrangements for the removal of the wounded to Manila.

Several small vessels were being captured at intervals, many of them carrying loads of cattle and hogs, which were very acceptable prizes to us.

The natives are engaged in carrying away ammunition and arms from the Navy Yard, and appear delighted at the routing of their former rulers. To our way of thinking however, these people are not much better than the Spaniards, nor even as good.

All the vessels in our fleet were ready for further trouble at short notice, and night-watches were permanently established to guard against torpedo attacks.

On the sixth the McCulloch left for Hong Kong carrying dispatches. We were anxious the get news from our fleet in the Atlantic, as nothing had been heard of them for sometime.

Every one has the "curio craze" and the ships look like veritable "curiosity shops" with old swords, bayonets, shells and so forth.

'Foreign men-o'-war are beginning to arrive at all hours. First the English, then French, German, Austrian, and Japanese came in to investigate and take pointers on "scrapping a la Yank.'

Early one morning a man-o'-war was seen coming in to the harbor about 3 o'clock with no light burning. The Raleigh put a shot across her, bows and she "hove to." She proved to be a German man-o'-war which had been running in and out of the harbor at all hours. Commodore Dewey shut down on them and requested that they respect the fact that the harbor was blockaded. This had the desired effect on that point.

On the night of the 8th, Manila, which had heretofore been shrouded in darkness, was lighted up and assumed quite a brilliant aspect.

The Spaniards claimed that we used shells which were unlawful in modern warfare. This was not true, but when we entered their magazines we found copper-and brass-sheathed shells and rifle balls, which if they did not kill a man outright would result in death from blood poisoning.

We were engaged also in dismounting guns from the sunken men-o'-war and putting them in the captured transport Manila.

May 10th the despatch boat McCulloch returned from Hongkong, and brought the news that our Commodore had been made Rear Admiral.

Next day all hands were called to muster and Dewey's appointment was read, together with several telegrams of congratulation from the States.

One was from the city of Olympia, others from the New York Yacht Club, Secretary Roosevelt, The New York Herald, and one from the Flying Squadron which was greeted with three rousing cheers, saying simply, "Bully Boys!"

On the 13th, the Admiral impressed it on our already overburdened minds that this was war in all its stern reality, and any one caught "sleeping on watch" would receive a leaden passport to the "land of Eternal rest." It sounded rough, but business is business and lack of vigilance may cost the lives of hundreds.

The same day, the McCulloch again went to Hongkong for orders, and every one was hoping she would bring back orders for us to do something, as time was passing very tediously, and we were looking for "new worlds to conquer."

Cavite Navy Yard is a rather pretty place, being well kept and containing some fine buildings, storehouses, smithies, carpenter shops, magazines and barracks. The house of the commander of the yard was a large, roomy building well furnished and containing a splendid library.

On the lower floor are the offices and the "Justice Hall," where punishment was meted out to offenders against the laws.

The yard was laid out in pretty walks and gardens, ornamented by old guns and pyramids of old cannon balls.

The grounds abound in groves of banana, mango, orange and magnolia trees, which exhaled a very pleasant perfume.

The rebels were continually carrying on a sort of guerilla warfare against the Spaniards, attacking them mostly at night, but retreating whenever the "Dons" made a sortie.

May 18th a scouting party was sent ashore from this ship, and the Baltimore, under the command of Flag-Lieut-Brumby, to discover if possible how strong the Spanish position was at a certain bridge commanding the road to the main land.

It was well fortified at the Cavite end, and barricaded in such a manner that but one man could cross at a time.

We had to depend a good deal on the natives to find out the number of men the Spaniards had in this position, but their stories were so conflicting, ranging any where from five hundred to five thousand strong, that when about two miles from the bridge we called halt, and after reconnoitering made a brilliant retreat, and another Spanish victory had been won.

On the 19th the McCulloch returned from Hongkong with mail for ourselves and the foreign fleet.

Next day the Japanese man-o'-war Matsushima returned the courtesy by taking our mail to Hongkong.

We were daily expecting the arrival of troops; before the arrival of whom Manila will not be taken, as they are needed to hold the place.

On the 13th of June the English Gunboat Swift brought our mail from Hongkong. The English have been very friendly, doing all in their power compatible with their neutrality make our lot easy. They have proven the old adage that "blood is thicker than water" and we feel very grateful to them.

We received a tip the same day that a torpedo attack had been planned for that night. All search lights were kept going and the men stood by the loaded guns all right, but it proved a false alarm, or else the Spaniards were deterred from the attempt by our apparent vigilance.

In the morning the Boston, Concord, and Callao were sent to guard the mouth of the Pasig River and investigate the truth of the rumor asserting that the Spaniards had a torpedo boat up this river.

The vessels got under way about two o'clock in the morning, and under cover of the darkness reached the mouth of the river unobserved.

The Callao and Concord steamed as far up the river as their draught would allow, while the Boston guarded the outside and stood ready to give assistance should it be needed.

When day light came, the Spaniards could be seen running to man their guns, but they made no further demonstrations,

and after seeing all that was possible, the Callao being so close that the crew were able to read the beer signs on shore, the ships returned to their anchorage.

Early in the morning of June 17th the Baltimore left to meet the Charleston and the expected troop ships. The Monterey and Monadnock are also expected but not for some time. We were very anxious to see these two powerful additions to our fleet, as it was rumored that Admiral Camara was coming to Manila with a powerful fleet, and while we did not for a moment doubt that we could lick'em, we preferred letting them get into the harbor and then with the Monterey and Monadnock guarding the channels, we could capture them and swell the prize money. But that was Jack's view of it.

Foreign men-o'-war in harbor at this time, were, the Kaiserin Augusta, Kaiser, Irene, Kormoran and Prinzess Wilhelm, (German,) Breux and Pascal, (French,) Immortalite and Swift, (English) and Matsushima, (Japanese.)

On the evening of the 29th, just before colors, the McCulloch escorted a Spanish gunboat from Manila to an anchorage off our starboard quarter. She had come out with about two hundred sailors and soldiers, some sick and wounded, looking for protection and something to eat. As we had no other accommodations they were landed in Cavite under our protection. The vessel was named "Leyte."

There were about five thousand dollars on board which were appropriated by the representatives of the long slim gentleman in striped pants and long goatee.

The afternoon of the 30th smoke was seen in the entrance near Corregidor. Our rigging was crowded with men anxious to see if they were our transports.

Our minds were soon set at rest, for in they came, the cruiser Charleston, the transports Peking, Australia and Sydney, and the doughty Baltimore bringing up the rear.

As the transports passed through the fleet the bands played patriotic airs. Many hearty cheers were given and returned.

There was considerable communicating between the vessels, boats running hither and thither with officers making official calls.

As one of our launches passed the Peking, a hungry looking patriot on her starboard bow sang out, "have you got any mince pie aboard? Poor fellow, it will be many a long day before he'll eat any more of Mother's mince pies.

These transports brought about twenty five hundred soldiers, ammunition for the fleet, a gun to replace the one disabled on the Baltimore, and sixty seven bluejackets to "avenge the Maine."

The Boston left on the 13th to meet the second instalment of troops.

Transferring of ammunition began next day, and all the vessels loaded their magazines to their greatest capacity and we were once more ready for 'em.

Fourth of July found us blockading Manila, dressed in holiday attire, but with none of the usual grub, which was greatly missed. A salute was fired at noon and all work suspended for the day, but that was the extent of our celebration.

On the 15th began landing the first detachment of troops at Cavite. They took charge of the barracks, and the place assumed quite a military aspect.

The transport "China" arrived on the afternoon of the 16th in advance of the second consignment of troops. We were glad she did not wait for the other vessels, as she had our mail which was served out before supper. Unless one has experienced it he would never imagine the eagerness with which a letter is looked for by these men, isolated from home and with this the only means of communication. It would make an onlooker's heart bound with sympathy to see the joy and pleasure depicted on the heretofore anxious countenance when one's name is called and he is handed the coveted missive.

The other transports, the "Zealandia," "Colon" and "Senator" arrived next morning and were received with the usual cheers. "Jack" must cheer to give vent to his feelings.

On the Eighteenth we received news by the Japanese cruiser "Naniwa" that nearly drove us crazy with joy. Sampson has met and defeated Cervera! The men on the men-o'-war and transports were jubilant, hugging each other, and shaking hands. Some were crying, though why, they could not say.

We were called to muster on board the "Olympia," and the cablegram read out. The other vessels must have thought we had gone mad, or that our "homeward bound" orders had arrived, until they heard the glorious news. Every man yelled as loud and long as he could, and it sounded as though Bedlam had broken loose "*for sure.*"

Later we heard that it was Schley who had won this great victory. A telegram of congratulation was sent via the "Zafiro" from Hongkong.

July the twenty fifth, the transport "Newport" arrived with General Merritt.

The troops were landed in Cavite and Paranaque near Manila under the guns of the "Boston" and "Callao."

Several vessels were in harbor with coal, so there was no danger of our running short of that commodity.

On the twenty sixth of July one of our boys, Edward Johnson, commonly known us "Galley Jack," was drowned under peculiar circumstances. He was on the rail of the tug "Barcelo" returning to the ship from the refrigerating Steamer, "Culgoa" when a squall sprang up and he fell overboard. He was swimming around, when just as a steam-launch from the "Charleston" was about to pick him up, he suddenly went down. It is generally supposed that a shark dragged him down. The body was dragged for but never recovered.

The third fleet of transports arrived on the 31st. It consisted of the Indiana, Ohio, Morgan City, Valencia, and City of Para, carrying about four thousand troops.

In the afternoon a German boat came over to inform us that they had a man drowned, and to get permission to bury him in Cavite.

August 5th the "Monterey" and "Brutus" arrived and received the usual ovation. The Captain of the former was brought to the Flagship in our whaleboat, and made the remark "A trip like that once in a life time is more than enough."

The ships were all cleared of boats and superfluous timbers and looked ferocious enough to whip anything. Everything has been sent ashore to the navy yard. On this ship the anchor chains were hung up and down in the angles made by the turrets to protect the unarmored side against glancing missiles. The same thing was done on the 1st of May, when it proved a good precaution, as a shell struck in there without doing any damage. Many of the boys have fragments of that shell.

The foreign fleet were told to withdraw to a safe distance, and the Spanish Governor was informed that unless he surrendered, the City would be bombarded. He was given forty-eight hours to decide, or until 12:30 the afternoon of the 9th.

Early Monday morning, the 8th of August, non-combatants, women and children, began crossing the bay in boats of all descriptions going to Cavite.

The foreign fleet moved this morning, the English and Japanese coming over to Cavite, while the others lay off Malabon to the northward of Manila.

The bombardment was to take place Wednesday, but as General Merritt was not quite ready it was postponed. The next day it was the same, and the boys began to get impatient, and wondered when we were going to take the city. "Manana!" (to-morrow), became the cry.

But everything must have an end, and that was the fate of our suspense.

THE "BOUNDING BILLOW."

• • • Published in the interests of American Men-o'-Warsmen. • • •

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Power and Progress, Peace and Prosperity.

The Fall of Manila.

VICTORY.

It will live in deathless story how our banner led the fight,
In all its pristine glory to do battle for the right,
And where oppression rages, in majesty sublime
Columbia's battle wages, on its sinblack list of crime.

Fall of Manila.

The City Surrenders with Little Resistance.

Destruction of Malate Fort by the Fleet.

Manila, Aug. 13th.—At nine o'clock this morning the fleet formed in line of battle and stood in towards the city. battle flags flying and crews at quarters, ready for action.

A combined attack on Manila by the Army and Navy was to take place, the vessels in the event of resistance to bombard the forts and batteries along the water front.

At the signal to prepare for action, the ships formed in line, the flagship leading with the "Callao" and "Monterey" on either flank until near Malate.

We formed opposite Malate fort with the "Callao" and tug "Barcelo" standing close in shore to support the troops, and the "Olympia," "Raleigh" and "Petrel" lying opposite the fort. The "Charleston," "Baltimore," "Monterey" and "Boston" formed a line of support, the "Concord" and "McCulloch" guarding Pasig river.

At 9.55 the ball was opened by shot from the flagship as a reminder that we were still on earth. Receiving no reply, we stood in closer and fired again, followed by the "Petrel" and "Callao." The "Raleigh" then formed into line and opened fire. A desultory fire was kept up for some time but we got no return, although the "Callao" and "Barcelo" received several volleys from small arms and light guns.

Our shots did terrible damage and execution in the fort, which was also engaged by the field batteries of the Army. A single shot from one of the vessels engaged passed clean through the fort, making a breach in the wall large enough to admit of the passage of a horse and carriage.

Things were getting too warm around Malate, and the Spaniards vacated the fort and retreated into the woods toward Manila

At 10.32 the signal was made to cease firing. and our troops could be seen charging up the beach as only Yankee soldiers know how to charge, and the wish of the Spanish soldier who wanted to meet us on dry land, was gratified to more than his heart's content.

Just as six bells (11 o'clock) struck, the Stars and Stripes were hoisted over Malate fort by a soldier of the 1st Colorado, who, sad to say, was shot dead by a Spanish sharpshooter. It however is a great consolation to us, his fellow patriots, to know that he died in what was undoubtedly the happiest moment of this brave fellow's life, hoisting the flag of the country he died for, in the land of the enemy.

Meanwhile the Army, the "Callao" keeping on its flank, advanced towards Manila. The "Barcelo" under the command of Cadet White, had ventured dangerously close to the beach, doing great damage with her "*forecastle battery,*" (one machine gun.)

Governor-General Merritt and staff followed the engagement from the U. S. S. Zafiro.

After the Spanish flag was lowered from over Malate, the fleet stood up towards the city and lay off the Luneta battery. This being in the heart of the city, Admiral Dewey wishing to avoid unnecessary shedding of blood and the inevitable slaughter of hundreds of innocent people, hoisted a signal asking them to surrender. Not seeing any answer to this, his humane instincts prompted him to make a further concession, and he sent Flag Lieutenant Brumby, accompanied by two signal boys carrying a huge American flag, ashore in the launch of the Belgian consul flying a flag of truce, to demand the surrender of the city from the Spanish Governor-General.

Meanwhile the "Monterey" had steamed into position on our starboard quarter, where she lay grim and formidable, with her powerful guns trained on the fort ready at the signal to belch forth death and destruction on the enemy.

The crews were all at quarters, but such a small incident as war could not keep us from our meals, and precisely at twelve o'clock we went to dinner; although on the alert for the least alarm, we enjoyed the meal hugely.

At 2.20 Lieut. Brumby returned with a copy of the surrender of the city. The news was signalled to the fleet, and was received with three rousing cheers by the crews of each vessel.

The hoisting of our flag was delayed until Gen. Merritt could be landed, and Lieut. Brumby immediately went to the "Zafiro" and returned to Manila with the General.

At 5.40 the Spanish flag was lowered and "Old Glory" flung to the breeze over the walls of Manila. The flag was hoisted by Apprentices Edward P. Stanton of Louisville, Ky. and Samuel Ferguson of Syracuse N. Y., under the direction of Flag Lieutenant Brumby, all of the "Olympia." One Army officer was present. As the Spanish flag was lowered in the dust, the Spanish Governor-General's family and the Spaniards assembled wept, but as the dear old Stars and Stripes went up they began to hiss. As an off-set to this painful scene a beautiful incident took place. Just as our colors reached the truck of the flag staff, a Regimental band entered the walled city, and though they could not be seen by the spectators, they caught sight of "Old Glory" waving proudly over their heads, and struck up that tune so dear to the patriot heart, the "Star Spangled Banner," while cheer on cheer burst from the soldiers as they swung by.

On board ship every eye was on the Spanish flag, anxiously awaiting its lowering. Suddenly a wild yell is heard; "There she goes" and amid the frenzied cheering of the tired but happy men-o'-war's men our vessels roared forth a National salute to the dear banner flying so bravely over new territory.

Spanish Garrison Charging Insurgents Run Foul of U. S. Troops

At eleven o'clock, the night of July 31st, a force of about 2500 Spanish troops making a sally on an attacking party of insurgents, came on the trenches of the U. S. troops near Malate.

Thinking they were attacked, the entire U. S. force stationed there turned out.

Seeing their mistake, the Spaniards charged the American trenches, but were repulsed with heavy loss by the Pennsylvania troops and Battery A of the Utah Regiment.

Meanwhile the insurgents had decamped, and left our troops to bear the brunt of the battle by themselves.

The Spaniards made a second charge, but received so hot a reception that they retreated to the bush, where they commanded the road leading to the American trenches.

The California Regiment reinforced the troops in the trenches, and despite the heavy and galling fire they had to pass through, never wavered. Several men were wounded and Captain Richter killed.

On being reinforced, our troops charged while the batteries kept up a steady fire, using shrapnel, which created great havoc in the enemy's ranks.

The Spaniards were at last forced to retreat to Malate fort, from which position they kept up a weak and ineffective fire.

Our troops showed great courage and made repeated charges, evincing the most reckless disregard of the enemy's bullets.

We had 25 killed and 60 wounded, while the Spanish losses are said to reach nearly 300 killed and 600 wounded.

The rebels showed great cowardice and a wholesome dread of Spanish bullets.

Our Soldier Boys in the Battle and Fall of Manila!

Seven Killed, Seventeen Wounded. Spanish Losses Very Heavy.

(From our correspondent with the Army.)

About 4.00 A. M. August 13th reveille was sounded and by the first peep of day Camp Dewey was alive with the bustle and stir of preparation for battle.

A few unfortunates were left to guard camp during the engagement.

By seven o'clock the entire army was on the move, and by nine every regiment and company had taken its position.

The Army formed in two parts; the advance or fighting line and the reserve.

The former consisted of the 18th Infantry on the right flank supported by the Astor battery. The right and left centers were formed by the Pennsylvania and 1st California. The left flank consisted of the 2nd Artillery and Utah Battery. Generals Anderson and Greene commanded this line.

The Reserve under General MacArthur consisted of the Colorado, Minnesota, two battalions of the 1st Nebraska, two Idaho battalions and the Wyoming Battalion. These were stationed about one mile from the fighting line.

When the first gun from the fleet announced the opening of the fight, the soldiers could hardly restrain their cheers. The reserves had participated in all the previous engagements and naturally chafed at their inactivity in this engagement; no doubt many of the brave fellows hoped the advance would be repulsed so that they might have a chance.

Shortly after ten o'clock the firing from the fleet ceased, but the fighting line were still at it. They kept steadily advancing on the fort at Malate, which had evidently been vacated.

The Spaniards kept up a desultory fire from the brush, but did very little harm, and were finally driven toward Manila.

The trenches around Malate were filled with dead and wounded, and gave terrible proof of the destructive fire from the fleet.

At last the fort was reached, the Spanish flag hauled down and "Old Glory" proudly hoisted in its place. Cheer on cheer rent the air as *the* flag went up, and every man bared his head to the banner he would die for.

It could plainly be seen that the Spaniards had departed in haste, as thousands of rounds of ammunition were left behind.

The Army again took up its weary march through swamps and brambles, mud and mire, with water at times up to their arm pits, making travel not only slow, but extremely painful, and proceeded to Manila.

Excepting a few slight skirmishes along the line of march, no resistance was made until the walls of the city were reached.

The 1st California had the honor of being first to enter the gates of the ancient city. While under the walls they were subjected to a galling fire from the Spaniards in spite of the fact that a flag of truce was waving in plain sight. Colonel "Jim" Smith pointed to the white flag and vowed if the firing did not cease he would shoot every officer there. They said it was the soldiers firing without orders, and it was soon stopped.

As the Pennsylvania regiment entered the trenches, a band of insurgents opened fire on them, wounding several. They claimed later, that in the excitement they mistook our troops for Spaniards.

The Wyoming Battalion was the first of the reserve to enter Manila and they were also subjected to a fire which they were forbidden to return.

In the summing up, it was found that but seven of our brave soldiers had been killed, and seventeen wounded, while the Spanish losses are estimated at between eight hundred and a thousand.

To the credit of our boys be it said, not a case of loot or violence did they participate in, and the day ended a glorious, unblemished epoch in the history of our Army.

Hot Shot.

FOR THE WAYWARD AND WICKED.

Shanghai's brilliant naval critic, Mr. Cunningham-Graham, says, according to the "China Mail" of the 15th of July, that Admiral Dewey *employed English gunners, agreeing to pay them in advance, the sum of $500 for their services, and that it was due to this fact that we won the victory at Manila.*

With all due respect for Mr. C's exalted opinion of the efficiency of his countrymen's abilities as marksmen, we would like to inform him that America still supplies Yanks, whose competency in the discharge of this office has proven quite satisfactory in all our domestic and international altercations.

As Mr. Cunningham-Graham has had no material evidence of what he proclaims to be facts, and taking into consideration the *existence* of several other nations, whose subjects are, in all probability, quite on a par with the English, we arrive at the very natural conclusion that Mr. C. is a trifle bigoted, that is, prejudiced in favor of the mythical supremacy of his countrymen's powers.

No doubt Mr. C. has confined his observations to the lime-laden atmosphere of Shanghai. A more extensive range of observation may elucidate the fact that the English gunner is not "the only pebble on the beach," and the American Naval officers have more confidence in those whose patriotism, sympathy, and interests are involved, than the learned Mr. C. credits them with.

This may prove anything but a gratifying piece of knowledge, but without desiring to be iconoclastic, we feel compelled to repudiate any such aspersions on our abilities to *fight our own battles*, and we are ready to combat any other such statements, which are the result of a bigoted mind and limited observation.

In our last issue, in an answer to a comment by the Hong Kong "Telegraph" anent the possession of Kowloon, we made a remark to the effect, that, "if England did not own that place yet, *she would* in the *near* future," and sure enough our paper had hardly been issued ere we heard that the thing was to be done and that England was going to tie Kowloon to her apron string. We wish her the best of luck and won't crow too loudly over our learned contemporary, but "truth is stranger than fiction." Yea verily!

That is a rough joke on the Astor battery, and the person that started it should be made to present each man of 'em with a copy of the "Bounding Billow." The joke was to the effect that when they were taking their ammunition ashore they lost a boat-load of it.

The name of the battery was immediately changed from Astor to dis-Astor. Hard, isn't it?

Chats.

The flag hoisted by the Yankees in Manila was extra large. Probably the storekeeper, when he placed it on board, had a peep into the future and foresaw the glorious use to which it would be put.

It is over 36 feet long, 19 feet six inches wide, each separate stripe being 18 inches in breadth, and it looks well flying over the Philippines.

Perhaps it is not widely known, but "the Star Spangled Banner" flown at our fore when we put in for the "last round" on August the 13th, was presented to Admiral Dewey and the "Olympia" by the school children of the Bryant School, Plainsfield, New Jersey. With such examples of ardor and love of country, who can help but *fight?*

It was quite a feather in the caps of Stanton and Ferguson to be selected for the inestimable honor and glory of hoisting our flag at Manila; no doubt they feel correspondingly proud, and well they may.

Well, a better selection could not have been made, for they are both good fellows and patriotic to the backbone. May they live to tell their great-grandchildren about it.

We are almost at a loss to describe the heroism and fearlessness displayed by our troops. Such noble disregard of self, such zeal and ardor in performing their mission, and such patriotism and love of their flag, shows them, to the eyes of the world, the heroes they are.

The brave fellows who died in the two battles fought by our troops since their arrival, should have their names handed down to posterity side by side with the heroes of *Bunker Hill* and *Gettysburg.*

It certainly was hard on the monitors "Monterey" and "Monadnock" to make the perilous trip away out here, and then be deprived of the privilege of a shot. It was particularly hard on the former as she lay in the line of battle to bombard the city, and then to be denied a shot. Never mind, shipmates; you may have a show when we annex *Europe.*

It was undoubtedly hard on all the ships, that did not get a chance to fire, but anyway, there is little satisfaction in hitting a man who *can but won't* hit you back. At any rate we all participate equally in the glory of humbling our enemies and assuring the victory and triumph of our glorious banner; "Long may it wave"

The evening concerts inaugurated by Father Reaney of the "Olympia" are a series of roaring successes (no pun is meant) and are working wonders in passing away the time, making everybody happy and the Father himself more popular if it is possible to do so. He has won the hearts of this crew, as well as of all others with whom he has come in contact.

According to the date of the cessation of hostilities, we, the heretofore overlooked Asiatic Squadron, struck the first and the last blow of this war. We are the Alpha and Omega, "The warmest bunch of flowers in the yard."

The "Callao" certainly distinguished herself in the bombardment, and it won't surprise us to see her crew wearing medals for their gallantry on that day.

Accept our congratulations, shipmates.

The "Charleston" too, has captured a laurel wreath, in taking the Island of Guam single handed.

The Terms of Surrender.

The undersigned, having been appointed to determine the details of the capitulation of the City and defenses of Manila and its suburbs, and the Spanish forces stationed therein, in accordance with the agreement entered into the previous day by Major-General Wesley Merritt, U. S. Army, American Commander-in-Chief in the Philippines, and His Excellency Don Fermin Jaudenes, Acting General-in-Chief of the Spanish Army in the Philippines,

HAVE AGREED UPON THE FOLLOWING:

1. The Spanish troops, European and native, capitulate with the city and its defenses, with all the honors of war, depositing their arms in the places designated by the authorities of the United States, and remaining in the quarters designated and under the orders of their officers and subject to control of the aforesaid United States authorities, until the conclusion of a treaty of peace between the two belligerent nations.

All persons included in the capitulation remain at liberty, the officers remaining in their respective homes, which shall be respected as long as they observe the regulations prescribed for their government, and the laws in force.

2. Officers shall retain their side arms, horses, and private property.

3. All public horses and public property of all kinds shall be turned over to staff officers designated by the United States.

4. Complete returns in duplicate of men by organizations, and full lists of public property and stores, shall be rendered to the United States within ten days from this date.

5. All questions relating to the repatriation of officers and men of the Spanish forces and of their families, and of the expenses which said repatriation may occasion, shall be referred to the Government of the United States at Washington.

Spanish families may leave Manila at any time convenient to them.

The return of the arms surrendered by the Spanish forces, shall take place when they evacuate the city, or when the American Army evacuates.

6. Officers and men included in the capitulation shall be supplied by the United States, according to their rank, with rations and necessary aid as though they were prisoners of war, until the conclusion of a treaty of peace between the United States and Spain.

All the funds in the Spanish treasury, and all other public funds, shall be turned over to the authorities of the United States.

7. This City, its inhabitants, its churches and religious worship, its educational establishments and its private property of all descriptions, are placed under the special safeguard of the faith and honor of the American Army.

F. V. Greene,
Brigadier-General of Volunteers, U. S. Army.
B. P. Lamberton,
Captain U. S. Navy.
C. A. Whittier,
Lieut.-Col. and Inspector General.
B. H. Crowder,
Lieut.-Col. and Judge Advocate.
Nicolas de la Pena y Cuellar,
Auditor General Exemo.
Carlos Reyes Rich,
Coronel de Ingenieros.
Jose Maria Olague Feliu,
Coronel de Estado Mayor.

A TERRIBLE ACCIDENT.

Careless Handling of a Shell Causes the Death of Steward Archer.

Harry Archer, steward on the English collier "Cyrus," lying at the time in Manila Bay with coal for the U. S. Fleet, was killed by the explosion of a projectile which he was keeping as a memorial of the Battle of Manila Bay.

It seems that he was trying to force the projectile into its case, and as it was an armor piercing shell, which seldom contains powder, he tried to hammer it in by striking the point against a bulkhead, when it exploded, hurling him to the deck and frightfully mutilating his head and hands.

He was immediately transferred to the "Olympia," which was alongside taking on coal, and everything possible done to save him, but in vain. He died in fearful agony shortly after the accident.

There were quite a number of men standing around, and it was a miracle that more of them were not killed. Three of them received slight flesh wounds. Fragments of the shell had torn the deck all around the scene of the accident and dented the iron. One piece passed completely through the vessel's smoke stack.

Deceased was a young man, a native of Scotland. He had been telling the boys of his approaching marriage with one of his fair country women when he returned from this trip, which he too truly said would be his last.

He was interred in the vault at Cavite.

A Difference.

The following couple of verses were taken from the Cleveland "Plaindealer." They show the mistaken idea people at home have of Aguinaldo and his followers. We take the liberty of appending a concoction of our own, with apologies to the above estimable paper.

(As it was written.)

AGUINALDO.

We rather like your style,
Aguinaldo.
You are at it all the while,
Aguinaldo.
You step right out and fight,
And you hit with all your might,
And you make the Dons a sight,
Aguinaldo.
And when all's said and done,
Aguinaldo,
We'll remember you, my son,
Aguinaldo.
You're the friend of Uncle Sam,
And you'll find he's not a clam,
When he hands around the jam,
Aguinaldo.

(As it should have been written.)

We do not like your style,
Aguinaldo.
The Yanks are bad to rile,
Aguinaldo.
They'll make you look a sight,
If you provoke a fight,
You'll be knocked clean out o'sight,
Aguinaldo.
And it's time for you to run,
Aguinaldo,
When Uncle "gets his gun,"
Aguinaldo.
He will do the job first rate,
For he'll "lay you out in state,"
If you do not "pull your freight,"
Aguinaldo.

Obituary.

In Memoriam.

A last long sigh, a gasp, and dead;
The vital spark of life hath fled.
A mortal laid beneath the sod;
A soul immortal with its God;—
But'tis not death, immortal soul,
Thy Savior's arms, thy destined goal,
And tho' thou'rt numbered with the dead,
'Tis life e'erlasting gained instead.

L. S. Y.

Eugene McSweeney.

It is with indescribable sorrow that we again register the death of a beloved shipmate.

Eugene McSweeney, a native of San Francisco, died August 22nd of dysentery, and was interred in the vault at Cavite.

The funeral took place on the afternoon of the 23rd, and was accompanied with the usual military honors.

All vessels in the harbor halfmasted their colors in reverent tribute to the dead.

We, the crew of the Boston, extend our sincere and heartfelt sympathy to his bereaved mother, relatives, and friends, earnestly trusting they will find in the divine love and strength of our Heavenly Father, power to bear this over-whelming bereavement, always remembering that our departed one has gone before to that bright land, where, please God, we will all be reunited in a life everlasting.

Rest in Peace.

Edward W. Johnson.

Edward Johnson, aged 29 years, was drowned by falling from a tug in Manila bay.

His body was never recovered, and therefore could receive no funeral, but he now lies at peace in the vast, fathomless grave of the sailor, with the wind sighing a soft, solemn requiem over his eternal sleep, until that glorious day when the Heavenly Trumpeter will sound the last reveille, and the mighty sea will give up its dead.

The sudden blow has filled our hearts with grief. We offer our earnest condolence and sympathy to his bereaved relations and friends.

May his soul rest in peace.

Michael Carr.

Michael Carr, U. S. Flagship Olympia, died on the night of September 21st, of dysentery.

He was buried next day at two P. M. Services were held on board in the presence of the officers and crew. They were very solemn and impressive. Prayer for the departed by Father Reaney. The choir sang "Nearer my God to Thee." The reverend Father then delivered a most touching and eloquent sermon. When he had finished the choir sang that beautiful hymn, so full of promise and consolation, "Beyond the Smiling and the Weeping." During the services flags were half masted, and as the last solemn notes of the hymn died out on the still air, the escort of marines and bluejackets filed slowly over the gangway, while the pall bearers with bared heads and solemn step carried their departed shipmate to the waiting boat.

The body was interred in San Roque grave-yard. The last rites were said, the choir sang "Jesus Lover of my Soul," three volleys were fired over the open grave, the bugler sounded "Taps," and another shipmate had been laid to rest in a foreign land. May blessed peace attend his spirit.

Deceased was a native of San Francisco, aged 24 years 4 months. He had a mother living, to whom we extend our sincere sympathy in her terrible bereavement. May God give her strength to bear her burden of sorrow.

"Searchlight."

His Life and Death.

Willie Doran, better known to us as "Searchlight," was born in Portland, Oregon, in 1882, exact date not known. When eight years of age his father died, leaving a wife and two children, Willie and an older sister, who is at present residing either in San Francisco or Oakland, Cal.

Three years later his mother died, leaving the boy an orphan, with an undertaker's and doctor's bill to pay.

The brave youngster, obtaining employment in a box factory, where he earned $5.00 a week, struggled on at his work, saving his money until he had enough to pay the bills, which the undertaker and doctor, seeing and appreciating the boy's courage and firmness, cut down to half the original amount.

Finally, thinking he could improve his position, he drifted to San Francisco where, after trying his hand at almost everything with varying success, the war between the United States and Spain breaking out, he fell in with Co. D. 10th Regiment, Pennsylvania Infantry, U. S Volunteers. Being a bright, intelligent and social boy, the men took a fancy to him, and as he had no ties, took him with them to Cavite or rather Camp Dewey, where he was installed as mascot and permanent member of the Company.

He would be with the men whenever they went on outpost, always making himself useful, assisting at whatever he could. Night and day he would be found in the same condition and by the side of the men, wet, cold, and hungry, but brave as ever, and never a word of complaint passed his lips.

The men in their rough, kind way, tried to make everything easy for the lad, and oftimes one of the fortunate ones who had some eatable out of the ordinary, would save the luxury for "Searchlight" and sit back in heartfelt enjoyment at the youngster's pleasure. But whenever the little fellow had anything especially delectable he would quietly stow it away, and then find some poor fellow who was sick and turn it over to him. The sight of this little hero going about quiet and uncomplaining, gave many a weakening man fortitude to go on fighting the hardships with which he too, steadily had to contend. So courageous was he, that it seemed to him but his duty to share in all that befel the Company.

On the morning of July 31st, when the regiment was lined up preparatory to going to the support of the trenches, "Searchlight" was right with Co. D's line of "file-closers" with canteen and haversack at his side, and a spade over his shoulder. All day he put in his time examining the trenches and at 10:30 P. M. when the company was ordered on the right to reinforce that part of the line, he still kept his position as "file-closer" and when told to get back into the trenches or he might get hit, he quietly remarked, "O no I wont; they can't hit me," and although Mauser bullets were whistling and spitting uncomfortably close, they apparently could make no impression on the heart of this bold little soldier.

He was finally persuaded to go into the trenches and keep watch on a field gun. Here he was found, by a wounded soldier who had crawled back, hugging the ground, his eyes fixed on the gun. Later, after the ammunition had been exhausted and a new supply arrived, he busied himself distributing it to the men, and never once did he flinch or hesitate until all had been supplied, although bullets and shells were hissing and screaming all around him.

After the fight, (except when the company was on outpost) he would visit the hospital regularly, taking the men food, clothing, and papers from the camp.

When the regiment entered Manila, he held his same position.

While in Manila he put in his time sightseeing and became acquainted with some of the men of the Flagship "Olympia" which resulted in several visits to the vessel, where he won the hearts of the entire crew.

When the Flagship went to Hong Kong to dock, "Searchlight" was taken along and when the vessel reached there, he was given "carte blanche" to come and go at will.

A subscription was taken up, and he was given a complete sailor's outfit, of which he was extremely proud, and in which he looked very handsome and manly.

During the trip he endeared himself to every-one, officers and men, and it was with great regret that he was allowed to return to his regiment on arrival at Manila.

After returning to the camp, he contracted a severe cold which resulted in pneumonia, to which fatal disease he succumbed on the 28th of September, after about two days illness.

He was buried in the U. S. Cemetery at Maracabon, with full military honors, and in the blue-jacket uniform presented to him by the crew of the "Olympia."

We, the crew of the "Olympia" extend our sincere sympathy to the men of "Searchlight's" regiment, and join them iu bemoaning our bereavement, the loss of our little comrade.

It is proposed to take his body, with that of the other brave fellows that died out here, to America, and unless his body is claimed by his sister, he will be re-interred in the cemetery at Connellsville, Fayette County, Pennsylvania.

Subscriptions will be taken for the purpose of buying a plot and erecting a suitable headstone to his memory.

We respectfully suggest that a subscription list be started on this and the other vessels, and we are sure it will meet with the usual generous American answer. Money can be sent to Sergt. Ulsh, Co. D 10th Penn. Vol.

Death of Chaplain Freeman.

News has just reached us of the death by drowning of Chaplain Freeman, late of the U. S. S. Baltimore, at Nagasaki, Japan. He was going home on the "Zealandia" and while suffering temporary insanity, sprang overboard and was drowned ere a boat could be lowered.

Don Dago's Lament.

A-ah! Whata you t'inka? Data place-a Maneela
'Merican man mak's steal heem away:
Sinka my fin'a ship; breaka da "Casteella,"
Ina my harbor da fust day o' May.

No knocka da door, no speaka da keeper;
He sneaka right in t'ief in da night.
My brave countra-man I t'inka he sleepa,
Wake a up in da morning no sabbe da fight.

Den Senor Augustin he speaka Montojo,*
[Spanish man too, he bossa da fleet]
"You sinka da Yankee, eh! bueno amigo!°
We feeda da shark on fresha peeg's feet."

But w'ata you t'inka data Yankee man speaka?
"Aha dere Don Dago, you b'longa my pie;
I come deesa morning to taka Caveeta,
S'pose you no lik'a I blacka your eye."

Data Yankee man Dewey he verra bad mana,
He fir'a da beeg shell, he hitta da ship.
Montojo he speaka, "I'll wait till manyana;†
Wit'a da 'Reina Cristina' I geeva you da slip.

But da gringo he shoota da beg gun lak hell, he
No letta one ship getta out of hees reach;
He hitta da "Reida Cristin' in da belly
And mak'a da older run up ona da beach.

Den he speaka, "Don Dago I tak'a dis place
Because it b'longa your country a Spain
When I sinka your ship I come to your face;
Macaroni amigo, d'ye remember da 'Maine'?"

An' he tak'a Caveeta, he tak'a Maneela;
S'pose bl'me-by he tak'a old Spain?
I t'inka I go home, t'row 'way my cuchillo,‡
I no can forgetta "Remember da 'Maine'!"

L. S. Young.

* Spanish Governor and Admiral at Manila.
° Good my friend. † I'll wait till to-morrow. ‡ Knife.

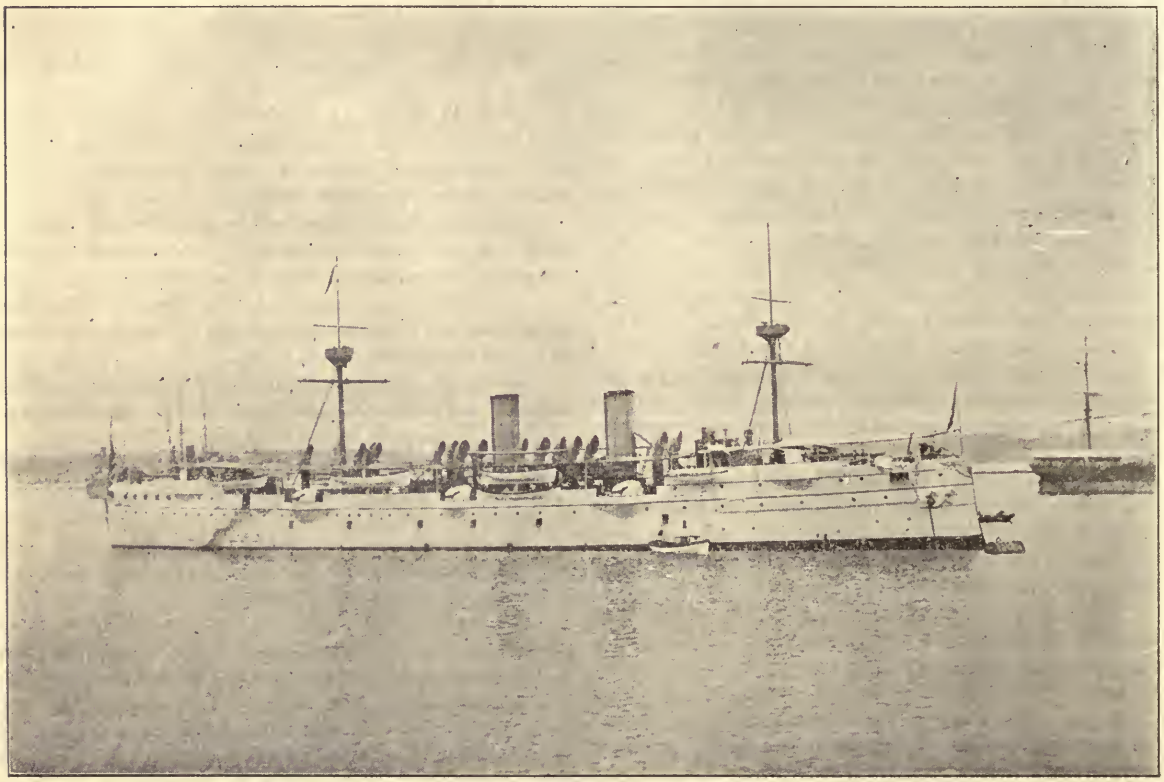
Cruise of the "Monterey" and "Monadnock"

AN ACCOUNT OF THE "SUBMARINE" PASSAGE OF THE POWERFUL MONITORS.

(From our correspondents.)

The U. S. Monitor Monterey left San Francisco, June 7th, and proceeded to San Diego where she was to join the collier "Brutus" and accompanied by the latter to proceed to Manila via Honolulu and San Luis d'Apra, to join the Asiatic Squadron.

She arrived on the afternoon of the 8th. During her stay in San Diego, visitors were thronging the vessel, inspecting and admiring the handsome craft.



U. S. S. "BALTIMORE."

On the 11th, after taking necessary stores and coal, she started on her perilous voyage with the "Brutus" in attendance. Later in the day one of the boiler tubes burst which necessitated hauling fires under the boiler in question.

The morning of the 18th, she picked up the towline, but about 11 o'clock that night it parted, and she went ahead under her own steam until next morning, when she was again taken in tow and proceeded without further mishap until she reached Honolulu, where she arrived on the afternoon of the 24th.

The crew were given liberty and were cordially received and hospitably entertained by the residents. A large number of visitors came off to see for the first time one of Uncle Sam's "flatiron scrappers."

On the 29th she again got up anchor and stood out of harbor, but owing to an accident to the "Brutus'" machinery was obliged to anchor outside until the evening of July 1st, when, the injury having been repaired, she again proceeded on her seemingly perilous cruise.

After an uneventful, though underwater passage of 23 days, she *emerged* for a breathing spell in the harbor of San Luis d'Apra, Ladrone Islands.

The weather during the passage was exceptionally fine, but intolerably hot; many of the firemen suffered greatly from the excessive heat of the sun and fire-rooms combined, though there were no serious cases of illness.

On the afternoon of the 25th. she stood out of the harbor after the "Brutus" and later in the evening was taken in tow. Nothing of moment occurred, and the passage to Cavite was made without any noteworthy happening, with the exception that during the last three days days quite a blow was encountered. She arrived at Cavite on the third of August.

Bulacan Volcano was sighted the day before arrival at Cavite, on entering the straits of San Bernardino, and was the first land sighted after leaving the Ladrones.

As she plunged through the heavy swell to her anchorage amid the fleet, the crews of the American men o'war welcomed her with many hearty cheers, for she was looked upon as the precursor of a speedy attack upon the city.

The Monterey is a low freeboard monitor, 4,084 tons, 5,244 horsepower, twin screws. She carries a battery of two 10 and two 12 inch guns and a secondary battery of six 6 and four 1 pdrs.

The "Monadnock."

With bunkers and every available place from the superstructure deck down, filled with coal, the "Monadnock" in company with the collier "Nero," steamed out of San Francisco, June, 25th, for her long, hazardous trip across the Pacific, to Manila, via Honolulu. As she swept grimly down the bay, the cheering thousands on the shore growing into a dark mass, the screaming whistles of steamers, tugs, and factories made a medley of sound that told better than words the tumult of patriotic ardor that was sweeping through our country and struck an answering chord in the hearts of the brave boys on the "fighting flat-iron." The army signal-men "wigwagged" a Godspeed, and the lightship on the bar gave her a parting salute.

The first night out was very disagreeable. Quite a heavy sea was running, one particularly heavy one carrying away the port life buoy and about 30 tons of coal from the after turret.

Diamond Head was sighted about 3:30 Sunday afternoon July 3rd. The "Mohican" was in port and her crew manned the rigging and cheered the doughty monitor as she steamed into the harbor.

It takes a sailor to truly realize the magnitude of the peril in undertaking this trip. The "Monadnock" surprised all hands by her quick trip, and it is thought she could have made it in a day less had it not been for the "Nero." The trip took about 10 days and 4 hours.

On the "Glorious Fourth" everything afloat and ashore was decked out in bunting of every description. It was a holiday for both the Americans and Hawaiians. Red, white and blue predominated, and "yellow" was conspicuous by its absence. At noon a salute of 42 guns were fired, 21 for each nation, by all the vessels in harbor and the battery ashore.

July 6th the troopships "Indiana" and "Morgan City" arrived. General MacArthur visited and inspected the monitor, receiving the honers due his rank.

On the 7th the steamer "Newport" arrived carrying General Merrit and staff and a number of soldiers. He received a salute of 13 guns.

Next day the troop ships "Indiana" "Morgan City," "City of Para" "Valencia" and "Newport" having completed coaling, left for Manila.

The crew of the "Monadnock" were entertained and given a luncheon by the ladies of Honolulu and had a very pleasant time. The boys feel greatly honored by their reception, and will always remember with pleasure and regret the good people and times in Honolulu.

Owing to the breaking down of the "Indiana," the five transports returned and anchored in the harbor.

On the thirteenth, after coaling and completing repairs, the "Monadnock" prepared to leave. At eleven o'clock she got up ancher and left Honolulu. About 2 P. M. the mail steamer "Coptic" togged out in gala attire, was sighted and boarded. From her the news was received of the annexation of the Hawaiin Islands, the destruction of Cervera's fleet, and the approaching surrender of Santiago; also that Camara's squadron had entered the Suez Canal on its way to the Philippines, and last but not least, the bombardment and capture of Guam by the "Charleston."

The weather was all that could be desired, the only drawback being the intense heat which made it very uncomfortable, especially in the firerooms and on the berth-deck.

August 3rd the island of Guam of the Ladrone group was sighted and at 1:20 P. M. the Monadnock anchored and the "Nero" was hauled alongside to give the monitor coal.

There was no sickness on board except a few cases of firemen overcome by heat.

Natives came alongside with chickens and all kinds of fruit, which were very acceptahle after twenty days of "Gov'ment straight," and as their prices were reasonable, the boys lay in quite a stock for "sea stores."

Everything was quiet and the natives appeared to be rather glad to be under the American flag.

By the sixth she had finished coaling and prepared for sea. At 11 o'clock a man-o'-war was sighted coming in. The

monitor was cleared for action. The vessel proved to be a German corvette, ten days out from Nagasaki, but could or rather would give no information whatever.

At 1:45 P. M. the "Monadnock" left in tow of the "Nero" and arrived at Manila on the 16th of August. Nothing of moment transpired during the run, the only bad weather encountered being on the night of the 15th, and that only of short duration, but sufficient to make it decidedly interesting for all.

The "Monadnock" is a double turret monitor, twin screws, 3,990 tons, 3,000 horse-power and twelve knots speed. She carries four 10, and two rapid fire 4 inch in her main battery and two 6, two 3, and two 1 pdrs, and two machine guns in the secondary.

Dewey, the King of the Sea.

AIR :—"THE PRODIGAL SON."

We have a bold sailor in Manila bay,
We have! We have!
He captured the whole place in half a day,
He did! He did!
The gunners they made every shot tell
While they were not touched by a single shell.
"Remember the 'Maine' and give 'em h—ll.'
Sang Dewey, the King of the Sea. [Repeat.]

They avenged our boys who were killed on th' Maine,
They did! They did!
The Spaniards wont try dirty tricks again.
They wont! They wont!
When Dewey sailed into Manila Bay,
A short time ago on the First of May,
The Spaniards found out it was moving day,
Sang Dewey, the King of the Sea. [Repeat.]

Our gallant ships slipped through their lines.
They did! They did!
They sailed right over the harbour mines.
They did! They did!

The gunners were primed with American RUM, [?]
They dodged and juggled each whistling bomb,
Sent three hundred Spaniards to "Kingdom Come."
Sang Dewey, the King of the Sea. [Repeat.]

The battery fired their shot and shell,
They did! They did!
But into the water each one fell.
It did! It did!
Then the flagship turned her ugly snoot,
Her forward turret began to toot.
"We'll give'em points on how to shoot,"
Sang Dewey, the King of the Sea. [Repeat.]

A torpedo boat came out with a dash.
It did! It did!
For the fleet it started like a flash.
It did! It did!
Not a man at his post was seen to flinch.
The Commodore gave the button a pinch.
"Let go your six-pounders, Oh what a cinch!"
Sang Dewey, the King of the Sea. [Repeat.]

A dispatch came into Washington,
It did. It did.
And this is the way the lines they run,
It is. It is.
Their squadron now is wringing wet,
We made their gunners up and get.
We scared them so they're running yet."
Sang Dewey, the King of the Sea. [Repeat.]

C. C. Webster.
Astor Battery, U. S. Army.

Suspected Filibuster.

REBEL STEAMER "PASIG" CAPTURED BY THE "MCCULLOCH."

GUNBOAT ALSO UNDER SURVEILLANCE.

Early on the morning of September 26th, a steamer was sighted entering the harbor. She was hove to and boarded by the "McCulloch" when it was found that she was the insurgent steamer "Pasig" masquerading under the name of "Abbey" from Canton, China.

On being searched, 25 rifles, 4,580 rounds of ammunition, and several hundred dollars worth of stores were found aboard.

The crew were sent ashore and the vessel confiscated, while a crew from the "Olympia" replaced them.

The "Pasig" is a small steamer of about 150 tons, single screw, and about twelve knots.

During the afternoon a gunboat came in flying the Filipino flag. She steamed by the fleet at full speed and anchored in Bacoor bay.

Just about dusk an armed party of twenty blue-jackets were sent from the "Olympia" to the gunboat "Callao," which vessel immediately got up anchor and steamed to a position close by the rebel vessel. All guns were loaded, and the men stood in each gangway ready for trouble at close quarters. However she made no hostile demonstration. The object of placing her under surveillance was to prevent the landing of arms or the departure of the vessel.

Next day the "Concord" and "Manila" took positions to support the "Callao" and the men were returned to the flagship.

The vessel still lies in Bacoor bay, where she will, in all probability, remain.

Grand Entertainment!!!

The "Olympia's Four Hundred" will give an exhibition of histrionic perfection, in a splendid entertainment and minstrel show, on Wednesday evening, October 26th, 1898, on board the Flagship. Everybody who can attend will be given a cordial welcome. A Grand Olio will be presented. Admission Free. Children half price.

Notes During and After the Bombardment.

Just after the surrender of the city, the Spaniards set fire to and scuttled the transport "Cebu" at the mouth of the Pasig River. Our boys attempted to save the vessel, but she sank before any thing could be done.

The water however extinguished the flames, and as the river is shallow at this point, there is a possibility that she may be raised.

The insurgents were very sore over the stand taken by the U. S. authorities in not letting them enter the city under arms. It was the best thing that ever occurred, as doing so would have resulted in rioting, bloodshed and destruction of property. Considerable pillaging was done on the outskirts of the city, but our soldiers nobly did all they could to prevent this.

Our country's object in this was was a just and humane one and deserves commendation, but to turn these islands over to a man whose control over the inhabitants is limited, and in imminent danger of being lost entirely, would be the worst thing that could possibly happen. Far better would it be to return the Philippines to Spain, than to a man who will in all probability sell the country as he did once before, or be the cause of internal strife and lawlessness. Aguinaldo's taxation is worse than Spain's.

Our retention of these islands will assure a form of government that will advance the country morally and mentally, insure "equal rights for all," open the road for commerce to the world, and give us a stronghold in the Pacific, from which we can protect our extensive and practically unprotected western coast.

Soon after the taking of Manila, Aguinaldo took possession of the water-works above the city and attempted to hold them.

He was given until the following Sunday to withdraw his gang. Just as was expected, as soon as he saw the determined stand taken, and realized that this was not Spain but a people who would stand no foolishness, he vacated the position.

At one time, it is said, he demanded that the U. S. Government build him a palace and proclaim him President. What he really expected was, that we would act on the Spanish plan, and buy him off. Well, he may succeed, but the payment will be cold lead delivered by one of our Springfield paying tellers.

The "Peru" and "City of Pueblo" arrived on the 21st bringing the fourth detachment of troops, numbering about twenty four hundred.

After the surrender of Manila the "Nanshan" began grappling for the cable which we had cut on the fourth of May. She repaired it about the 19th. The first message to come from the States over this cable was as follows.

Washington, Aug. 22nd 1898.

Dewey, Manila, via Hong Kong:—

Receive for yourself and for the officers, sailors and marines of your command, my thanks and congratulations and those of the nation, for the gallant conduct all have again so conspicuously displayed,

Signed

Wm McKinley.

The above cablegram was read to the crew mustered on the superstructure deck. Three cheers were given for the President and Admiral when the message was read.

After the cheering had subsided the Admiral announced that he was about to send the ship up to Hong Kong to dock, and was going to give liberty, and that made the boys yell again. He had struck the right place, for many of us had been on board for six months, which is a long time to be cooped up on board ship.

On the 26th we left for Hong Kong. We had with us, on this trip two very important personages, "Boots" and "Searchlight," Mascots to the "fighting tenth" Pennsylvania Volunteers.

One day about a week ago, "Boots" came on board and asked to see the Admiral. He was granted an interview and the Admiral had quite a laugh at the comical figure he cut—in the old slouch hat, big coat and trousers and heavy boots. During the course of the conversation he asked the Admiral to let him go to Hong Kong with us. The Admiral told him certainly he could go, and that a boat would be sent for him Friday.

He came out of the cabin with his pockets full of nuts and candy and his face radiant. "Say," he whispered, exultingly, "Me and Searchlight's goin't Hong Kong wid ye. De Admiral said so," then confidentially, "Gee. but de Old Man's a peach!"

Thursday afternoon he came aboard again with his comrade "Searchlight," a bright, gentlemanly fellow, who although he claimed to be sixteen did not look more than eleven years of of age.

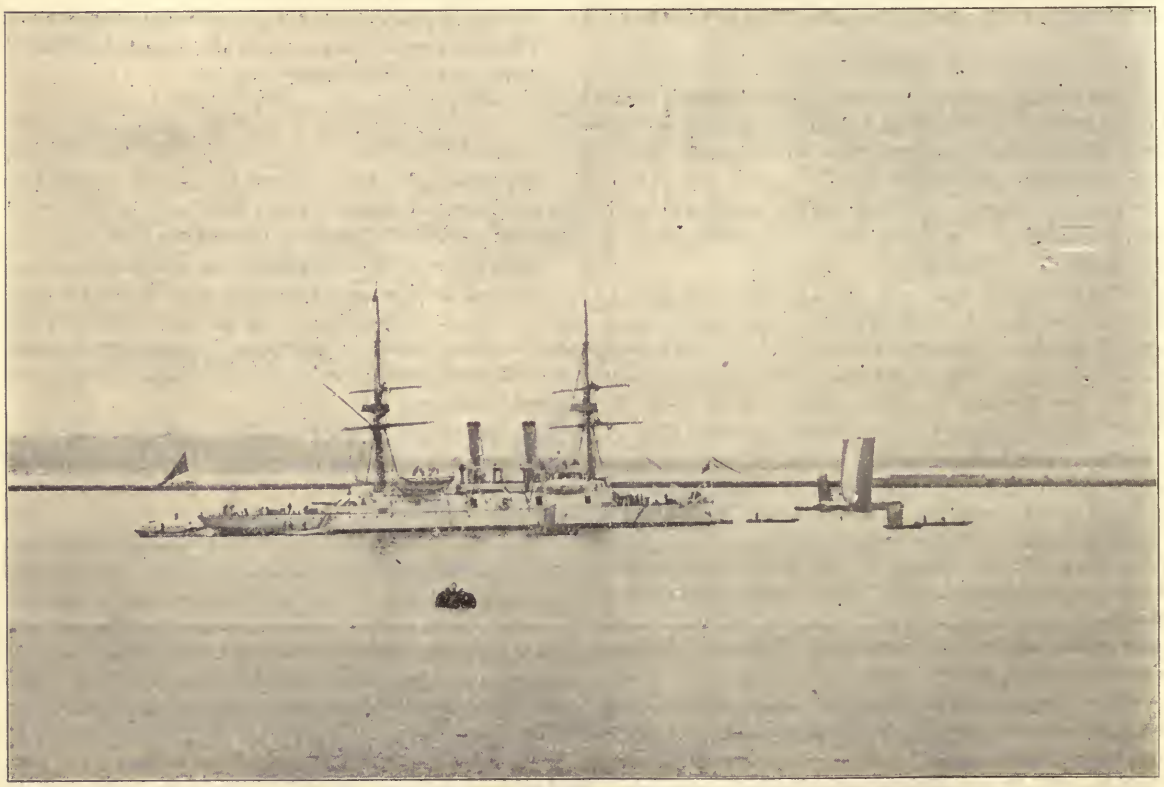
Well, they installed themselves on board and in a short time had crept into the affections of the crew, to whom the sight of a child was like a touch of nature at any time. By the time we reached Hong Kong they were general favorites. A subscription was started and several hundred dollars was subscribed. They were each given a couple of suits of "real-sailor's clothes" as little "Search" called them.

The little fellows had been in all the engagements, and were with the first to enter the city of Manila after its capitulation. Both of them together would hardly tip the scales at a hundred, but they made up in good nature and cheery disposition what they lacked in weight.

We arrived in Hong Kong about 7 a.m. the morning of the 28th and the same afternoon the boys togged out for a high old time, and they had it. That liberty was certainly appreciated. The two youngsters had their pictures taken in every conceivable attitude a hundred and one times, and were offered all kinds of prices for them.

Next day the ship went into dock, had her bottom cleaned and painted in a hurry, and on the third of September started back for Manila, where we arrived about midnight of the Sixth.

On the 21st of September, the "Boston," "Manila" and "Raleigh" left for a cruise of ten days around the islands, the two former going north and the other south. Their object was, as far as could be learned, to find out if possible the attitude the people in the different towns and seaports among the islands.



U. S. S. "BOSTON."

THE "BOUNDING BILLOW.'

• • • Published in the interests of American Men-o'-Warsmen. • • •

Published at intervals on U. S. F.S. Olympia. | MANILA, P. I., NOV.-DEC., 1898. | Vol. I. No. 7.

A Rough Trip.

"Boston," "Petrel," and "Nero" Run Into a Typhoon.

News reached us of an uprising among the Chinese at Pekin. Fearing their antipathy to foreigners might lead to the harm of Americans and Europeans residing in the capital, the "Boston" and "Petrel" with extra details of marines were ordered to the scene of the threatened revolt.

They left Manila on the evening of October 4th, accompanied by the collier "Nero," bound for Tien Tsin, as near to the capital as vessels of their draught could go.

After a couple of days out the weather became bad and a severe typhoon was encountered. The "Boston" was compelled to put into Amoy, owing to the stress of weather, and the "Nero" put into Taku, China, with her coal bunkers on fire from spontaneous combustion.

The "Petrel" had a very rough time of it, but managed to reach her destination. No particulars have been received from any of the vessels respecting the trip, but we expect to receive a complete account of their experiences by the next mail.

When they arrived at Tien Tsin, the marines and a company of blue-jackets were landed and marched to the capital under arms. If any trouble arises, the interests of American subjects will be well looked after.

Men-o'-war representing nearly all the nations with interests in China, are at Tien Tsin and will make short work of the malcontents if they overstep the bounds.

The Thespians.

Our Burnt cork Comedians Prize Winners.

An October night on board the Flagship "Olympia." So read the programme of as fine a show as ever graced the boards of a man-o'-war stage, and many sure enough there have been.

Once again the Thespian's stately tread is heard on the Rialto.

Many and warm were the quips and jests of these button-bursting merry makers that flew from end to end. Laughter held sway and joy reigned supreme.

The night was mellow and just cool enough for enjoyment. Boat-load after boat-load of visitors arrived, all primed for fun and a night of enjoyment, and they had it. The reaction from the mundane existence we have had since there have been no more "Don Dagos" to whip, was greatly appreciated by all.

We were glad to see some of our soldier boys on board, and will always be delighted to entertain any of them who will come over to see us.

To our Chaplain, Father Reaney, are we indebted for the bringing about of this much needed diversion; to our manager 'Rastus do we owe our thanks for the splendid olio presented, and for the handsome decorations and the precision and harmony with which everything was carried out, we give all praise to little Johnny Grady, the hardest working man in the company.

When the curtain arose (towards the deck) with "out of town" punctuality to the hour, our Senegambian-hued artists received a round of applause that took the kinks out of the $1.49 wigs they wore, and made the tails of Toohey's rose colored clawhammer draw tacks out of the bunting-covered divan on which he sat.

The programme was first class, and the show ran off as smoothly as a "blue point on the half shell."

The curtain raiser consisted of a selection of gems entitled "Tit Bits." The entire programme was as follows:—

Minstrelsy.

Interlocutor, M. W. Creagh.

Bones.	Tambos.
J. E. Wallace	T. P. Toohey.
J. W. Smith	W. Baxter.

—WE'RE OFF—

Opening Chorus, "Tid Bits."	Company.
Song, "Dear Louise."	J. J. Vanderveer.
Song, "Fare you Well."	J. E. Wallace.
Song, "There'll Come a Time."	W. J. Hutton.
Song, "My Baby's Come to Town."	W. Baxter.
Song, "Irene."	W. G. Herbert.
Song, "Scotch Lassie Jane."	T. P. Toohey.
Song, "Cast Aside."	W. Fremgen.
Song, "Lock on Chicken Coop Door."	W. Smith.

Side Splitting Finale, "The Rival Telephones."

Wallace. Toohey.

Intermission of 15 minutes.

—OLIO—

"Scottie's Arrival" or "Hoot Mon's Lament." J. Hauser.
Vanderveer and Dutreaux in up to date march songs.
Sketch, "The Rival Waiters." J. E. Wallace, S. Ferguson, W. Smith.
"Please Mistah Dewey, when is we gwine home." L. S. Young
Baxter & Herbert. Character sketch, "Knights of the Road."
Our old favorite, J. W. Smith. Fancy steps from ole Virginny or the "Hoe-down" as she's hoed.
Guitar Solo. "Souvenir d'Amerique.', (Romero.) J. C Jordan.
W. Smith, S. Ferguson. "Happy Moments."

The entertainment closed at about 10.30 P. M. and as the visitors left the ship they gave three cheers for the crew of the Flagship, which were answered with heartfelt vigor.

McCulloch Homeward Bound.

The U. S. Revenue Cutter McCulloch, the brave little vessel that acted as dispatch boat for the fleet, left here for San Francisco on the 16th of November. She took with her the heartfelt good wishes of the fleet for a pleasant voyage and a safe arrival home.

A "Five inch" as in action.

One act Farce.

"Anatomy."

Dr. Sawbones ... ... J. E. Colthurst.
'Rastus... ... ... J. E. Wallace.
Fairy (The Dr's. daughter) ... ... W. T. McNiff.
Harry Goldbrick ... ... J. Hauser.

Scene I—Street in Trilbyville. Scene II.—Dr. Sawbones' vivisecting department.

The "Star Spangled Banner," Long may she wave. Everybody !!!

Situations Wanted.

Wanted—Position wanted by a cook of no mean ability, if he does say it himself; an artist in home made beefsteaks and canned corn beef; where he gets more money, rest and days off than in present position. Address G. H. Martell.

Wanted—A water tender of quiet disposition wants a good position to hold down deck planking. Apply J. Marks, mess 12.

Wanted—Work wanted by a tired but happy sailmakers' mate. Apply C. Larsen care C. Amadon.

Wanted—Position wanted by a fireman, 1st class, to cut grass or any old thing. Address J. Martin.

Wanted—A good soft calking mat that needs an experienced man to hold it down. Apply J. Bruce.

Wanted—An experienced coal passer desires work badly. Address "Stormy" Jones, Mess 14.

Lost, Found, & Rewards.

Lost—Two squilgees from third division.
Found—The guy that swiped 'em.
Reward—No questions asked if promptly returned, and a broken neck if not. Apply 3rd Division.

Found—A man who wouldn't read this paper. Must state that it is a Filipino.

Lost—A solid steel hammock ring. A suitable reward if returned to "Jack" Weir.

Lost, strayed, or stolen—A U. S. Cruiser; Answers to the name 'Buffalo.' Last heard of on her way to Manila with 600 men for this fleet. Reward for information.

Christmas was celebrated in true Yankee style by all the ships in harbor, "with plenty of good things for all." Palmleaf decorations greeted the eyes everywhere.

Boxes of sweet meats were coming in on every steamer for the boys, and they were studies of the culinary comforts of the "Old home":—Jam, jelly, cookies, candy, fruit cake, and what not? Things of which only mothers think.

What a time we'll have when we get back! Mass was held on board the "Olympia" by Father Reaney in the morning, and some of the California Volunteers promised to be over and sing but arrived too late for the services; never too late to sing their greatly appreciated songs and speak their much admired speeches. We hope you will come often and stay late, boys; the dry condition of the ship can't be helped; you know where the rub comes.

The beautiful "vermilion tinted Shanghai," that some one let soar from the truck of the "Raleigh" as she was cheering, out ward bound for home, came near meeting with an untimely death; but he is bracing up now and getting to be himself again.

His appearance proclaims him a victor in many a cock pit, if absence of tail feathers is any criterion.

Grave apprehensions were felt for his life, even after being rescued by the "Steam Launch" from the maelstrom of the departing ship, but in gentle hands, he soon came to. He stood for days on one leg, both eyes shut, and gaping for air. We are glad to say as this goes to press that the rooster is as happy as any chicken on the ship. He took an active part in the "Christmas" festivities and greatly enjoyed the kindly proffered mince and custard pies. If no one gets hungry, he may be with us next Christmas?

Help Wanted.

Wanted:—A lightning, short order chef de cuisine, to cater to the wants of 21 delicate Stomachs and a Dootchman who likes "floop cakes." Apply—G. H. Martell, Mess 21.

Wanted—A young man who can win Christmas turkeys; play the guitar and piano; lend a hand to make homeward bound biscuits, and Spanish chest protectors, (pan cakes); keep the fore castle sitting room in good order, and see that the "second mate," does not get left at mess gear.
Apply—J. P. Judge, Mess 2.

Wanted—A good cook, either gender, to take the place of the boss while on liberty, must be willing to work nine days steady. Apply—W. T. Chalmers, Mess 10.

Wanted—A strong handsome young man, not too stout, to work off extra duty by proxy. Apply—R. Schmidt, Cook 11.

Wanted—A good strong able bodied boy to assist in kitchen and dust down furniture. Apply—Abe. Smith, Mess 16.

Wanted—Experienced dishwasher, one satisfied to eat what the boarders don't want. Apply—S. Leppard, Mess 12.

Wanted—A first class berth deck slusher, to dust off the crows on the Machinist's arms. Apply—M. Johnson, Mess 9.

Wanted—Experienced young man that dont drink, smoke or swear. Spanish preferred, to try and eject loafers from washroom 1. Apply—Speedy.

Wanted—Assistant cook, must have experience in scrambled eggs, cracker hash and pate de foie gras.
Apply—P. Gaul, Mess 15.

Wanted—A hash machine and a good strong man to grind it.
Apply—C. J. Wise, Mess 8.

Wanted—A man who has traveled with a circus, to juggle dish rag and bro m. Apply—McLean, Mess 3.

Wanted—A good heavy weight, to guard dish towels and mess gear. No pie eaters need. apply—E. Russel, Mess 4.

Wanted—A good cook, willing to do four fifths of the work and receive one fifth of the money.
Apply—C. A. Channel, Mess 7½.

Wanted—A neat, clean, old man, to dump the swill and carry coal to the galley. Apply—"Stormy" Jones,
"The hero of Guam"
Mess 14.

Wanted—Information of the whereabouts of General Liberty, an old veteran, lost some where between Mirs Bay and Manila.
Address—Care Editor.

Naval Notes.

Nov. 13 - Gunner Andrew Olsson, reported aboard the "Olympia" for duty. He was ordered to her from the New York Navy Yard.

Dec. 18.—Acting Boatswain, A. Rettig reported aboard the "Olympia" for duty. From the U. S. S. Nanshan.

Dec. 19.—The Isla de Cuba and Isla de Luzon left for Hongkong to undergo repairs, in the hands of the H. K. Wrecking Co.

Dec. 19.—The U. S. S. Concord came in from Hong Kong and dropped anchor at 9.45 a.m.

Dec. 22.—The U. S. S. Petrel came in from Shanghai and anchored off Cavite.

Dec. 23.—Carpenter F. C. Itrich joined the "Olympia" for duty. From the "Petrel."

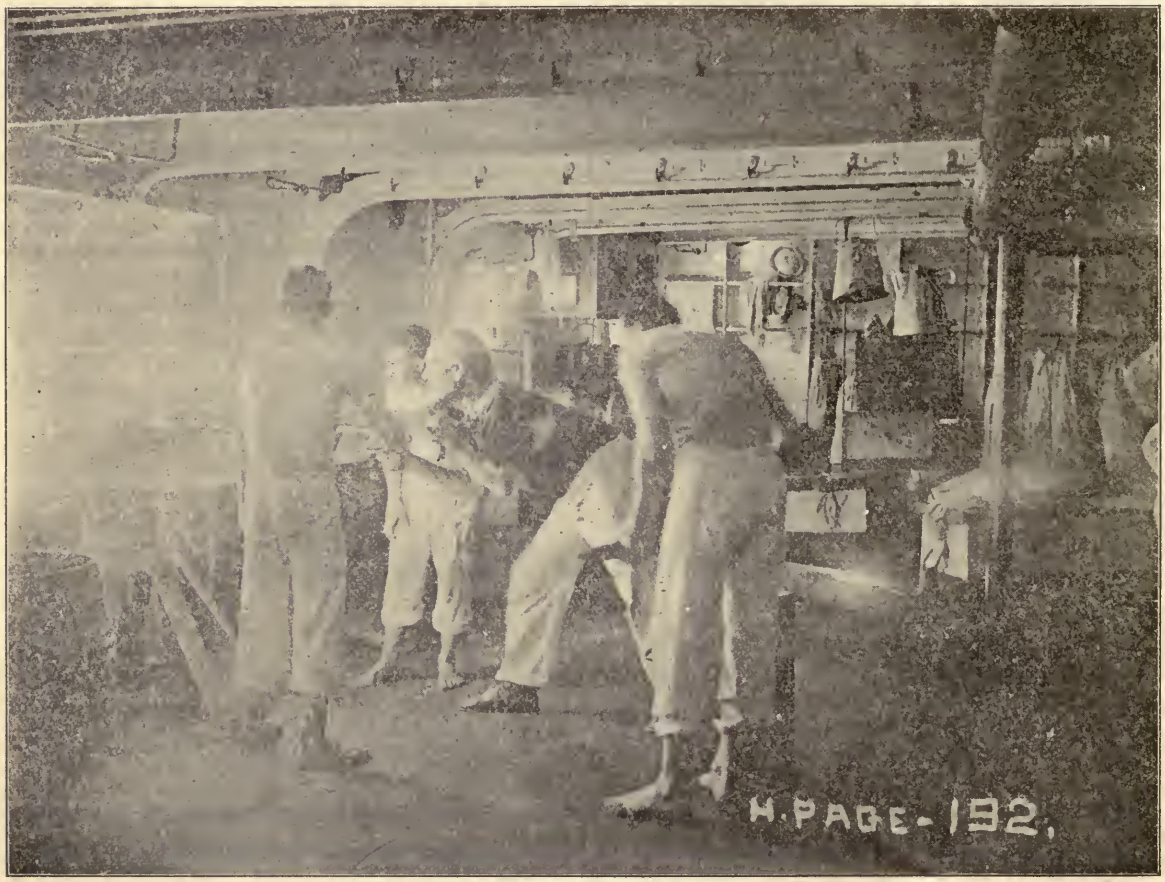
Dec. 23.—The U. S. S. Boston, came in and fired a salute of 13 guns. Commanded by Cap't Wild, he having relieved Cap't Frank Wildes, who commanded her at the "Battle of Manila Bay."

Dec. 26.—At 9.30 p.m., The Baltimore got under way "for Iloilo." She is to convoy the troop ships "Arizona," New port, and "Pennsylvania."

'Rastus and Harry Goldbrick are in the tailoring business, and bigger frauds never existed. But then they have a big drawing card, as "Miss Fairy Sawbones" (or rather all bones) patronizes them. They charge a few shillings a suit. Cheap at half the price.

Chats.

This is the "farewell issue" of the "Bounding Billow," and the Editor wishes to thank you one and all for the kind support you have given his humble efforts.



A Torpedo attack.

Hot Shot.

FOR THE WAYWARD AND WICKED.

The "Olympia's Rough Riders" are now third class. They'll be going on liberty by the time it stops raining.

Watch for our book, "Story of the Cruise" and the "Bounding Billows" complete. Handsomely bound, profusely illustrated. Everybody wants one. Order now.

The career of this little sheet has been marked by many stirring and historical events, and it has always endeavored to be fair, just, and impartial in all it has set forth.

Our mission ended with the approaching close of our eventful cruise, we bid you all farewell, hoping that in the future years, when you read the time yellowed pages to your children's children, and recount the story of the present day, your thoughts will be carried back to the days when we were all shipmates together in the vessels of the Asiatic squadron; and to the Editor and Printer who now bid you adieu, and express the wish that your future lives will be happy, peaceful and prosperous.

"The American" states in an article in the issue of Nov. 12th, that we sunk the "Manila," "Callao" and "Leyte." This is wrong. For the benefit of the people who may be led astray by this article, we will explain how these vessels fell into our hands.

The "Manila" transport, two guns, was run ashore by the Spanish, May 1st. Towed off by the "Petrel" on the fourth.

The "Callao" came into Cavite from some of the other islands, and knew nothing of war being declared. This was on the 12th. She came in flying the Spanish colors, and was hove to by a few shells from the "Raleigh" "Baltimore" and "Olympia." She surrendered.

The "Leyte" came out from the Pasig river, and was escorted by the "McCulloch" to Cavite and surrendered to Admiral Dewey. They wanted care for the sick and wounded, of which there were about 180, and protection from the insurgents.

The Manila is the only vessel as large as the "Petrel."

Our contemporary was probably handicapped as regards facilities for obtaining naval news, the same as we are regarding the army.

We must apologize for the incomplete account of the land attack on Manila, in our last issue. For the account in question and our lack of shore news, we must plead our inability to obtain information owing to limited communication with the shore.

Several letters have been received complaining that certain regiments, companies, or individuals, did not get full credit; but none of the writers of these tried to give any lucid information, that we could publish. Any authentic information would gladly be published. Equal rights for all is our object.

This issue is printed on captured paper, and even though the war is over, we still derive benefits from the downfall of the "Dons."

Homeward Bound.

A number of our old shipmates have gone home on the U. S. Collier Nero. We wish them all the good old things this world has in store for them.

They are a good crowd and if we continue in the service, we hope again to be shipmates with them, or meet in the quieter walks of home life and talk over the old days, as true veterans should.

Well boys, may all your future lives be a pleasant voyage on an untroubled, peaceful sea, and when the time comes to enter your last harbor, may your anchor be dropped amid brightness and joy, in that beautiful bourne that is open to us all, and may the great Harbor Master moor your frail craft in the sunshine of His divine love, and give you eternal peace.

Au revoir, and God be with you till we meet again. This is a farewell greeting from your old shipmates in the "Bloomin' Queen of the Pacific."

The "Nero" sailed for 'Frisco direct on December 1st 1898.

The Men Left Behind.

Well, some of the boys are bound for home,
To the dear old States they go,
And whilst they're sailing across the foam,
We wait for the "Buffalo."

They are sad, they say, to leave us,
Well, we're sure they wouldn't lie,
Still we cannot help but notice
That no tear drop dims their eye.

To all the "homeward-bound" boys
We wish a pleasant trip,
A furlough full of tend'rest joys,
Next cruise an "easy ship."

And we hope some day to meet you,
And renew the happy past:
In "God's country" soon to greet you,
Is our wish from first to last.

For our hearts are ever throbbing
With love for the dear, old home;
In our throats a lump is bobbing,
And we vow no more to roam.

Tho' our "pay-day's" naught but zeros,
We have no cause to sigh,
For we'll go home as "Dewey's Heroes,"
In the sweet bye and bye.

L. S. Young.

Cruise of the "Olympia."

Every man, woman and child should possess one of these fine books. They will be an ornament to every library, a suitable gift and an authentic story of the eventful cruise of the beautiful cruiser from the year 1895 to 1898 inclusive, giving a detailed account of her many adventures, with complete descriptions of ports stopped at, customs of the people, religions, and so forth. Containing fifty beautiful illustrations, the "Bounding Billow" is a complete and succinct history of the part played by the Asiatic Squadron in the war between the United States and Spain.

Order now and be sure to procure one. A limited number being printed for the first edition.

Orders will be taken on the "Olympia" by W. W. Weaver.

Naval Notes.

The U. S. S. Raleigh has been ordered to New York by way of the Suez Canal. She takes 126 of the "Olympia's" crew, among them the Editor, to whom, with all due respect, we wish a pleasant voyage. She leaves Thursday Dec. 15th.

The U. S. Collier Brutus has been ordered to San Francisco. She takes quite a number of the "Baltimore's" overtime men with her. Leaves on or about December 15th.

On the 4th of December the lately raised Spanish gunboat "Isla de Cuba" made her trial trip. She averaged about ten knots.

She was loudly cheered as she passed the fleet.

On the 12th, the "Isla de Luzon," another of the raised vessels, went on her trial trip.

Again and again we thank you all; the name of Idaho and California will always awaken in our minds memories of the pleasure given us, and in our hearts there are gratitude and good wishes to one and all.

Goodbye.

The boys going home on the "Raleigh" and "Brutus" wish to say goodbye to the rest of the fleet, the Army, and last, but not least, their shipmates who are left behind, but who we hope will not be far behind us. Goodbye, and God be with you till we meet again.

The Diamond Diggers.

Thanks.

The crew of the Flagship extend a sincere and heartfelt vote of thanks to the Idaho band and the California volunteers.

The former came on board and treated us to a most beautiful musical programme.

The Californias gave us an entertainment that will live in the history of the cruise of the "Olympia." Many original and catchy songs, recitations, and discourses on various humorous features of soldiers life in Luzon were given.

Base Ball Schedule.

"Olympia" vs 18th U. S. Infantry.

Score:

"Olympia" 11. 18th Infantry, 10.

"Olympia" vs 18th U. S. Infantry.

Score:

"Olympia" 28. 18th, Infantry, 9.

Colorado vs "Olympia."
Score:
Colorado 8 "Olympia" 6.

Utah, vs "Olympia."
Score:
Utah 11. "Olympia" 10.

"Olympia" vs Utah.
Score:
"Olympia" 7. Utah, 5.

The Flagship team succeeded in winning the farewell game. The larger portion of the base ball team leaves in the "Raleigh" and they desire to express their respect for the various teams they have played, and hope that they will all meet again in "God's Country."

Rainy Season.

"Rainy season only lasts three months" (A writer on the Philippines.) Three months must be a Philippine year, for it rains every year and every day of the year. Thirty days rain to one of sunshine. "(Sailor Jack)."

The rain it raineth ev'ry day
From January first.
The sky is always dingy gray.
It's here the rain-clouds burst.

The rain it only reigns twelve months
Of ev'ry common year.
The people always speak in grunts;
Of colds they're never clear.

The fever, ague and festive chills
With one are sure to lodge.
And a resting place 'mid Luzon's hills
Will be blamed hard to dodge.

L. S. Young.

Greeting.

From far away over the ocean
Came a "Bounding Billow" to day,
That arouses our keenest emotion,
As we read of a recent affray,
When the Sons of America bravely,
Entered the harbor where foemen prepared
To sink and destroy our vessels,
Ne'er for a moment despaired,—
The voice of the American host
Is singing your praises alond.
Each one from boy to commander.
Has reason and right to be proud.
We extend you our kindliest greeting,
Success be the lot of each one,
From Maine to the distant Pacific,
The cry is, "your work is well done."
To you "Bounding Billow" the message,
Though told by others before,
Was ne'er so plainly portrayed
So 'twill ever be treasured and stored.

W. W. Cooley.

Thanksgiving Day.

The weather early in the morning looked rather threatening, but after a slight rainfall the sky cleared, and the boys began to pluck up courage. At 9: 30 o'clock Father Reaney in a beautiful sermon, recounted the numerous things we had to be thankful for, and after asking a divine blessing on all, the rest of the day was devoted to merry-making. Invitations were extended to both the Army and the rest of the Fleet to participate in the festivities.

About 10:20 a. m. the boat races began with a match dinghy race between officers of the "Olympia" "Baltimore," "Charleston" and "Monterey" resulting in a victory for the "Monterey's" speedy boat. "Olympia" 2nd.

The barge race was won by the "Monterey," the cutter, by the "Concord" and dinghy apprentices, by the "Baltimore."

The races gave a good appetite for dinner, which was served in grand style at precisely twelve o'clock.

After dinner the boys adjourned to the upper deck where the deck sports were about to begin.

They opened with a race over the mast head which was won by Ferguson, "Olympia," with Rolf of the same ship a good second.

The three legged race was run in two heats, and won by Young and Crown, Ferguson and Bristol 2nd.

Hurdle race. two heats, Ferguson 1st, Dolph 2nd.

Obstacle race, Ferguson 1st, Young 2nd.

Spud race, Ferguson 1st, Ricker 2nd.

Spoon race, Ferguson 1st, Ricker 2nd.

Shoe and Stocking race, Ricker 1st, Ferguson 2nd.

"Go as you please" (10 minutes) was won by Mr. Tilson of the "American Soldier," who won the admiration of everyone by his beautiful running. The second prize was won by Bristol of the "Olympia," and the third was taken by Mc-Crea of the "Zafiro."

The "cakewalk" was a marvel of grace and burnt cork. Shipmates Wallace and "Fairy" McNiff made most creditable belles, while W. Smith and "Dave" Baxter were beaux whom even the renowned Brummel might envy.

Smith and Wallace won the cake. Baxter and McNiff second.

In the distribution of the cake the Editor was not forgotten, and he takes this opportunity to thank the graceful couple for their generosity, and to say that the cake was almost as good as mother used to make.

Several interesting boxing bouts took place, and nothing but the best of good nature was shown in all the setts. The men were nearly all evenly matched and each did his prettiest; none of the bouts smacked of tameness, but were all lively enough to keep the onlookers and participants wide awake.

The wrestling was omitted for want of contestants.

The "pie eating match" was as usual laughable, mirth provoking, and exciting. After a close race, Teytaud was declared winner, Wallace second, while the third prize, a beautiful striped stocking containing two dollars enclosed in the pie, fell to the lot of a modest young fellow, who gave the entire thing to the Editor, on condition of withholding his name.

Both "tug of war" contests were won by the Army side.

In the match pull between two men of the Army and two of the Navy, the former were victorious.

The evening entertainment concluded with an elaborate programme by the "Olympia's Stock Company."

Vhen do I go Home?

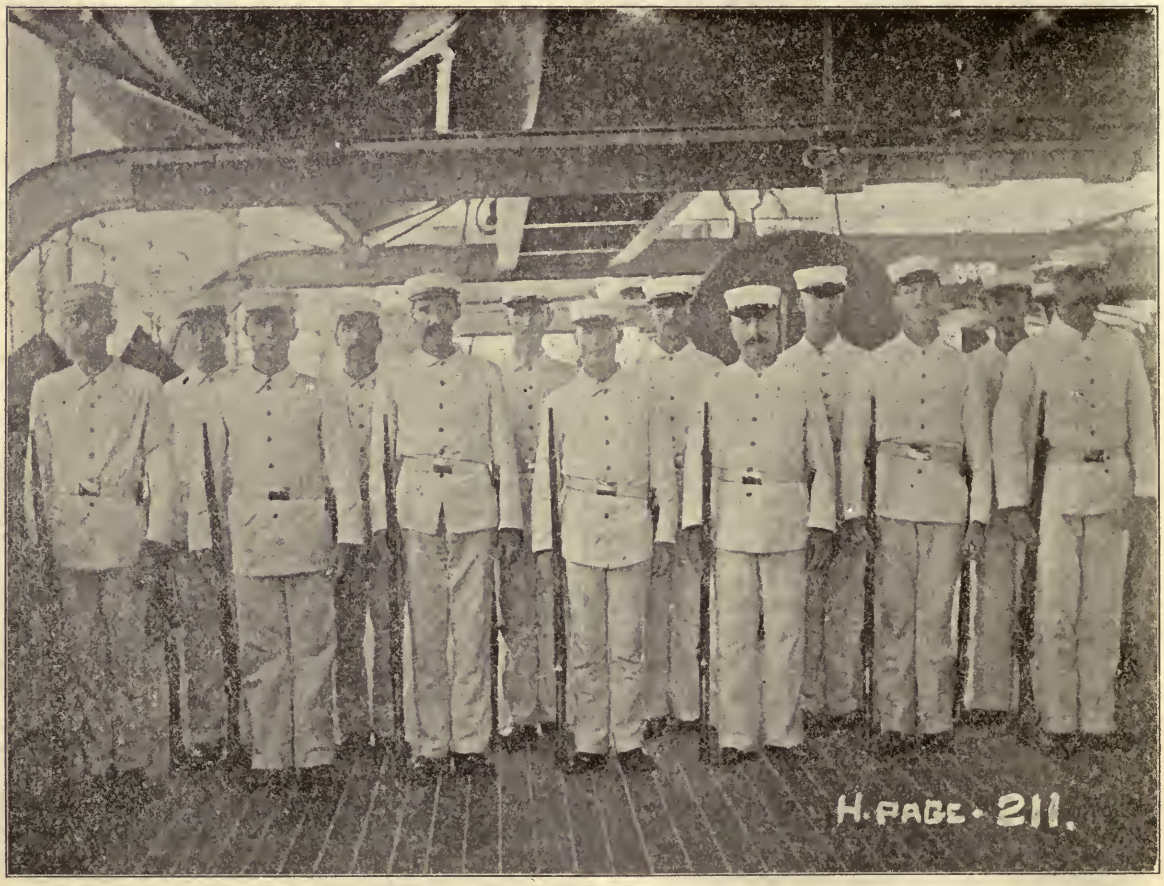
(Second Mate.)

Vhen do I dink ve vill go home?
Vell dot I gannot say,
Bud mine pottom tollar you could pet,
I would go right avay.

Next dime I'd choin de Army
Dey do nod vorruk so hart,
Bud de Atmiral, Cheorge Dewey
M t me he vould nod part.

He dinks I vas his righd hant mans,
Von't led me go avay,
Und vant me mit him all de dimes,
To holt Manila Pay.

Bud den you see, mien Gretchen,
I vant to see her pad,
Und holt her in mien arm vonce more,
I vould peen mighdy glad.



Marine Guard.

I vould so habby pe, you see
Vhen I got home some more,
Und show mien schartz, du viest mine shweet,
Mien medals von de var.

I visht ve could gone yesterday;
It vould mooch petter peen,
Und den vould so far not pe,
Und gloser dere again.

Yust look mid dem "Rough Riters"
In Noo York alreaty are,
Ah! blenty goot dimes dose vons haf,
Und finished mit de var.

Mien Gretchen is un shainer mait,
She veighs dree hoondret bount,
Und loves her Adolph you may ped,
Vhenefer I'm arount.

Yes, I vonder vhen ve do go home.
O, I'll pe glat some more,
Und show mien schartz und all mien frients
Mien metals von de var.

L. S. Young.

The Army.

Revised account of the two battles fought by our soldiers on the Island of Luzon.

On the 28th of July orders were given to place two gun pits on the advance line of intrenchments near Malate.

The Colorado boys were engaged in this work as well as in building new intrenchments.

On the morning of the 31st, two guns of battery A, Utah volunteers, and two of battery B. were placed in the new intrenchments.

The insurgents, who occupied this position, were notified that Uncle Sam's bo s were going to take charge, and after some trouble they gave up the position. Their trenches were about three feet deep and nearly full of water.

Our guns in position, with infantry on both sides, made a strong front. The right flank was almost wholly unprotected however, and was the only weak spot in our lines.

That night the "Cossack Guard" were stationed as usual, and their hourly hail was the only thing that disturbed the tranquillity of the night.

The Spaniards occupied their farthest out-post intrenchments.

Between the hours of nine and eleven they advanced on the U. S. lines, intending to surprise our advance guard and attack "Camp Dewey." They were probably unaware of our guard between the two lines. They had marched to within a short distance and were about ready to make a charge, when our guard discovered a body of men approaching, and fired on them. A second later and the scene was lurid with the glare of blazing rifles. In another second the boys in the trenches were at their stations, and a steady fire was poured into the advancing enemy. The guard had not time to reach the lines and a number were slain. Volley after volley was fired, and as we had the better position, they were forced to retreat.

They then tried a left flank movement, but the boys were on the alert, and repelled the attack. The fire proved too much for them, and they could not keep their ground. A right flank movement was made, but resulted in a still greater loss for the enemy.

The "boys in blue" worked like Trojans, and though they had but a few rounds of ammunition left, they fought on hoping the relief would arrive before the end came. They were firing by volley, and husbanding the remaining ammunition.

The Utah boys were using shrapnel with great effect on the advance of the enemy, who were slowly gaining ground.

The ammunition got lower and lower, and the Colorado and 10th Pennsylvania fixed bayonets and fell back awaiting the final onslaught. But at this supreme moment, when hope was about gone, the gallant 3rd artillery came rushing to their assistance. No time was lost in getting into position, and volley after volley was fired after the fleeing Spaniards.

The troops in camp had been called to arms, and ten minutes after the first shot was fired, the several regiments were on their way to the front.

The 1st California took the lead, with Colorado next, while Utah followed with ammunition for the firing line. The Colorados were held in reserve.

After about an hour's fighting the firing ceased.

Now and then during the night the Spanish out-posts would open fire, but no attention was paid to them. In the early hours of the morning, they could be seen picking up their killed and wounded.

At day break the boys in the trenches were relieved, and they were a sore looking crowd as they wearily dragged themselves back to camp. They were worn out, and could hardly have stood the strain much longer.

Thus was fought the first battle at the siege of Manila.

The American loss was seven killed and twenty two wounded, while the Spanish losses reached the hundreds.

Gen. Anderson's Report.

FIGHT OF AUGUST 13th DESCRIBED.

Only Five men Killed.

The reports of Gen. Anderson and Gen. MacArthur on the part taken by their commands in the capture and occupation of Manila were made public today. Gen. Anderson had charge of the first expedition, and was in command of the military forces in the Philippines until the arrival of Gen. Merritt.

"On the 1st day of July," says Gen. Anderson, "I had an interview with the insurgent chief, Aguinaldo, and learned from him that the Spanish forces had withdrawn, driven back by his army, as he claimed, to a line of defense immediately around the city and its suburbs. He estimated the Spanish forces at about 14,000 men and his own at about the same number. He did not seem pleased at the incoming of our land forces, hoping, as I believe, that he could take the city with his own army, with the co-operation of the American fleet.

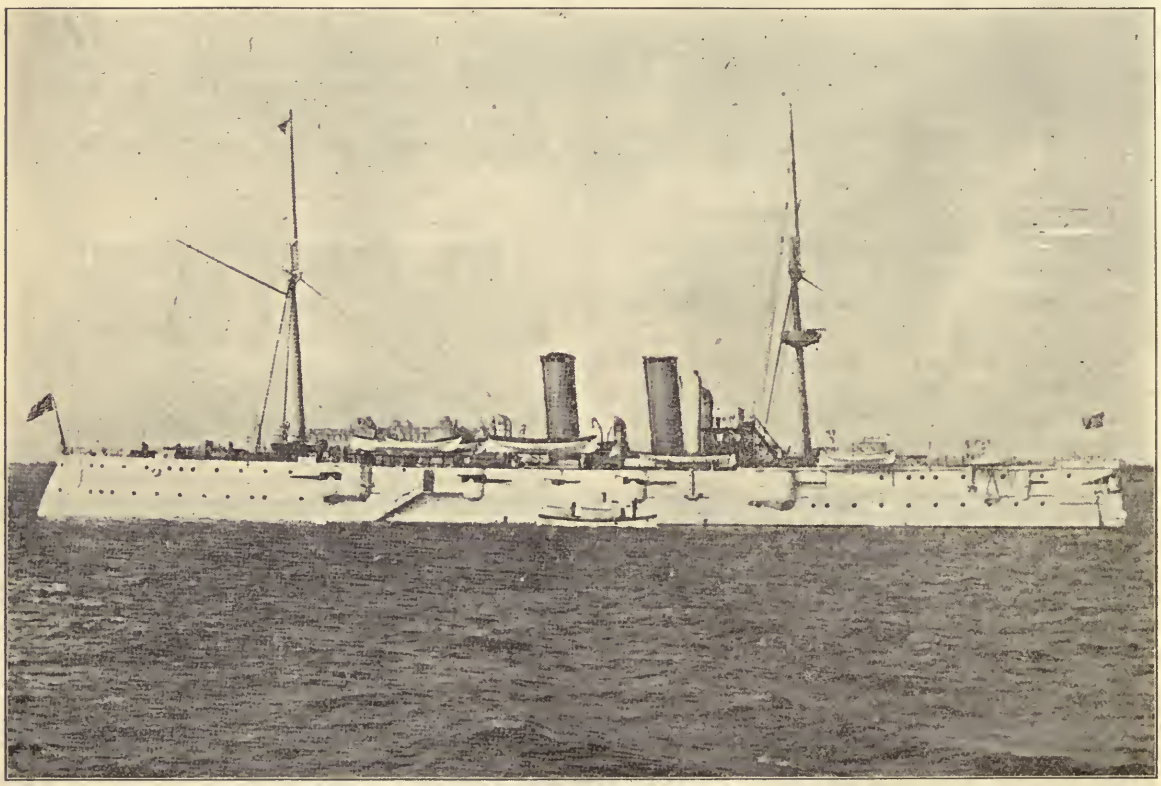
"Believing, that however successful the insurgents may have been in guerrilla warfare against the Spaniards, they could not carry their lines by assault or reduce the city by siege, and suspecting, further, that a hearty and effective co-operation could not be expected, I had at once a series of reconaissances made to exactly locate the enemy's lines of defense and to ascertain their strength."

* * *

"As I did not go in person to Camp Dewey until 11 a.m. on the 10th of July, I will not attempt to report the operations in the trenches, and several combats between our troops and the enemy after our occupation, by mutual agreement, of the left section of the insurgents line, extending from the Pasay road to the beach. These conflicts began on the night of July

31st, as soon as the enemy had realized that we had taken the places of the Filipinos, and begun a system of earthworks to the front of their old line. It may have been merely a coincident, but these attacks and sorties began at the time the captain general of Manila was relieved by his second in command.

"For more than six weeks the insurgents had kept up a bickering infantry fire on the Spanish trenches, firing occasionally some old siege pieces captured by Admiral Dewey at Cavite, and given to Aguinaldo. These combats were never serious, and the Spaniards, so far as I know, made no sorties upon them. But there is no doubt of the fact that the Spaniards attacked our lines with force and vindictiveness, until they were informed that the bringing on of a general engagement would lead to a bombardment of the city. After this there was for several days a tacit suspension of hostilities."



U. S. S. "Raleigh."

The Fight of August 13th.

Gen. Anderson describes the military preparations for the attack on Manila, and then speaks of the battle of August 13 as follows:

"On the morning of the 13th all parts of the division were in the positions designated in my order, except that the leading battalion of the reserve, instead of taking post 500 yards in the rear of the crossroads from the Calle Real to Pasay, had taken post in the open field abreast of the crossroad. The other battalions of the reserve moved up proportionally, and thus the whole reserve was under the fire zone, but as neither shells nor bullets fell among them, I did not move them back.

"Field telegraph stations were established at Gen. MacArthur's headquarters, at the left of the intrenchments of the 2d Brigade on the beach, at the reserve near the Pasay road, and near the hospital in the camp.

"The fleet opened fire at 9.30 a.m. The first shots fell short, but the range was soon found, and then the fire became evidently effective. I at once telegraphed Gen. MacArthur to open on block house No. 14 and begin his attack. At the same time seven of the guns of the Utah batteries opened fire on the enemy's works in front of the 2d Brigade, and two guns on the right of this brigade opened an oblique fire toward block house No. 14.

"Riding down to the beach, I saw two of our lighter draft vessels approach and open on the Polvorin with rapid-fire guns, and observed at the same time some men of the 2d Brigade start up the beach. I ordered the 1st California, which was the leading regiment of the reserve, to go forward and report to Gen. Greene. Going to the reserve telegraph, I received a message from MacArthur that his fire on the block house was effective, but that he was enfiladed from the right. I knew from this that he wished to push the insurgents aside and put in the Astor Battery. I then authorized him to attack, which

he did, and, soon after, the 23d Infantry and the 13th Minnesota carried the advance line of the enemy in the most gallant manner, the one gun of the Utah Battery and the Astor Battery lending most effective assistance.

"In the meantime the Colorado regiment had charged and carried the right of the enemy's line, and the 18th Regular Infantry and the 3d Heavy (Regular) Artillery, acting as infantry, had advanced and passed over the enemy's works in their front without opposition. The reserve was ordered forward to follow the 2d Brigade, and a battery of Hotchkiss guns was directed to follow the 18th Infantry. Going to the telegraph station on the left of our line on the beach, I found the operator starting forward in the rear of the 1st California, and I moved forward until the instrument was established in the first house in Malate. The first ticking of the sounder informed me that Gen. MacArthur was heavily engaged at a second line of defense near Singalong."

The White Flag.

"It was evident that the best way to assist him was to press our success on the left. I therefore directed Gen. Greene to connect, if possible, with Gen. MacArthur by sending a regiment to the right. But the enemy seemed determined for a time to give us a street fight, and the Colorado and California regiments were the only ones available. At this juncture the 18th Infantry and the Hotchkiss battery appeared to be stopped by a broken pier of a bridge, but the engineer company brought forward a portable bridge, and in a few minutes these organizations pressed forward through the Malata, Ermita redouble. Soon the men from Nebraska and Wyoming came on shouting, for the white flag could now be seen on the sea front, yet the firing did not cease, and the Spanish soldiers at the front did not seem to be notified of the surrender. In the meantime the reserve had been ordered forward, except one regiment, which was ordered to remain in the 21st Brigade trenches. The seven Utah guns were also ordered to the front—one infantry battalion being directed to assist the men of the batteries in hauling the guns by hand.

"The field telegraph wires, extending in a wide circuit to the extreme right, for a time gave discouraging reports. The front was contracted, the enemy intrenched and the timber thick on both sides of the road. Only two regiments could be put on the firing line. The 14th Infantry was brought forward, but could not fire a shot. Under these circumstances I telegraphed Mac Arthur to countermarch and come to Malata by way of Greene's intrechments and the beach. This was at 1.25 p. m., but soon after I learned that MacArthur was too far committed to retire. The guns of the Astor Battery had been dragged to the front only after the utmost exertions, and were about being put into battery. At the same time, I received a telegram stating that the insurgents were threatening to cross the bamboo bridge on our right; and to prevent this and guard our ammunition at Pasay, I ordered an Idaho battalion to that point. It was evidently injudicious under these circumstances to withdraw the 1st Brigade, so the order was countermanded and a dispatch sent announcing our success on the left.

"In answer, the report came that Singalong had been carried and that the brigade was advancing on Paco. At this point it was subsequently met by one of my aids, and marched down to the Cuartel de Malate by the Calzada de Paco. I had gone in the meantime to the south bridge of the walled city, and learning that the2d Oregon was within the walls, and that Col. Whittier was in conference with the Spanish commandant, I directed Gen. Greene to proceed at once with his brigade to the north side of the Pasig, retaining only the Wyoming battalion to remain with me, to keep up the connection between the two brigades."

Cool and Brave.

"A remarkable incident of the day was the experience of Capt. Stephen O'Connor of the 23d Infantry. With a detachment of fifteen skirmishers he separated from his regiment and brigade at blockhouse No. 14, striking a road, probably in rear of the enemy, marched into the city without opposition until he came to the Calle Real in Malata. Along this street he had some unimportant street fighting until he came to the Paseo de la Calzada, where, learning that negotiations were going on for a surrender, he took post at the bridge of the north sally port, and the whole outlying Spanish force south of the Pasig passed by this small detachment in hurrying in, intramuros. Capt. O'Connor deserves recognition for the coolness and bravery displayed in this remarkable adventure.

"Our loss in the 1st Brigade was 3 officers wounded, 4 enlisted men killed and 35 wounded. The loss in the 2d Brigade was 1 enlisted man killed and 5 wounded, making a total of 5 killed and 43 wounded.

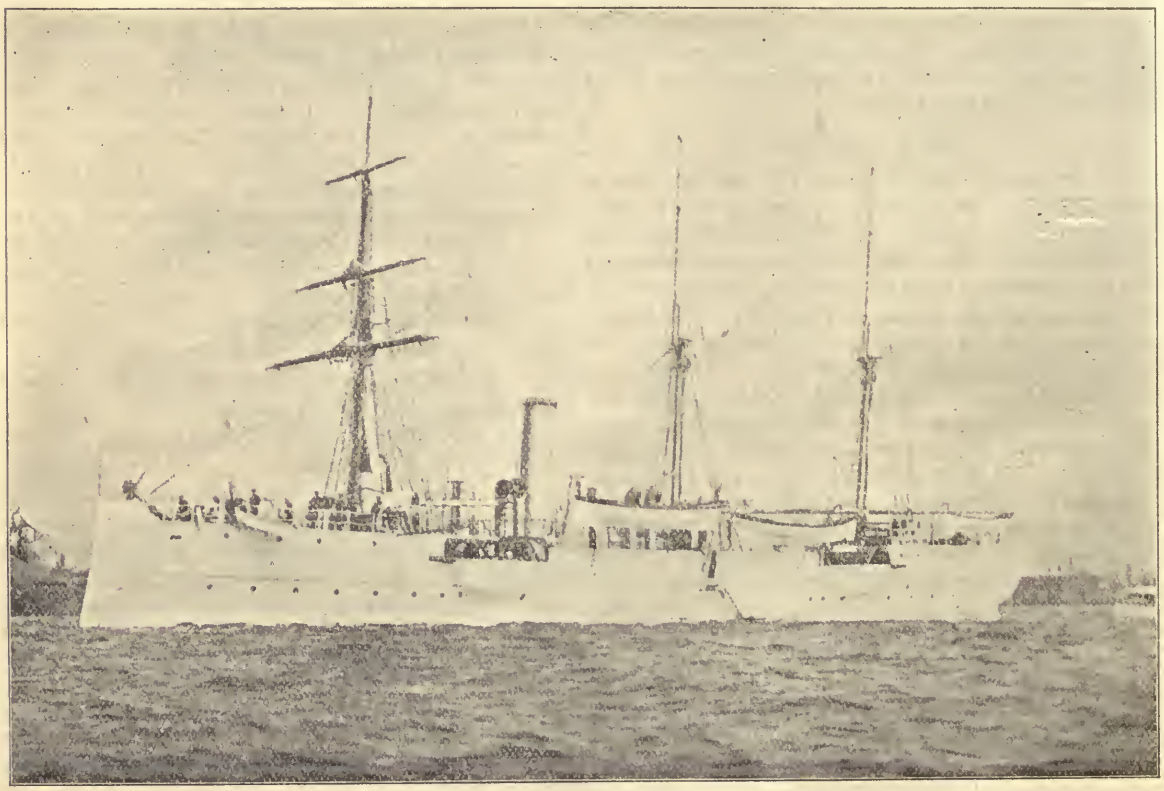
"The antecedent loss in the trenches was 14 killed and 60 wounded, making a total of 122 casualties in the taking of Manila. This is only part of the price we have paid and are paying for this success, for men are dying daily in our hospitals from disease contracted from exposure in camp and trenches. All hardships and privations have been borne by our soldiers with remarkable patience and cheerfulness. The opposition we met in battle was not sufficient to test the bravery of our soldiers, but all showed bravery and dash. The losses show that the leading regiments of the 1st Brigade—13th Minnesota, 23d Infantry and the Astor Battery—met the most serious opposition and deserve credit for their success. The Colorado, California and Oregon Regiments, the regulars and all the batteries of the 2d Brigade showed such zeal, that it seems a pity that they did not meet foemen worthy of their steel.

"My staff officers were active, zealous and intelligent in the performance of their duties, and the men and officers of the entire division showed the best qualities of American soldiers."

Gen. MacArthur's Report.

Gen. MacArthur's report goes over pretty much the same line as that of Gen. Anderson and summarizes the salient points of the action as follows:

"The advance party, consisting of men of the Minnesota regiment reinforced by volunteers from the Astor Battery, led by Lieut. March, and Capt. Sawtelle of the brigade staff as an individual volunteer, reached a point within less than eighty yards of the block-house, but was obliged to retire to the intersecting road in the village, at which point a hasty work was improvised and occupied by a firing line of about fifteen men. Aside from conspicuous individual actions in the first rush, the well-regulated conduct of this firing line was the marked feature of the contest, and it is proposed, if possible, to ascertain the names of the men engaged with a view to recommend them for special distinction.



U. S. S. "Petrel."

"The main body of the fighting line consisted of Company C, 23d Infantry; Companies C, E, G, H, K and L, 13th Minnesota, and the Astor Battery."

GALLANTRY OF MANY.

"The combat of Singalong can hardly be classified as a great military event, but the involved terrain and the prolonged resistance created a very trying situation, and afforded an unusual scope for the display of military qualities by a large number of individuals. The invincible composure of Colonel Ovenshine during an exposure in dangerous space for more than an hour was conspicuous and very inspiring to the troops; and the efficient manner in which he took advantage of opportunities as they arose during the varying aspects of the fight was of great practical value in determining the result. The cool, determined and sustained efforts of Colonel Reeve of the 13th Minnesota contributed very materialy to the maintenance of the discipline and marked efficiency of his regiment.

"The brilliant manner in which Lieutenant March accepted and discharged the responsible and dangerous duties of the day, and the pertinacity with which, assisted by his officers and men, he carried his guns over all obstacles to the very front of the firing line, was an exceptional display of warlike skill and good judment, indicating the existence of many of the best qualifications for high command in battle,

"The gallant manner in which Captain Sawtelle, brigade quartermaster, volunteered to join the advance party in the rush; volunteered to command a firing line, for a time without an officer, and again volunteered to lead a scout to ascertain the presence or absence of the enemy in the blockhouse, was a fine display of personal interpidity.

"The efficient, fearless and intelligent manner in which Lieutenant Kernan, 21st United States Infantry, acting assistant adjutant general of the brigade, and Second Lieutenant Whitworth, 18th United States Infantry, aid, executed a series of dangerous and difficult orders, was a fine exemplification of staff work under fire.

"The splendid bravery of Captains Bjornstad and Seebach, and Lieutenant Lackore of the 13th Minnesota all wounded, and finally, the work of the soldiers of the first firing line, as previously referred to, all went to make up a rapid succession of individual actions of unusual merit.

"Acting Assistant Surgeon F. H. Titus established a first-aid hospital in the village church, and deserves great credit for the manner in which he came to the front with a detachment of the hospital corps through a heavy indirect fire, and the efficient manner in which he rendered services to the wounded."

Log of U. S. Flagship, Olympia.

April 30th, 1898.

Midnight to 4 A.M.

Light breeze from East by South. Weather clear and warm. Bright star light. Moon set at 12:55. At 2:45 sighted Cape Bolinao one half point on port bow, and at 3:13 changed course to south, per standard compass. Patent log 72.1. Compartments dry. Steam 127, revolutions stb. 49.6, port 49.7. Off Piedras Point at end.

(Sig.) V. S. Nelson, Lieut. U. S. Navy.

4 A.M. to 8 A.M.

Fair and pleasant weather. Light airs from east by south. Sea smooth. Standing along coast of Luzon Island. At 5 point Arena bearing on port dist. 3 miles. Changed course to south three quarters west, (p. s. c.) patent log 5.2. And at 5.37 changed course to south one quarter west (p. s. c.) patent log 90.8. At 5, Boston and Concord left the line and steamed a head on special service. Average steam 135. revolutions stb. 50, port 50. At end of watch north end of Hermana or May Island bore north 73* east mag. distant 5 miles. At 7.25, changed course from south one quarter west to south three quarters east, log read 104.7.

(Sig.) S. Morgan, Lieut., U. S. Navy.

8 A.M. to Meridian.

Clear and warm. Light airs from south by east. Under steam alone on course south three quarters east mag. until when changed to south 1/4 east mag. and at 12 changed to south south east 1/2 east mag. At 10.40 the Commander-in-Chief sent the Zafiro to communicate with a Spanish fishing boat, to ascertain the whereabouts of the Spanish fleet. At 10.50 slowed down to six knots. At 11.20 went ahead at standard speed 8 knots, and the Commander-in-Chief sent the Baltimore ahead of the fleet. Sighted a number of fishing vessels during the watch. Steam 128. revolutions stb. 48.3 port 48.2.

(Sig) S. M. Strite, Lieut, U. S. Navy.

Meridian to 4 P.M.

Clear and pleasant with light airs from south south east. Making 7.8 knots per hour on course south south east 1/2 east. At end abreast of Los Frailes Islands, Baltimore, Boston and Conocord in sight in shore. Average steam 132. revolutions stb 51.3 port 51.2 patent log at end 68.9. Barometer falling.

(Sig.) F Brooks Upham, Ensign, U. S. Navy.

4 to 6 P.M.

Light airs and breezes from east. Weather fair and hot. At 4.09 slowed to six knots. At 5 the Boston and Concord returned and resumed position in formation, and at 5 15 the Baltimore resumed her position. At 5.25 made general tactical signal 86, and then general signal 5650. At 5.15 stopped engines, ship being off entrance to Subic Bay. At 5.30 mustered at quarters and provided ammunition for all guns. Steam 140, revolutions stb. 41 port 38.5.

(Sig) V. S. Nelson, Lieut, U. S. Navy.

4 to 8 P.M.

Cloudy pleasant weather. Light airs and breezes from east. At 6.24 went ahead on course S. 36* E. (p. s. c.) and put over patent log reading 76.8. Average steam 125, revolutions stb. 35.8 port 35.5.

(Sig.) S. Morgan, Lieut., U. S. Navy.

8 P.M. to Midnight.

Clear and pleasant. Numerous flashes of lightening. A light passing shower about 11. Moon light when not obscured by passing clouds. Meteorlogical record suspended after 9. Standing in for Boca Grande Entrance off Manila Bay. Went to quarters at 9.42 and prepared to return the fire of the batteries. The lights on Corregidor and Caballo Islands, and San Nicolas Bank extinguished. Entered the channel on course S. 68* E. (mag), changed course to E. (gam) when the west end of Corregidor Island bore north (mag) distant 3.7 miles. At 11.55 El Fraile bearing S mag distant 5 miles. Changed course to N. E. by N. (mag.) to clear San Nicolas Bank. Signal lights were observed at Meriveles Bay, on the summit of Corregidor Island and on the South shore. The reports of guns were also noticed but as no flash was seen the batteries were not located. No torpedo explosions were noted.

(Sig.) C. G. Calkins, Lieut., U. S. Navy.

Midnight to 4 A.M.

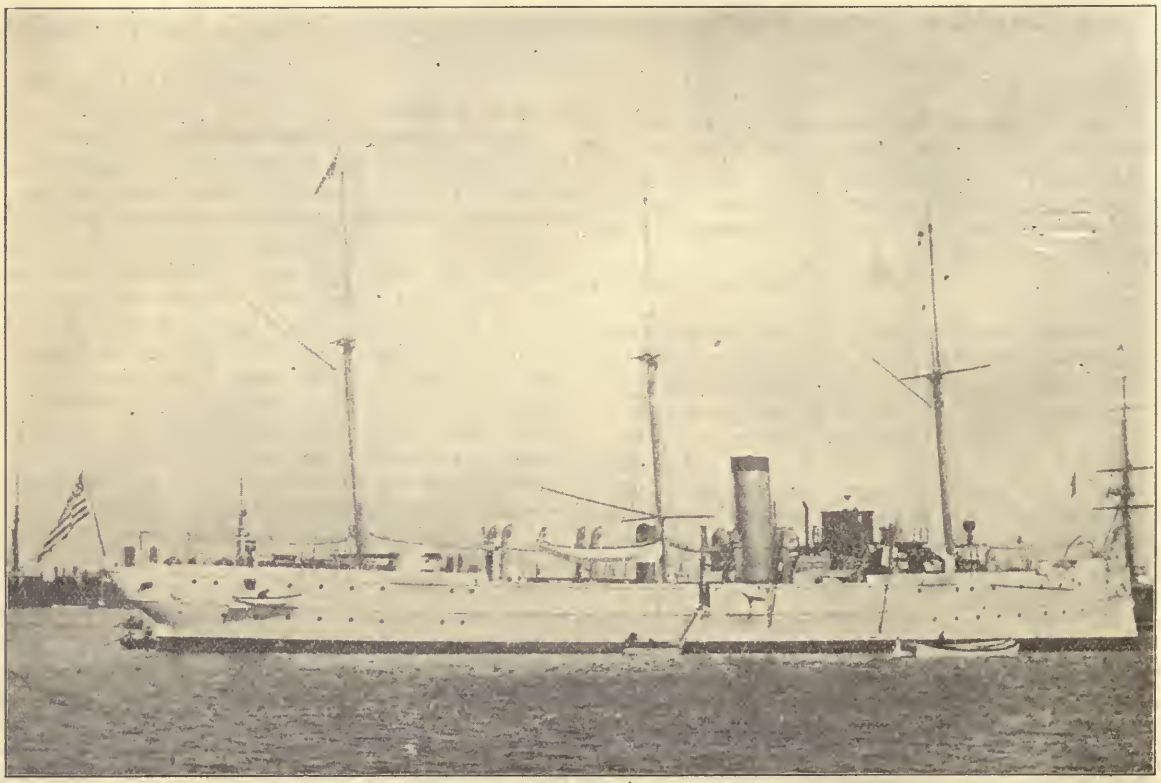
Cool and cloudy, no breeze. Moon set about 2. No meteorlogical record. Standing up Manila Bay at a speed of four knots during watch, with squadron and reserve in single column. At 12.17 the Raleigh and Baltimore began firing, shots having been fired from batteries along the south side of the channel.—Our shells were seen to burst on striking the cliffs but is was too dark to locate the batteries. At end of watch, approaching anchorage off Manila. The battery was manned, and lights except those on battle circuits and stern lights for cruising were extinguished during watch. Served out coffee at four.

(Sig.) C. G. Calkins, Lieut., U. S. Navy.

4 A.M. to 8 A. .

Clear and pleasant. Light airs. Meteorlogical record suspended on account of action. Stood in to anchorage west of the mouth of the Pasig River to reconnoitre. At day light, about 5, counted sixteen British merchantmen off Manila, but saw no men of war near the city. At 5.06 two sub-marine mines were exploded, bearing S. S. E. distant four miles. Soon after the Spanish fleet was made out in Cavite and Canacao Bays, in front of the Arsenal. The line was covered by a group of lighters, and its western flank was protected by the

Cavite peninsula with heavy guns in battery on Sangley Point and near Canacao, in front of hospital. Some of the ships were anchored with their water lines protected by material in lighters. The eastern flank of the line reached the shoal part of the a bay off Las Pinas. At day light reserve squadron was sent out into the middle of the Bay and the six cruisers perpared for battle, with National ensigns at each mast head. At 5.15, battle was opened by the firing of a heavy rifled gun from Sangley Point. Other shells passed near the "OLYMPIA" ranging nearly seven miles. The "OLYMPIA" then advanced to the attack, heading the column, the Commander-in-Chief personaly directing the movements of his flagship and regulating the progress of the other vessels by signals. The fire of the battery was directed from the conning tower and the bridge by the Captain and the Executive officer. At 5.35 the order was given to commence firing at the Spanish fleet and a rapid fire was maintained until the close of the action. A torpedo boat ran out and tried to place herself near the track of the "Olympia," but she was repulsed and driven ashore by the fire of the secondary batteries, about 6.10. The speed maintained was about six knots, and the range varied from 560 to 2000 yds from the Spanish line. The ship turned within 1500 yds of the Sangley Point and Canacao batteries. As the squadron advanced it was fired upon by a battery on the mole at the entrance of the Pasig River; by a heavy gun on the south bastion of Manila; and by a battery on the beach in Malate. The "Olympia" did not return this fire. (Positions were obtained by cross bearings taken with the standard compass and approximate distances taken from the charts B. A. 975 & 976.) The Spanish guns had range enough to drop shells alongside the "Olympia" up to 5000 yards, but no hit was made by projectiles from their batteries. Fragments of shell flew on board cutting the wire fore and main shrouds and the forcastle deck, but no one was injured. The ship seem to have been hulled twice by small rapid fire projectiles which failed to penetrate. The squadron was led across Cavite Bay near the five fathom curve, passing three times from the eastward and twice from the westward at varying distances. The Spanish squadron was composed of the Cruiser Reina Cristina, bearing the flag of Rear Admiral Montojoy Pasaron; cruisers Castilla, Don Antonio de Ulloa, Don Juan de Austria, Velasco, Isla de Cuba, Isla de Luzon, the gunboats General Lezo, Marquis del Duero, and surveying vessel Argos, and the transport Isla de Mindanao. Several tugs and launches were also lying off the Arsenal. The Spanish Admiral shifted his flag to the Castilla but soon returned to the Reina Cristina and made a desperate effort to come out side the line but was stopped by the concentrated fire of our ships. At 7.35 the Spanish fire



U. S. S. "Concord."

had slackened and several vessels were seen to be crippled or on fire. The Commander-in-Chief directed the squadron to stand off toward the middle of the Bay. The shore batteries near Cavite and those in the southern suburbs of Manila kept up an ineffective fire during this operation. Preparations were made for restowing ammunition and for giving the ship's company breakfast. At end of watch the squadron was standing off and on, with Manila bearing about east and Cavite bearing south. No serious injury to the guns or failure of ammunition was reported.

(Signed) C. G. Calkins, Lieut, U. S. Navy.

8 A.M. to Meridian.

Clear and warm. The fleet remained in the middle of the Bay until 10.15 when preparations were made for resuming action. After a conference of captains summoned on board by the Commander-in-Chief, the squadron stood to the southward, rounding to off Sangley Point batteries. The Baltimore led the line and took up a position within close range of the Cavite batteries which were silenced by her fire. The other ships stood into Cavite Bay and completed the destruction of the Spanish fleet. It was found that a great quantity of explosives had been destroyed by fire at the Arsenal. The following ships were found to be sunk; Reina Cristina, Castilla, Don Antonio de Ulloa, cruisers, and Isla de Mindanao, transport. The others named below were burnt, Don Juan de Austria, Isla de Cuba, Isla de Luzon, and Velasco, cruisers, and General Lezo and Marquis del Duero, gunboats, and Argos surveying vessel. The last vessel afloat was forced to lower her colors and a white flag was run up on shore near Cavite. At end of watch the ships grouped about the western side of Cavite Bay.

(Signed) C. G. Calkins, Lieutenant, U. S. Navy.

Meridian to 4 P.M.

Clear and warm. Light to gentle breeze from S. S. E. The fleet engaged in action with the Spanish fleet stationed in the Philippines. At 12.15 the Spanish Admiral surrendered. The Petrel, by order of the Commander-in-Chief, engaged in destroying the shipping at the Naval station, Cavite. The engagement resulted in a decided victory, with no loss of lives for the U. S. Naval fleet. At 1.50 the "Olympia" came to anchor in seven and a half fathoms of water, light house at mouth of Pasig River bearing N. 57* E. (mag.) and Nabotas Dreme N. 15* E. (mag.). Draft of ship forward 21′7″ amidship 23′6″ and aft 24′1″. The rest of the fleet with the exception of the Petrel came to another near the flagship.

(Signed) S. M. Strite, Lieutenant, U. S. Navy.

4 to 6 P.M.

Clear and warm. Light to gentle breeze from S. E. At. 4.10 Concord and at 4.25 Boston went over to Cavite.

(Signed) M. M. Taylor. Ensign, U. S. Navy.

6 to 8 P.M.

Partly cloudy and warm with light airs to light breeze from S. S. E The Petrel came over from Cavite with several small launches in tow, anchoring near at hand. The Commanding Officer of the Petrel came on board and reported having burned several Spanish gunboats and captured a signal book. During the watch several explosions took place among the gunboats on fire at Cavite. Compartments reported dry. Barometer steady.

(Signed) F. Brooks Upham, Ensign, U. S. Navy.

8 P.M. to Midnight.

Light breeze from S. E. Weather fair and pleasant. At 10.45 the Concord coming from Cavite signaled (Ardois) "Have Spanish Officer on board with important communication for Commander-in-Chief," and at 11, Commander Walker and two Spanish Army officers from the General Commanding came on board and had an interview with the Commodore.

(Signed) V. S. Nelson, Lieutenant, U. S. Navy.

May 2, 1898.

Meridian to 4 A.M.

Fair and pleasant. Light breeze from North and N. N. E. Compartments dry. A Spanish officer purporting to represent the Captain of the port of Manila came on board and represented that he was on his way to Corregidor Island to instruct the forts there not to fire on the U. S. fleet.

(Signed) S. Morgan, Lieutenant, U. S. Navy.

4 to 8 A.M.

Clear and pleasant. Light airs from N. N. E. to calm. Compartments dry. At 6.30 the McCulloch shifted her anchorage. At 7 the Petrel got underway and stood over to Cavite. At 7 made the uniform and dress signals.

(Signed) S. M. Strite, Lieutenant, U. S. Navy.

8 A.M. to Meridian.

Clear and warm. Calm to light breeze from N. N. E. The representative of the Senior Spanish Naval Officer in port, who left during the night purporting to take a message to the Commandant at Corregidor not to fire on the U. S. fleet, returned, and at noon returned to Corregidor on the U. S. S. Raleigh which ship was accompanied by the U. S. S. Baltimore. The U. S. S. Concord returned from Cavite in obedience to signal at 11, and after communicating, returned to Cavite. At 11.35 the fort at Cavite fired on the U. S. S Boston who returned the fire and at 11.45 the Boston signaled "Enemy has hoisted flag of truce." The U. S. S. Petrel returned from Cavite at 11 and returned after comunicating.

(Signed) M. M. Taylor, Ensign, U. S. Navy.

Meridian to 4 P.M.

Calm and light airs from west and south. Weather fair and hot. At 1.55 called all hands up anchor, got underway and stood across the Bay for Cavite, and at 3.00 anchored off Cavite in seven and a half fathoms and veered to thirty fathoms on the starboard chain. Observed several hundred troops marching across the peninsula from Cavite towards San Roque.

(Signed) V. S. Nelson, Lieutenant, U. S. Navy.

4 to 6 P.M

Clear and warm. Calm to light airs from S. W. Sent landing party ashore under Lieutenant Morgan, U. S. Navy, to destroy Spanish batteries. English man-of-war, and tug fly-

ing Spanish flag came up, Concord underway to overhaul them. Zafiro underway. Mustered at evening quarters. Discovered lenses for two broadside and after searchlights broken.

(Signed) A. G. Cavanagh, Ensign, U. S. Navy.

6 to 8 P.M.

Clear and pleasant. Calm to light airs from E. S. E. Compartments dry. H. B. M. S. Linnet accompanied by Spanish tug came near the anchorage. Commander-in-Chief sent the Concord to board the English man-of-war and to capture the Spanish tug. At 7.30 the Concord returned to the anchorage with tug. At 8.50 the party in charge of Lieutenant Morgan, ordered to destroy guns in Cavite, returned on board.

(Signed) S. M. Strite Lieutenant, U. S Navy.

8 P.M. to Midnight.

Clear and warm, light airs from E. S. E. At 11.50 U. S. S. Raleigh and Baltimore returned from harbor entrance and anchored. Compartments dry.

(Signed) M. M. Taylor, Ensign, U. S. Navy.

August 13, 1898.

Midnight to 4 A.M.

Fair and pleasant. Light to gentle breeze from S. S. W. to S. S. E. Compartments dry. Moon rose at 2.30.

(Signed) S. Morgan, Lieutenant, U. S Navy.

4 to 8 A M.

Cloudy: passing showers. Light breeze from south to gentle breeze from N. S. W. A German steamer standing at end of watch.

(Signed) S. M. Steite, Lieutenant, U. S. Navy.

8 A.M. to Meridian.

Pleasant weather with passing showers alternating with bright sun-shine. Meteorlogical record suspended. Got underway at 8.42 and headed toward the southern end of Malate Went to general quarters at 9, and hoisted battle flags. At 9.35 opened fire on the battery and trenches near the magazine south of Malate. The Raleigh, Petrel and Callao also fired at these works and the Boston, Baltimore, Charleston, Concord and Monterey stood in as supports. Fire was kept up for one hour by the 5″ R. F. and 8″ B. L. R. guns. The field batteries of the army also engaging. No effective reply was made by the Spanish forces. The Army advanced along the beach and inland and occupied the enemy's works. At 10.32 the fleet ceased firing in obedience to general signal. The battery and ammunition worked well throughout the action. Major-General Merritt, U. S. A. witnessed the hombardment from U. S. S. Zafiro. By order of the Commanding Officer, J. Taylor, seaman, was released from confinement, his term having expired.

(Signed) C. G. Calkins, Lieutenant, U. S. Navy.

Meridian to 4 P.M.

Weather fair and pleasant. Gentle to moderate breeze from W. S. W. Lying too, off Manila until 3, then anchored with port anchor in 5 1/2 fathoms of water and veered to 45 fathoms on port chain. Bearings of anch rage—light house on north mole N. 12* E. mag.; Magazine N 85* E. mag. U. S. troops ashore marching into Manila. At general quarters until 3.10 then secured. Lieutenant Brumby went ashore with the Belgian consul to demand the surrender of Manila. At 2.20 he returned and reported that the enemy surrendered. At 2.25 made general signal 4169.

(Signed) V. S. Nelson, Lieutenant, U. S. Navy.

4 to 6 P.M.

Cloudy weather. Light to gentle breeze from W. S. W. At 5.40 the Spanish flag was hauled down on the Arsenal at Manila and the U. S. flag hoisted in its place, showing that the Spaniards had surrendered to our combined attack by Army and Navy and that Manila was ours, in obedience to the demands of Admiral Dewey. The German cruiser Princess Wilhelm left the harbor. Fired a national salute of 21 guns in honor of the occasion and all the fleet doing the same.

(Signed) S. Morgan, Lieutenant, U. S. Navy.

6 to 8 P.M.

Cloudy and pleasant. Light to gentle breeze from W. S. W. Compartments dry. The flag lieutenant returned from Manila.

(Signed) S. M. Strite, Lieutenant, U. S. Navy.

8 P.M. to Midnight.

Cloudy: passing showers. Light breeze from south and west. Compartments dry.

(Signed) M. M. Taylor, Ensign, U. S. Navy.

I certify the above to be a correct copy of the log of the U. S. Flagship "Olympia" on the days specified.

C. G. Calkins, Lieutenant, U. S. Navy,
Navigator.

Crews of U. S. Squadron.

May 1st, 1898.

COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF

Commodore George Dewey.

PERSONAL STAFF.

Chief of Staff	Commander Benjamin P. Lamberton
Flag Lieutenant	Lieutenant Thomas M. Brumby
Flag Secretary	Ensign Harry H. Caldwell
Aid	Ensign William P. Scott

Flagship Olympia.

Protected Cruiser, 14 Guns, 5,870 Tons, 17,313 Horse Power, Twin Screws.

Captain	Charles V. Gridley
Lieutenant	Corwin P. Rees
Lieutenant	Carlos G. Calkins
Lieutenant	Valentine S. Nelson
Lieutenant	Stokely Morgan
Lieutenant, (J. G.)	Samuel M. Strite
Ensign	Montgomery M. Taylor
Ensign	Frank B. Upham
Ensign	Arthur G. Kavanagh
Ensign	Henry V. Butler, Jr.
Medical Inspector (Surgeon of the Fleet)	Abel F. Price
Passed Assistant Surgeon	John E. Page
Assistant Surgeon	Charles P. Kindleberger
Pay Inspector (Paymaster of the Fleet)	Daniel A. Smith
Chief Engineer (Engineer of the Fleet)	James Entwistle
Passed Assistant Engineer	Gustav Kaemmerling
Assistant Engineer	Edwin H. DeLany
Assistant Engineer	John F. Marshall, Jr.
Assistant Engineer	Edward H. Dunn
Chaplain	John B. Frazier
Captain of Marines (Marine Officer of the Fleet)	William P. Biddle
Gunner	Leonard J. G. Kuhlwein
Pay Clerk	William M. Long
Pay Clerk (Fleet)	William J. Rightmire

Chief Petty Officers.

Eckstrom, John L.	Master at Arms
Murray, Patrick	Boatswain's Mate
Swift, Luther T.	Quartermaster
Nammar, Alrick	Apothecary
Ljunquist, Conrad W.	Gunner's Mate
Meitzel, Peter	Carpenter's Mate
Creagh, Merrick W.	Yeoman
Passano, Leonard C.	"

Petty Officers 1st Class.

Randolph, Hiram	Boatswain's Mate
Heaney, John	" "
McRath, Alexander	" "
Mehrtens, Rudloph C.	Quartermaster
Wallace, Robert	Gunner's Mate
Evans, John	" "
Gabel, "	" "
Grady, "	" "
Phillips, Nicholas W.	" "
Reardon, Francis J.	" "
Bartley, William	Blacksmith
Stevanson, Frank	Plumber and Fitter
Glover, Harry B.	Printer
Amadon, Charles	Sailmaker's Mate
Larsen, Christopher,	" "
May, Frank,	Ship's Cook

Petty Officers 2nd Class.

Kay, Harry	Master at Arms
Treudendorf, Gustav	Boatswain's Mate
Gulson, Herman	" "
Ross, Charles	" "
Pedersen, Ingvil H.	" "
Lang, Wilhelm	Quartermaster
Hauser, Joseph J.	Gunner's Mate
Jordan, John C.	" "
Martin, John	" "
Nilsson, Adolph	" "
Reader, William	" "
Smith, Ernest	" "
Ducklin, John	Carpenter's Mate
Sims, Harry J.	Yeoman
Colthurst, John E.	"

Petty Officers 3rd Class.

Hervan, Edward B.	Master-at-Arms
Ramsay, Werdebaugh	" " "
Barlow, Henry	Coxswain
Bay, Charles C.	"
Bowers, John	"
Weir, John	"
Isberg, Nils G. C.	"
Jorgensen, Jorgen H.	"
Kabelitz, Otto	"
Kaubbach, Fred M.	"
Larsen, Otto	"
McDonald, John	"
Nisson, Thomas	"
Olsen, Olaf J.	"
Pedersen, Andrew	"
McKenna, Thomas L.	Quartermaster
Thompson, Andrew	"

Petty Officers 3rd Class. (*Continued.*)

Baldwin, Patrick	Gunner's Mate
Baumann, William	" "
Burke, Micheal J.	" "
Fehmel, Emil J.	" "
Horn, Herman J.	" "
Larsen, Peter	" "
Swenson, Peter	" "
O-Neill, Thomas	Carpenter's Mate
Baxter, William T.	Yeoman
Goldthwaite, Harry	"

Seamen.

Purdy, Gilbert H.	Rolf, Olav
Anderson, Peter	Radley, Charles A.
Anderson, John B.	Taylor, John
Austin, John	Conley, William J.
Andersen, Andrew	Christainsen, Albert
Blomberg, Robert	Caldwell, Benjamen
Wilson, Albert	Phillips, John
Wishman, Daniel W.	Christensen, Martin C.
Wilson, Charles	Copassaki, Andrew
Gruner, Frank	Child, Clinton E.
Hanson, Hoakon L.	Ericksen, John
Hanson, Albert.	Fagerlund, Gustaf A.
Hanson, Albert W.	Torstrom, Olaf B.
King, William	George, Alexander
Lasander, Andro	Heeney, George F.
Leal, Richard	Hanson Peter
Maiss, Julins	Horu, Charles
Murphy, Thomas	Kjenong, Adolph
Nichol, Charles	Larson, Anders
Olsen, Jacob	Lindholm, Gustaf A.
Proctor, William	Milton, Fordrick H.
Phelan, William	Mecgrew, Patrick
Nelson, Oscar.	Robinson, Henry B.
Osterberg, Charles H.	Shay, Ralph.
Petar, Harry.	Toohey, Thomas P.

Apprentices, 1st Class.

Bates, William L.	Brill, Arthur T.
Blanchord, Charles	Burnes, Andrew A.
Blake, Manrice E.	Crown, Clarence E.
Callahan, Arthur	White, David
Church, Ernest	Young, Louis S.
Dunne, Edward	De. Villis, Jeseph C.
Ferguson, Samuel	Fremgen, William
Fuiley, William G.	Gerbracht, Peter J.
Hager, William	Hardy, Thomas F.
Kelly, Thomas J.	Keniston, Frank P.
Lindaur, Knute S.	Lisle, Richared
Longenecher, Wayne L.	Methfessel, Carl H.
Marguardt, Albert A.	McNeany, William J.

Apprentices, 1st Class (*Continued.*)

McNiff, William T.	Neely, David
Parsloe, Fredrick L.	Probert, William T.
Poor, Edward L.	Rowan, Philip S.
Ruser, Frank H.	Ricker, Frank
Stanton, Edward P.	Sullivan, John J.
Taffuider, Charles A.	Teytaud, August P.
Trewren, George W.	Tretter, Harold V. D.

Apprentices 2nd Class.

Aumann, William	Mathewson, William A.

Ordinary Seamen.

Bird, William D.	Barnardo, Walter E.
Anderson, Emil	Bristol, Thomas J.
Baer, Albert	Byrnes, Alexander C.
Wall, Anselm A.	Carroll, Harry
Clase, Charles A.	Cotten Roger C.
Hansbel, Harry	Hassler, William
Hallett, John L.	Haycook, Fletcher E.
Judge, John P.	Janson, Herman E.
Johnson, Edward W.	Kuhl, Jacob
Kidd, Alexander A.	Lockridge, Frank
Lyons, Joseph D.	Metzendorf. David D.
Martell, George H.	Miller, Jacob.
McDonald, Edward M.	McLean, August
Ostertag, Louis H.	Petrie, Berrie
Pinkerton, Justus B.	Ruark, Harry L.
Rust, Joseph	Russell, Edward
Schmidt, Robert,	Smith, William
Weaver, William W.	Weller, Frank

Landsmen.

Turnan, William	Thorne, Elbert T.
Williams, Christian S.	Wise, Charles J.
Channell, Charles A.	Callan, David
Chalmers, William T.	Carr, Micheal
Dunphy, Willard	Healy, John J.
Hunter, John McB.	Hughes, Louis D.
Houston, William W.	Meyer, Bernard
Mitchell, Charles,	Murray, William
Nokes, Francis J.	Otto, Hearik
Plunkett, William R.	Reeves, George A.
Sweeney, James J.	Tisdale, John B.
Yamamachi Hirake.	

Baymen.

Dutereaux, Charles J.	Mason, William

Evans, John W.	Shipwright
Tomlinson, J. H.	Ship's Cook 4th Cl.
Mitchell, Chas	Bugler

Engineer Force.

Chief Petty Officers	Chiefs Yeomen
Bates, William E.	Strong, Elmer
Gallagher, Edward S.	Kerr, John
Holloway, Murray S.	Munro, William A.
Jansen, Jacobb C.	Shields, Richard J.
Winslow, Christopher J.	Trevorrow, William J.

Coyle, Thomas D.	Boilermaker
Cooney, Patrick J.	Coppersmith
Olson, Erland	Blacksmith

Watertenders.

Bruce, John	Dillow, James
Marks, Jacob	Mullen, Edward
Moore, William	Pratt, Robert

Oilers.

Blixt, Andrew	Warren, Herbert L.
Dougherty, Patrick	Dempsey, Thomas
Eletson, William W.	Higgins, Stephen F.
Jorgensen, George	Kriuger, Eugene
Ney, Martin F.	Oldenberg, Hugo
Peterson, Reinhold	Raycroft, Thomas H.

Firemen, 1st Class.

Baker, George	Wilson, William
Convers, Frederick H.	Cummings, Frank
Curtin, Louis H.	Dalton, James J.
Ellison, William	Flynn, Peter
Folen, John	Grinasley, Charles C.
Henry, John	Knight, William
Lord, Mount C.	Lee, Thomas
Murphy, Thomas	Martin, John
McNaff, William J.	McElevee, Hugh
Reynolds, Frank	Sullivan, John

Firemen, 2nd Class.

Atkinson, John W.	Anderson, Gustaf
Alliez, Frederick	Walker, Henry J.
Connors, Micheal	Carey, Micheal J.
Colvey, John	Forrow, Sidney A.
Hirch, Louis	Hicks, James H.
Hongan, Oliver	McClancy, Barney
Norton, John	Newland, Carl
Rakebrand, Henry	Steinerson, Martin
Shulz, Paul	Saunders, Simon
Twitchell, Charles H.	

Coal Passers.

Anderson, William	Barnes, Edward
Behrsing, Andrew	Barry, Edmund, G.
Clifford, Roberp J.	Cushing, Frederick M.
Wolftone, John	Curtis, Frank C.
Dunneau, John	Edumnds, Harry
Ewers, Edward H.	Farrell, John
Gaul, Patrick	Howlley, William
Harding, John	Hansen, Fredrick
Hansen, Alexander	Hellings, Herbert
Herbert, William G.	Heath, John
Johnson, Frank B.	Jervis, Edward
Jones, Charles J.	Lamoreaux, Frank
Longley, George	Lynch, William
Lundgardh, Arthur	Leppard, Thomas
Marchand, Fredrick J.	McDonald, George
McCausland, John P.	Nutcher, Edward C.
Nichelson, James	O. Malley, John
Peters, Philip J.	Summers, George
Smith, Abraham L.	Smith, John W.
Smyth, Claude W.	Sheehan, Micheal
Thomas, Frank	Walker, Robert C.

Marine Guard.

Schurman, Henry W.	1st Sergeant
Zillig, Edward	— ,,
Harris, Heury H.	— ,,
Perkins, Edward O.	— ,,
McDonald, William J.	Corporal
Nelson, Charles	,,
Nichols, Claud	,,
Vogt, William	Drummer
Vincent Walter F.	Fifer

Privates.

Barrett, Richard	Botsa, Alexander
Corbett, John	Cordova, Richard R.
Cornyn, Felix	Coventry, Daved J.
Daly, Carroll	Dwyer, John
Ferguson, Thomas S.	Ferris, George
Flynn, Richard P.	Healy, Patrick J.
Hickey, William A.	Hedden, Tuomas
Hunt, Theodore E.	Kennedy, Josephus A.
Kennedy, Thomas	Ketcham, John M.
Little John, Benjamen F.	McDougoll, John A.
McGrath, Thomas F.	McEloain, Rufus
McLanghlin, William	Odin, Hugo A.
Petsold, Charles	Rooney, James
Saunder, John G.	Scheaffer, William D.
Slight, Edward T.	Sorensen, Samuel P.
Tolley, Fredrick	Tracy, Patrick J.
Wachter, George	Warren, Arthur E.
West Thomas.	

Musicians.

Valifucco, Michele ... ... Band Master
Bertoni, Vete ... ... First Musician

Musicians, 1st Class.

Arnheim, Max P. ... ... Di Benedetto, Poala
Di Georgis, Joseph ... ... Keogh, William M.
Moore, Earle C.... ... ... Siderio, Rospero

Musicians, 2nd Class.

Bendix, August... ... ... Davidson, Adolph
Garrod, Led H.... ... ... Hammer, Ernst
Olaquez, Thomas ... ... Quaranta, Tommaso
Scalea, Gaetana... ... ... Pewza, Andrea

Boston.

Protected Cruiser, 8 Guns, 3,000 Tons, 4,030 Horse Power, Single Screw.

Captain, ... Frank Wildes
Lieutenant Commander, ... John A. Norris
Lieutenant, ... Bernard O. Scott
Lieutenant, ... John Gibson
Lieutenant (J. G), ... William L. Howard
Ensign, ... Samuel S. Robison
Ensign, ... Lay H. Everhart
Ensign, ... John S. Doddridge
Surgeon, ... Millard H. Crawford
Assistant Surgeon, ... Robert S. Blakeman
Paymaster, ...John R. Martin
Chief Engineer, ... Richard Inch
Assistant Engineer, ... Leland F. James
First Lieutenant of Marines, ... Robert McM. Dutton
Gunner, ... Joel C. Evans
Carpenter, ... Osgood H. Hilton
Pay Clerk, ... George H. Grendle

Chief Petty Officers.

Blake, J.... ... ... Master at Arms
Morgan, W. J. ... ... Boatswain's Mate
Mullaly, M. ... ... Gunner's Mate
Burton, G. ... ... Quartermaster
Bargman, J. ... ... Carpenter's Mate
Randall, G. F. ... ... Yeoman (Equip.)
Michaelis, E. ... ... „ (Pay)
Ayera, W. W. ... ... Apothecary

First Class Petty Officers.

Sullivan, J. ... ... Boatswain's Mate
Arnott, T. F. ... ... „ „
Lawry, C. W. ... ... „ „
Brandt, E. ... ... Gunner's Mate
Dahlberg, G. ... ... „ „
Warterlink, A. ... ... „ „
Aabalson, A. ... ... „ „

First Class Petty Officers (*Continued.*)

Hill, A. ... ... Quartermaster
Malloy, R. A. ... ... Blacksmith
McCann, F. ... ... „
McKenna, J. W.... ... ... Plumber and Fitter
Lambert, R. ... ... Sailmaker's Mate
Treadwell, G. A.... ... ... Yeoman

Second Class Petty Officers.

Bertelsen, B. ... ... Master at Arms
Stuart, A.... ... ... Boatswain's Mate
Keegan, W. ... ... „ „
Johnson, W. ... ... „ „
Volkmar, G. J. ... ... „ „
Rieman, J. ... ... Gunner's „
Sullivan, J. M. ... ... „ „
Conway, D. G. ... ... „ „
Reardon, W. G.... ... ... Quartermaster
Maren, W. ... ... Carpenter's Mate
Zederbaum, G. ... ... Yeoman

Third Class Petty Officers.

Perkins, D. ... ... Master at Arms
McDonald, C. J. ... ... Coxswain
Zaniwich, A. ... ... „
Woods, W. ... ... „
McShane, J. ... ... „
Olsen, O. ... ... „
Wheeler, C. H. ... ... „
O'Brien, E. J. F. ... ... „
Barry, J. ... ... „
Zenker, J. ... ... „
Jansen, J. ... ... Gunner's Mate
Hoffman, G. M. ... ... „ „
Kronmiller, G. ... ... Quartermaster
Schurter, J. R ... ... „
La Motte, H. C. ... ... Painter
Waite, W. ... ... Seamen Gunner

Seamen.

Ahlfors, W. ... ... McGinniss, W. H.
Sjogram, G. ... ... Breen, J. P. D.
Hansson, M. ... ...Sutton, C. B.
Townson, J. A. ... ... Pearce, G.
Laag, H. ... ... Hennessy, J. J.
Broad, C ... ... Schlenther, H.
Launits, A. ... ... Bristol, B. J.
Halling, L. ... ... Kristiansen, K.
Hayes, J. ... ... Mendel, L. P.
McPherson, J. L. ... ...Johnson, N.
Linquist, G. ... ... Scoggins, J.
Vernieux, F.... ... ... Carlsson, J. L.
Jochum, F. ... ...Robinson, J.
Parker, F. F. ... ... Ambrose, Ned. (Capt. Hold)

Apprentices.

Taylor Jr., E. F.	Swanson, E.
Laughlin, M.	Elliott, A. S.
Clair, J. J.	Fisher, W. E.
Fitzpatrick, L.	Beaks, E.
Rheinlander, C. W.	Barrett, J. E.
Royal, G. R.	Deggles, C. H.
Hines, W. R.	Engle, H. E.
Meade, F. J.	Gumpert, A.
White, W. R.	Summerville, E. R.
Nilsen, N.	Lenderman, C. W.
Covington, F. H.	Seymore, J. J.
Hannan, W. H.	Gulick, G. N.
Seifried, E W.	Fero, H. W.
Kirkholder, F.	Muehlbach, P.

Ordinary Seamen.

Jensen, H. C.	Marshall, J.
Murphy, M.	Fogarty, J.
Bicknell, G. R.	Mullen, J.
Sullivan, J. M.	Jaines, S. C.
Leonard, W.	Gallagher, W.
Donovan, J.	Erickson, E
Long, H. W.	Hitman, F.

Landsmen.

Cummings, C	O'Connor, M.
Quigly, R.	Mason, F.
Clark, J. S.	Schaefer, L. F.
McDonald, G. S.	Jones, C. L.
Creamer, J. A.	Bestoso, G.
Cambell, A.	Doughty, W. R
Berry, E. H.	Taylor, T. M.
McFarland, R. A.	Mangan, J.
Duffy, J.	Neal, D. M.
Campbell, J. W.	Spencer, J. R.
Naumann, C.	Olsson, H. E.
Arnold, L.	Scudder, W.
Daley, T.	Gross, J. E.
Walke, J. H. (J. of D.)	Madero, A. A. (Barber)

Special Branch.

McSweeney, E. A.	Bugler
Clark, S. R.	Bayman
Wallace, R.	"
Jones, R.	Ship's Cook 2nd Class
Bickford, J.	" " 4th "

Marine Guard.

Adams, G.	1st Sergeant
Williams, A.	Sergeant
Schramm, L.	Corporal
Ryan, M.	"
Johnston, H.	"
Foley, T.	Fifer
Barker, D.	Private
Conway, T.	"
Farrell; F. G.	"
Harkins, J. J.	"
Martin, F.	"
Palmer, C.	"
King, F.	"
Murray, A.	"
McFarlane, J.	"
McCormack, J.	"
Pfefferle, L.	"
Jolly, A.	"
Hall, R.	"
Carr, D. H.	"
Eddy, C. D.	"
Chew, C. S.	"
Gill, J. W.	"
Densen, H. C.	"
Dozwiak, J.	"
Kirchoff, C.	"
Nelson, G. C.	"
Coogan, W.	"

Engineers Force.

Chief Petty Officers.

McLean, A. H.	Machinist
Clifford, C. W.	"
Lanigan, J.	"
White, J.	Yeoman

First Class Petty Officers.

Sterling, J.	Machinist
Anderson, W. E.	Boiler Maker
Taylor, W.	Copper Smith
Gavin, P.	Water Tender
McGriel, D.	" "
Schneider	" "

Second Class Petty Officers.

Tyrrell, J. J.	Machinist
Tame, C.	"
Rhodes, H.	Oiler
McCarthy, J.	"
Kilebka, C.	"
Walsh, H.	"

Firemen First Class.

Boothby, H.	Richards, B.
Cameron, J.	Forsner, O.
Welsh, W.	Loos, W.
Read, E. W.	McDonald, D.
Borst, O. A.	Mooney, J.

Second Class.

Owens, W.	Wilson, C. F.
Horne, A. A.	Simpson, T. H.
Goodman, G. W.	Murphy, W. T.
Flaherty, J. P.	Ennis, J.
Galvin, M.	Templeton, F. A.

Coal Passers.

Buckmiller, J.	Duff, J. W.
McGee, W.	Wind, A.
Crowley, T. F.	Sullivan, P.
Roose, A.	Breiner, H. M.
Gardiner, J. C.	Davis, F.
Clark, O. B.	Boyd, C. M.
Gilluly, A. McD.	Smith, E.
Mulbert, J.	McCarthy, B.
Tipton, C. E.	Schaffer, C.

Crew of U. S. Ship Raleigh.

May, 1st 1898.

Raleigh.

Protected Cruiser, 11 Guns, 3,213 Tons, 10,000 Horse Power, Twin Screws.

Captain,	Joseph B. Coghlan
Lieutenant Commander,	Frederic Singer
Lieutenant,	William Winder
Lieutenant,	Benjamin Tappan
Lieutenant,	Hugh Rodman
Ensign,	Casey B. Morgan
Ensign,	Frank L. Chadwick
Ensign,	Provoost Babin
Surgeon,	Emlyn H. Marsteller
Assistant Surgeon,	Dudley N. Carpenter
Paymaster,	William W. Galt
Chief Engineer,	Frank H. Balley
Passed Assistant Engineer,	Alexander S. Halstead
Assistant Engineer,	John R. Brady
First Lieutenaut of Marines,	Thomas C. Treadwell
Acting Boatswain,	Edward J. Norcott
Acting Gunner,	Gaston D. Johnstone
Acting Carpenter,	Timothy E. Kiley
Pay Clerk,	George A. White

Chief Petty Officers.

Bryan B. H.	Master-At-Arms
Riley, J.	Boatswains Mate
Harvey, W. J.	Yeoman
Phillips, R. W.	„
Lintz, P. J.	Apothecary
Halule, J.	Gunners Mate
Way, L. F.	Quartermaster
Trigger, D.	Carpenters Mate
Tyava, J. J.	Hospital Steward

Firemen.

1st Class.

Akesson, P.	Barnes, J.
Boyle, M.	Chappell, C.
Carroll, Ged H.	Mohoney, J.
Daughtry, T.	McLaughlin, T.
Delevarth, C.	McKenna, E.
Hanlan, P.	Sanborn, S. H.
Hoffman, T.	Phillips, J. H.
Beckford, J. P.	

2nd Class.

Bexler C. E.	Hummel, A. J.
Evans, G. A.	McIntash, J.
Hackett, P.	Schenck, B. F. L.
Cathell, G. W.	Heath, S.
Green, J. M.	White, J. F
Clark, F.	Trent, T.
Johnson, P.	Warner, S.

Coalpassers.

Briar, A.	Hines, P.
Faridone, P.	Jokobson, D. H.
Coles, W.	Lucas, F.
Carey, P.	Hamilton, W. H.
Clark, L. W.	Lennan, P.
Dixon, A.	Larsson, J.
Watson, F.	Mohec, L.
Warmald, G.	Nagle, W.
Welsh, J.	Mitchell, H. E.
Ferguson, G.	Murphy, J.
Flannegan, E.	Melamphy, D.
Fitzpatriek, J.	McMohan, W. J.
Boyd, G. D.	McDonald, J.
Crester, T. O.	McNish, S.
Hereghty, D.	Fitzpatrick, T.
Pequinot, C.	Spellman, M.
Scott, T.	McFaun, J.
Walsh, J.	Dunke, C.
Garther, H. H.	

Petty Officers.

Giesenen, T. ... ... Carpenters Mate 2nd Class
Doyle, P. ... ... Shipswriter
Smith, H. ... ...Ships cook 1st class
Berlin, Y. C.... ... ... „ „ 4th „
Furguson, G. ... ... Plumber and Fitter

Cooks and Stewards.

Shipard, M. ... ... Cabin Steward
Gannet, P. ... ... Wardroom „
Chida, S. ... ... Steerage „
Castobel, D. ... ... Warrant Office „
Masselo, P. ... ... Cabin Cook
La Cure, A. ... ... Wardroom „
Maryayaned T. ... ... Steerage „
Benane, D. ... ... Warrant Office Cook

Seamen.

Anderson, A. ... ... McCarthy, E. J.
Mayland, N. D. ... ... Grandohl, H.
Anderson, A. F. ... ... Grant, C.
Andy E. ... ... Henry, S.
Baxter, D. ... ... Johnsson, J.
Bromberger, F. ... ... Klynson, A.
Johns, E. R. ... ... Malet, G.
Murray, J. ... ... Uygard V.
Olson, G. T. ... ... Smith, J.
Ortman J. ... ... Wall, W. V.
Sablestrom, E. A. ... ... Smith, B. F. W.
Sneath, Wm.

Ordinary Seamen.

Brown, J. L. ... ... Hicks, J.
Bradley, E. ... ... Miller, J. A.
Heaney, C. W. ... ... Donohue, O
Johnson, J. R. ... ... Rouzer, C.
Johnson, J. ... ... Rasse, A.
Nagasiki, Y. ... ...Sandberg, F. E.
Vose Wm. ... ... Williams G.
Werling, R. ... ... Vaughn, J.
Walsh, G. D.

Apprentices.

Duncan, J. G. 1st, Class. Armstrong, J. J. 1st Class.
Dovis, F. H. „ „ ... Blaisdell, C. S. „ „
Gassoway, S. J. „ „ ... Dausch, E. A. „ „
Croak, H. L. „ „ ... DeCalb, R. C. „ „
Rathwell, J. „ „

Abrahamson, R. E. 2nd Class. ... Duncan, J. 2nd Class.
Dafgarde, A. G. C. „ „ ... Gattleils, H. „ „
Fuller, H. L. „ „ ... White, C. J. „ „
Graves, G. W. „ „ ... Wynn, W. „ „
McArole, J. „ „ ... Barnum, E. K. „ „
Hogan, Wm. H. „ „ ... Jensen, A. M. „ „
Marin, J. „ „ ... Maurhoffer, E. „ „
Pfinstag, H. C. R. „ „ ... Brydson, J. „ „
Teuchtler, Robt, „ „ ... Wey, O. H. „ „

Landsmen.

Brydson, J. ... ... McGraw, J. J.
Bailey, A. E. ... ... McCartney, E.
Collins, J. ... ... Mason, A.
Doyle, B. ... ... Perry, F. J.
Douglass, J. P. ... ... Savage, W.
Muller, C. ... ... Ward, A. C.
Kenny, S. ... ... Wagenheim, E.
McCants, J. H. ... ... Faulk, J.

Chief Petty Officers.

"Machinists."

Scobie, W. Rispalte, Wm. Mayhew, W.

Machinists 1st Class.

Schaupp, C. ... ... Linden, F. J.
Dell, T. ... ... Clark, W. J.

Machinists 2nd Class.

Goodridge, N. C. ... ... Kernfeldt, W. E.
Andrews, E. W.

Moro, C. ... ... Boiler Maker
Braun, K. ... ... Coppersmith
Larsson, J. ... ... Blacksmith

Water Tenders.

William, S. M. ... ... Barrett J.
Foley, B. ... ... Barg, C. J.
Tracy, S. ... ... Connally, C.

Oilers.

Duffy, J. ... ... Mattson, A.
Wetzel, W. ... ... White, S.
Lofka, A. ... ... Warner, B.
Wormald, R. Nelson, C. Bradbury.

Petty Officers.

1ST CLASS.

Murphy, Wm.	Boatswain Mate
O'Brien, Wm.	Quarter Master
Hug, W. J.	Gunners Mate
Quinn, J. C.	" "
Swansan, A.	" "
Ryans, S.	" "
Woodward, H. M.	Hospital Apprentice
Harris, C.	" "

2ND CLASS.

Evans, T.	Boatswain Mate
Milson, O. B.	" "
Gibbs, R. H.	" "
West, J. C.	" "
Skaw, S. J.	" "
Jarrett, H. C.	Quarter Master
Lynch, M. J.	Gunners Mate
Prime, Chas.	" "
Smith, W. A.	Yeoman
Price, G. H.	"

3RD CLASS.

Hansen, A.	Quarter Master
Hansen, M.	Gunners Mate
Eason, Thomas.	" "
Kausch, R. G.	" "
Anderson, H.	" "

Coxswains.

Adamsson, E.	Milssen, O
Berreson, O.	Thompson, W. H.
Johnson, J.	Smith, F.
Schuler, Wm.	

Brasnan, W. J.	Master at Arms 3rd Class
Deale, W. C.	Bugler
Sensler, L.	Painter
Mer, T.	Blacksmith

Marine Guard.

Evans, R. L.	1st Sergeant
Rawland, E.	"
Brown, J. M.	"
Hoover, C. M.	Corporal
Collins, H. H.	"
Stevens, W. H.	"
Stewart, J. H.	Drummer
Slobudski, M.	Fifer

Privates.

Gilson, D. E.	Boyce, R. W.
Walbee, C.	Bonner, D. S
Staples, C. E.	Melson, H. P.

Privates (*Continued.*)

Lynch, D. E.	O'Hara, P. J.
Platt, E. H.	Rafferty, H.
Neiley, G. M.	Candrey, W. B.
Birrer, F. L.	Farrell, J.
Akers, J. B.	Phillips, N.
Heard, R. J.	Blodgett, F.
	Ward, J. R.

Baltimore.

Protected Cruiser, 10 Guns, 4,413 Tons, 10,064 Horse Power, Twin Screws.

Captain,	Nehemiah M. Dyer
Lieutenant Commander,	John B. Briggs
Lieutenant,	Frank H. Holmes
Lieutenant,	Frank W. Kellogg
Lieutenant (J. G.),	John M. Ellicott
Lieutenant (J. G.),	Charles S. Stanworth
Ensign,	George N. Hayward
Ensign,	Noble E. Irwin
Ensign,	Michael J. McCormack
Medical Inspector,	John C. Wise
Assistant Surgeon,	Reginald K. Smith
Pay Inspector,	Edward Bellows
Chief Engineer,	John D. Ford
Passed Assistant Engineer,	Edward L Beach
Assistant Engineer,	Henry B. Price
Assistant Engineer,	Hutch I. Cone
Chaplain,	Thaddeus S. K. Freeman
Captain of Marines,	Otway C. Berryman
First Lieutenant of Marines,	Dion Williams
Acting Boatswain,	Harry R. Brayton
Gunner,	Louis J. Connelly
Acting Gunner,	Levin J. Wallace
Carpenter,	Otto Barth
Pay Clerk,	William J. Corwin

Chief Petty Officers.

Edlund, F. G.	Chief Master at Arms.
Locke, Frederick.	,, Boatswain's Mate
Turner, J.	,, Gunners ,,
Kivlehen, M.	,, Quartermaster
Fair, J. F.	,, Machinist
Kell. T. E.	,, ,,
Percival, A. T.	,, ,,
Jones, J. E.	,, ,,
Neartrick, R.	,, Carpenter's Mate
Warlow, C.	,, Yeoman
Silk, C. S.	,, ,,
Orner, W. B.	,, ,,
Dietz, C. J.	,, Apothecary

Petty Officers, 1st Class.

Neberling, G.	Boatswain's Mate
Fggert, C.	,, ,,
Tomke, E.	Gunner's Mate
Foster, L.	,, ,,
Stephenson, G.	,, ,,
Tennison N. A.	,, ,,
Gustafson, C.	Quartermaster
Luttrell, J. F.	Machinist
Burres, B. O.	,,
O'Connor, T. J.	,,
Bohen, J. F.	Boilermaker
Kennedy, M.	,,
Thompson, W.	Blacksmith
Mulvehill, M.	,,
McGrath, J. J.	Plumber and Fitter
Caswell, G.	Sailmaker's Mate
Olesen, J.	Water Tender
Sheehan, W. C.	,, ,,
O'Hanlon, M.	,, ,,
Vanderveer, J. J.	Yeoman

Petty Officers, 2nd Class.

Gubal, J.	Master at Arms
Williams, R.	Boatswain's Mate
Lingron, A.	,, ,,
Lefeben. A.	,, ,,
Colbert, F. J.	,, ,,
Richards. T.	Gunner's Mate
Clark, G. J.	,, ,,
Whyler, F B.	,, ,,
Skinner, A.	Machinist
Sexton, F. J.	,,
Mahlstedt, J.	,,
Watson, L.	,,
Stevens, P. A.	,,
Kohler, G.	Carpenter's Mate
Humphrey, H. F.	Printer
Cole, C. P.	C. to C.
Turner, E.	Oiler
Valianos, N.	,,
Mahon, T. E.	,,
Henrichs, P.	,,
Kane, C. C.	,,
Carrol, J.	,,
Hunt, J.	,,
Kersting, H. W.	,,

Petty Officers, Third Class.

West, A. A. M.	Master at Arms
Greenan, J.	Coxswain
Walters, C. P.	,,
White, F. C.	,,
Johansen, A.	Coxswain
Rooney. H.	,,
Horn. N.	,,
O'Keefe, W.	,,
Shippard, J.	Coxswain (Steam Launch)
Bathke, M.	,, (,, Cutter)
Shockley, C. P.	Painter
Engel, H.	Gunner's Mate
Helenius, A. E.	,, ,,
Snelgrove, E.	,, ,,
Allander, A.	,, ,,
Miller, F.	Quartermaster
Vasocevich. J.	,,
Peck, W. A.	,,
McKay, G. W.	Carpenters Mate
Moffatt, A. E.	Yeoman
Coalton, C. W.	Bugler
McKay, F.	Shipwright
Murphy, W. H.	Bayman
Stenicka, J. A.	,,
Devine, J.	Ship's Cook
O'Brien, J. F.	,, ,,
Castle, P. D.	Jack-of-the-Dust
Walser, J.	Barber
Lee, F.	Captain of Hold

Seamen.

Leggatt, M.	Wahtborg, A.	Nurney, J.
Brooke, T.	White, O.	Goodall, S.
Achenvol, A.	Miller, A. R.	Salonen, F. F.
Oleson, O.	Angelo, A.	Julian, C.
Spruill, A.	Ewing, C. L.	Anderson, A. P.
Burnsee, F.	Williams, M.	Peacock, E. R.
Peterson, J.	Williams, D.	Lynghby, S.
Williams, G. L.	Partington, W.	Walker, G.
Becker, M.	Wood, W.	Riccardelli, R.
Turnblad, C.	Wasserman, A.	Barrett, P.
Whiteham, E. C.	Haden, A. J.	

Ordinary Seamen.

Everson, C. D.	Barson, M.	Gunderman, A
Nichols, A.	Haunstein, A.	Lathrop, A.
Dickerson, E. A.	Robinson, J. A.	Riddle, G A.
Ahl, P.	Stone, W. E.	Ballard, A. N.
Gast, G. H.	Bos, R.	Brady, G
Dunn, J J.	Bomberg, J.	Waters, C.
Auderson, O.	Wilson, G.	Jausen, C J.
Avery, T.	Crangle, C. J.	Sutton, G.
McCorriston, T. J.	Gridley, F. S.	Regeth, S.
Paech, O.	Covert, R. P.	Murphy, J. F.
Crisp, J.	Herre, C.	

Apprentices, First Class.

Thompson, H.	Bohne, C. A.	Marshall, C. T.
Carrel, F. R.	McCabe, T.	Mayer, F. J.
Steele, C. W.	Boersched, P.	Turnbull, A.
Yockish, R. P.	Bromby, W.	

Apprentices, Second Class.

Vogt, F. C.	Ashley, H. C.	Hartnett, G. W.
Munger, O. R.	Zander, E. M.	Anderson, C. W.
Anderson, F. L.	Noodworth, A.	Winkler G. M.
Spear, T. R. Jr.	Beaver, A.	Wenk, H. B.
Benson, G. F.	Smallbone, J.	Craig, G. K.
Cook, B. F.	Schaefer, E.	Flynn, T. J.
Santry, W. F.	Funkler, H.	Ruley, F.
Foley J. A.	Ryan, W. J.	Hatfield, F. L.
Patterson, J. R.	Healy, T. P.	Palm, J.
Johnson, A. H.	Phillips, C. F.	Johnson, L.
O'Connor, D. J.	Morse, F. L.	Nicolai, M. A.
Latham, J. W.	Meyer, L. L.	Marshall, D.
	Marshall, J.	

Landsmen.

Dyer, L.	Stryker, R. S.	Smith, O. P.
Tobias, D. O.	Hurd, L. C.	Bowman, J.
Gauthier, F. J.	Carney, P. J.	Kerble, H. L.
Barlow. R. L.	Budinger, M J.	Pluff, P.
Daly, J.	Simpton, W.	Allbright, J. T.
Stryker, M. K.	Clark, J. T.	Fanillo, F. J.

Firemen, First Class.

Smith, J.	Dunleavy, T.	Richards, J.
Quirk. J.	Anglin, W. E.	Engstrom, G.
Besley, J. W.	Johnson, E.	Spierman, F.
Gallaquille, R.	Kennedy, J.	Raines, J. J.
Wright, W. J.	Curran, D.	Root, F. W.
Burton, A. G.	Newman, W. V.	Nash, W. L.
Butt, R.	Braun, P.	Wagner, F.
Bickford, J.	McCarty, J.	Kemper, J.
Fennen, R. J.	Olsen, G.	McNeirney, J. J.
Muller, H.		

Firemen, Second Class.

Edwards, W. E.	Carter, F.	Davis, J. A.
Craig, D.	Lehman, W. C.	Stemmer, O.
Pramme, C.	Bishop, H. M.	McDonald, F. C.
Sexton, P.	Collins, J. F.	Manders, J.
Shannon, G. P.	St. Clair, I. J.	Goldstine, A.
McDowell, T. H.	Lehman, J. A.	

Coal Passers.

Boyd, J. D.	Doephe, O. J.	Nichols, A. W.
Murdock, T.	Jarvis, G.	Norton, H.
King, M. T.	Graf, J.	Smith, L. H.
Wilson, H.	Clements, C. W.	Berry, J. C.
Taylor, C. C.	Hielhouse, J.	Rasmussen, L.
Dacey, W.	Schultz, A. E.	Conrad, E.
Mullen, F. L.	Coleman, D.	Williams, F.
Braun, H.	Gallagher, E.	Flowers, B.
Gambier, L. A.	Lynm, C. C.	Wallwork, T.
Higgins, G. H.	Umland, G.	

Marine Guard.

Pierpoint, F., First Sergeant.

Grant, J., Sergeant. Hoffman, J. C., Sergeant.
Smith, J. H., Corporal. Stanek, J., Corporal.
Walters, W., Corporal.
Boahman, F., Drummer. Necesal, A., Fifer.

Privates.

Hall, Fred.	Campbell. R.	Wisner, J. A.
Keene, A. R.	Baptiste, G.	Wilson, J.
Thomas, E.	Ludgate. W.	Goebel, P. D.
Fenholdt, L.	Fitzgerald, M.	Chapman, W. J.
Greiser, J. B.	Bliss, L. L.	Ralph, J. F.
Poe, J.	Hastings, F. L.	Heider, G.
Emerson, F.	Peterson, A.	McLaughlin, J. C.
Lazier, F.	Edwards, W. A.	Richards. Ed
McCormick, J.	Bellamy, S. F.	George, F. W.
Yenawine, K.	Egam, M.	Zeis, G B.
Dimmick, C. C.	Bradley, F. E.	Rucks, W. M.
Peppard, J. H.	Benson, J. C.	Reynolds, F.
McBreerty, F.	Stafford, P.	Bruck, A.
Smith, F. L.	Evans, C. N.	Jellette, C. H.
Byington, E. C.		

Band.

Kanfmann, E. C., Bandmaster. Liese, G., First Musician.
Tranks, L. Stanley, F. L. Oppliger, A. Whapham, F.
Morgado, C. J. Ward, J. Alvino, A. Tyler, A. V.
Hoy, A. Breer, W. Orlandi, A. Bailhache, S.
Honeywell, H. Roacher, H.

Concord.

Gunboat, 6 Guns, 1,700 Tons, 3,405 Horse Power, Twin Screws.

Commander, ... Asa Walker
Lieutenant Commander, ... George P. Colvocoresses
Lieutenant, ... Thomas B. Howard
Lieutenant, ... Patrick W. Hourigan

Lieutenant (J. G.),	Charles M. McCormick
Ensign,	Louis A. Kaiser
Ensign,	William C. Davidson
Ensign,	Orlo S. Knepper
Passed Assistant Surgeon,	Richard G. Broderick
Passed Assistant Paymaster,	Eugene D. Ryan
Chief Engineer,	George B. Ransom
Passed Assistant Engineer,	Horace W. Jones
Pay Clerk,	Frederick K. Hunt

List of Men on board U.S.S. Concord. May 1st 1898.

Londerman, J.	C. B. M.
Hill, P.	C. G. M.
Jorgensen, P. C.	C. Q. M.
Dame, G. H.	C. M.
Evans, E.	„
Wiseman, H. J.	„
Aulmann, G. L.	C. Y.
Shute, F. E.	„
Langa, J. J.	„
Saxton, W. Eugene	Hos, Std.
Ramsperger, F.	C. C. M.
Gallagher, J.	C. M. at A.
Clark, Harry J.	Ship's Writer
Dickey, G. D.	Navigator's Writer
Anderson, Carl	B. M. 1. C
Fuller, G. L.	„
Mahoney, P.	G. M. 1. C.
Kenny, T. J.	„
Britton, J.	Q. M. 1. C
Rowland, C. E.	Blacksmith
Welsh, J. H.	„
Desmond, H.	M. 1. C.
Devine, A. D.	„
Metcalf, G. R.	„
Lambert, E.	Bmkr.
Crouse, W. A.	W. T.
Schlicht, J.	„
McCarthy, C.	„
Kline, M. A.	P. & F.
Muller, F. J.	S. M. M.
Phillips, A. T.	B. M. 2. C.
Plumber, J. A.	„
Wilson, E.	G. M. 2. C.
Dixon, W. C.	„
King, J.	„
Anderson, Chas,	Q. M. 2. C.
Gallagher, T. B.	M. 2. C.
Leslie, J. F.	„
McGuire, D.	Oiler
Melody H. J.	„
Props, W. E.	„
Folson, E.	„
Lagerholm, F.	Coxswain
Sheehan, W. B.	„
McCartney, W. J.	„
Dundas, H. G.	„
Pollex, Max.	„
Brown, F. W.	G. M. 3 C.
Grable, J. F.	„
Parrish, S.	„
Summ, H.	„
Jones, F. B.	M. at A. 3 C.
Alm, E. A.	Q. M. 1 C.
Lerch, G. H.	C. M. 3 C.
Miles, W. E.	Painter
Brotherton, J. P.	Giler
Nelson, J.	Bugler
Griggs, J. H.	Hos, App.
Crowley, E.	Shipwright
Silva, M.	S. C. 1 C.
Anderson, L. A.	Seaman
Anderson, John	„
Anderson, Leon.	„
Bethge, C. L.	„
James, J.	„
Johnson, A.	„
Kugat, P.	„
Martinmann, F.	„
Mengi, P.	„
Olsson, E. H.	„
Peterson, O. A.	„
Sefbom, C. F.	„
Wagelie, G. A.	„
Wiggles, E. M.	„
Westermark, Axel	„
White, E. T.	„
Clydesdale, F. R.	Ord. Seaman
Erwin, B. A.	„
Henk, C. W.	„
Hind, W. R.	„
Hartman, J. G.	„
Kerston, G. T.	„
Leahy, H.	„
Minnick, W. W.	„
Nelson, D. W.	„
Nikkelson, N.	„
Price, J. L.	„
Row, A. G.	„
Rost, R.	„
Ross, D. F.	„
Whiteley, J. H.	„
Young, L. L.	„
Harvey, F. M.	App. 1 C.
Andrews, R. T.	App. 2 C.
Berger, A. G.	„
Coan, A.	„
Cervantes, L. I.	„

Dewson, E. W.	App. 2. C.
Goldman, M.	,,
Gignac. A. J.	,,
Harman, F. M.	,,
Lawrence, Harry	,,
Lassig. C. E.	,,
O'Keefe, T.	,,
Pfaff, E.	,,
Speaker, A.	,,
Williams, O. J.	,,
Attrioge, J. F.	Landsman.
Baker, G. W.	,,
Bush, Charlie	,,
Bush, Frank	,,
Bettencourt, F.	,,
Dickerson, C. O.	,,
Frazer, G.	,,
Harmon, P. A.	,, (J.O.D.)
Kato, U.	,,
Osborne, G. R.	,,
Davis, W.	F. 1 C
Ehle, J. W.	,,
Hull, J. L.	,,
Martin, J.	,,
Power, W. D.	,,
Rooney, J.	,,
Turner, L.	,,
Healey, P.	. 2. C.
Hermanson, E. S.	,,
Hickox, G. F.	,,
Kabatchuick, S.	,,
Murphy, J. J.	,,
McPherson, E. M.	,,
Olmstead, H. H.	,,
Smith, R. X	,,
Babcock, H. H.	C. P.
Dees, L. C.	,,
Gable, A.	,,
Green, W.	,,
Haffke, C.	,,
Joseph. W.	,,
Sibley, J. T.	,,
Smith, T.	,,
Stroble. R.	,,
Wilson, H. W. B.	,,
Whitney, A.	,,
Miller, H.	,,
Meade, E.	,,
Moorehead, T.	,,

Marines.

Borchert, C.	1st, Sergt.
Dahlgren, J. O.	Corporal.
Miller, A.	,,

Marines. (*Continued.*)

Bauer, C.	Private.
Catlin, L. H.	,,
Day, J. E.	,,
Elkin, E.	,,
Grey, J.	,,
Howard, L.	,,
Landrum, F. L.	,,
McGuire, P.	,,
Murphy, S.	,,
Orndoff, H. W.	,,
Peterson, G. C.	,,
Robinson, W.	,,
Sugar, S. D.	,,
Sainsbury, J. E.	,,
Young, F. A.	,,

Petrel.

Gunboat, 4 Guns, 892 Tons, 1092 Horse Power, Single Screw.

Commander,	Edward P. Wood
Lieutenant,	Edward M. Hughes
Lieutenant,	Bradley A. Fiske
Lieutenant,	Albert N. Wood
Lieutenant (J. G.)	Charles P. Plunkett
Ensign,	George L. Fermier
Ensign,	William S. Montgomery
Passed Assistant Surgeon,	Carl D. Brownell
Assistant Paymaster,	George G. Seibels
Chief Engineer,	Reynold T. Hall
Master-at-Arms,	Reh. O. E.
Boatswain's Mate,	Black, F. J.
Gunner's ,,	Kuhlbach, F.
Quartermaster's Mate,	Eklundh, G. M.
Carpenter's Mate,	Itrich, F. A.
Yeoman,	Ermurims, J. F.
Machinist,	Lutken, H. I.
,,	Cantwell, R. F.
,,	Martin, J. F.
Yeoman,	Amewld, A.
,,	Conquest, A. B.
Apothecary,	Cogswell, F..L.

Petty Officers.

Dueland, G.	Boatswain's Mate
Patmer, H. J.	Gunner's ,,
Patterson,	Watertender
Nagle, E. F.	Blacksmith
Blackiston, R. J.	Sailmaker's Mate
Prelovsky, D.	Boiler Maker
Hart, C.	Quartermaster
Donovan, G.	Machinist
Kramer, H.	Coppersmith
Smith, C. E.	Plumber and Fitter
White, T.	

Petty Officers, Second Class.

Fortensen, B M. ... ... Boatswain's Mate
Strom, A. E.... ... ... „ „
Gardee, H. W. ... ... Yeoman
Prodo, J. A.... ... ... Gunner's Mate
Hinricks, R.... ... ... „ „
Stuervo, A. G. O. ... ... Quartermaster

Petty Officers, Third Class.

Haniris, E. ... ... Coxswain
O'Toole, J. ... ... „
Budrow, L. W. ... ... „
Miller, C. H.... ... ... Gunner's Mate
Valles, C. E. ... ... „ „
Olander, H. K. ... ... Quartermaster
Harris, D. C.... ... ... Gunner's Mate
Millane, P. ... ... Coxswain
Bethgen, E. ... ... „
Howard, J. L. ... ... Yeoman
Currie A. ... ... Oiler
Muflly, J. D. ... ... „

Seamen.

Christie, D. Larson, O. Sellman, J.
Wilson, F. Sprong, C. Logan, G.
Pulache, B. Fulder, W. Geary, J. F.
Kanger, F. Coyle, P. Hintfield, O.
Emetroff, D. Kranel, W. Assmees, P.
Hansen, W.

Apprentices, 1st Class.

Macaulay, B. V. ... ... Raymond, G. A.
Hebart, H. ... ... Singman, B. B
Eberlim, L. A. ... ... Forest, E. C.
Cooley, V. W.

Firemen, 1st Class.

Donohue, P. Powers, J. Schull, G.

Ordinary Seamen.

Cassey, P. J. ... ... Remahl, A.
Wiers, J. A. ... ... Isakson, J. F.
Allister, S. M. ... ... Sterling, W. J.
Donovan, J. H. ... ... Engman, J.
Fitzgerald, D. ... ... Boll, G. H.—Bayman

Firemen, 2nd Class.

Beaumont, C. D. Reed, S. Smith, E. R.

Apprentices, 2nd Class.

Sowerby, J. A. Trennert, R. F. Duncan, T. F.

Landsmen.

Harman, W. E. ... ... Otto, K.
Smith, W. ... ... Mayberry, W.
Blankenberkler, R. J.

Coalpassers.

Warner, G. C. Hooser, W. F. O'Mara, P. J.
Mening, J. Harper, J. H. Bley, E. S.
Rust, J. B. Wise, W. G.

Marines.

Burton, R. E. ... ... 1st Sergeant
Botson, F. ... ... Corporal
Kavanaugh, J. K. ... ... „
Higgins, P. J.... ... ... Private
Joyce, M. ... ... „
Schneider, ... „
Ford, T. M. ... ... „
Kramer, F. U.... ... ... „
Olsen, E. G. ... ... „
West, W. ... ... „

McCulloch.

Revenue Catter, Secondary Battery, 1,280 Tons,
2,400 Horse Power, Single Screw.

Lieutenant, U. S. Navy, ... Willam P. Elliot

Captain, Revenue Cutter Service, ... Daniel B. Hodgsdon
First Lieutenant, R. C. S., ... Daniel P. Foley
Second Lieutenant, R. C. S., ... Walker W. Joynes
Third Lieutenant, R. C. S., ... Randolph Ridgely, Jr.
Third Lieutennat, R. C. S., ... Willam E. Atlee
Third Lieutenant, R. C. S., ... John Mel
Assistant Surgeon, Marine Hospital Service, Joseph B. Greene
First Assistant Engineer, R. C. S., ... William C. Meyers
First Assistant Engineer, R. C. S., William E. Maccoun
Second Assistant Engineer, R. C. S., Henry F. Schoenborn

Chief Petty Officers

Burke, J. A. ... ... Boatswain
Nelson, W. ... ... Gunner
Rossin, P. C. ... ... Carpenter
Carson, G.... ... ... Master-at-Arms
Johnson, C. ... ... Quartermaster

Petty Officers.

Bryson, J. ... ... Quartermaster
Sjoberg, B. H. ... ... „
Neithercott, A. A. ... ... Bugler
Swanson, O. ... ... Coxswain
Svenesin, J. ... ... „
Clark, C. ... ... „

Seamen.

Pattison, J. ... ... Persson, O.
Fedoroff, A. E. ... ... Richters, B. C.
Christie, H. ... ... Anderson, J.
Thompson, H. ... ... Anderson, C.
Kuhl, A.... .. .. Parovel, J.
Thompson, H. ... ... Humphrey, F. W.

Ordinary Seamen.

Sutton, Wm. ... ... Barnes, F. A.
Armstrong, B. ... ... McFarlane, Jas.
Bailey, Thomas. ... ... Doner, F.
Dimanger, J. H. ... ... Henmann, C.
Bernard, C. ... ... Smith, D.
Buzwell, E. L. ... ... King, F.
Clendining, F. ... ... Kerner, J. A.
Owens, P. G. ... ... Craig, F. C.
Miller, Wm. E.

Klump, David. ... ... Machinist
Timminns, B. ... ... Oiler

Firemen.

Kimball, H. ... ... Dunseath, Wm.
Olson, O. J. ... ... Burnes, J.
Olson, G. E.

Coal Passers.

Beaubein, J. ... ... Laurence, J.
Benson, H. ... ... Hakansson, G.
Hein, G.

Bayuen.

Long, C. H. ... ... Forbes, A.

Stewards and Cooks.

Rice, Louis, M. ... ... Cabin Steward
... ... Washroom Steward

Hanshan.

COLLIER.

Lieutenant, ... Ben. W. Hodges

Zafiro.

SUPPLY VESSEL.

Ensign, ... Henry A. Pearson

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APPENDIX.

Cablegram from the Secretary of the Navy to Commodore Dewey.

Washington, D. C.
April 24th, 1898.

Dewey, Hongkong, China;

War has commenced between the United States and Spain. Proceed at once to the Philipine Islands. Commence operations at once, particularly against Spanish Fleet. Capture vessels or destroy them. Use utmost endeavors.

Long.

Dewey to Long:—

Manila, May 1st 1898.

Long Secretary of Navy;

The squadron arrived at Manila at daybreak this morning. Immediately engaged enemy, and destroyed following vessels; Reina Christina, Castilla, Ulloa, Isla De Cuba, Gen Lezo, Ducro, Velasco, Mindanao, Isla De Luzon, one transport and the Water battery at Cavite. The squadron is uninjured, and only a few men were slightly wounded. The only means of telegraphing is to the American Consul at Hongkong. I shall communicate with him.

Dewey.

May, 4th 98

I have taken possession of Naval Station at Cavite P. I. Have destroyed fortification at Bay entrance, paroling garrison. I control bay completely and can take city any time. Squadron is in excellent health and spirits. Spanish losses not fully known, but very heavy. One hundred and fifty including Captain, killed on Reina Christina. Am assisting and protecting Spanish sick and wounded. Two hundred and fifty six wounded, in hospitals within our lines. Much excitement in Manila. Will protect foreign residents.

Dewey.

Washingtong, D. C. Aug., 22nd 98.

Dewey:—

Manila, via Hongkong. Receive for yourself and for the officers, sailors and marines of your Command, my thanks and congratulations and those of the nation, for the gallant conduct all have again so conspicuously displayed.

Signed, Wm. McKinley.

Washington, D. C. May, 12 98.

Dewey, Hongkong:—

Following is quotation from joint resolutions tendering thanks of Congress to Commodore George Dewey U. S. N. and to officers and men of squadron under his Command:—

Resolved by Senate and House of Representatives of the United States in Congress assembled: That in pursuance of the recommendation of the President, the thanks of Congress and the American people are hereby tendered to Commodore George Dewey U. S. Navy, Commander in Chief of U. S. Naval Force on Asiatic Station, for highly distinguished conduct in conflict with the enemy as displayed by him in destruction of the Spanish Fleet and batteries in the harbor of Manila on May 1st, '98.

That the thanks of Congress and the American people are hereby extended through Commodor Dewey to officers and men of his command for the gallantry and skill exhibited by them on that occasion.

This act having been approved by the President on May 10th, you have been commissioned Rear-Admiral. The department takes great pleasure in transmitting this information to you, which you will convey to the officers and men under your command.

Long.

Shanghai, May, 10-98.

Dewey, Hongkong:—

U. S. S. "Monocacy" sends congratulations.

New York, May, 10-98.

Dewey, Manila:—

Engineers Club, New York, congratulates you and our professional brothers of your victorious fleet.

Washington, D. C. May 7-98.

Dewey, c/o American Consul, Hong Kong:—

The President in the name of the American people thanks you and your officers and men for your splendid achievement and overwhelming victory. In recognition he has appointed you Rear Admiral, and will recommend a vote of thanks to you by Congress as a foundation for further promotion.

Long, Secretary.

City of Olympia, Washington
May, 7-188.

Cruiser Olympia, Manila:—

Congratulations of Mayor and citizens.

Mayor.

Bancroft Library

Washington, D. C. May, 7-98.

Admiral Dewey, Manila:—

Every American citizen is your debtor.

Roosevelt, Asst. Secretary.

New York, May, 8-98.

Commodore Dewey "Olympia" Manila:—

The New York Yacht Club offers congratulations to you, your officers and men, for your overwhelming victory.

Oddie—Secretary.

New York, May, 7-98.

Commodore Dewey, Hong Kong:—

The "Brooklyn" which first flew your flag, glories in your victory.

Officers and Crew.

New York, May, 8-98.

Admiral Dewey "Olympia" Manila:—

Voicing the sentiments of the entire Nation, the New York Herald offers congratulations to you and your fleet for your gallant conduct and brilliant victory.

New York Herald.

Boston, May, 7-98.

Cruiser Boston, Manila:—

Congratulations.

City of Boston.

New York, May, 7-98.

Admiral Dewey, Hong Kong:—

The Flying Squadron says to the Asiatic Squadron, "Bully Boys!" Cougratulations.

Schley.

Tuscon, Ariz, May, 11-98.

Dewey, Manila:—

Tuscon, the oldest city in United States; mass meeting assembled; celebrated your glorious victory; offer thanks and congratulations.

Chas. Hoff, Mayor.

Constitutional Convention,

State of Louisiana.

Mr. T. W. Castleman offered the following resolution No. 133;

Resolved:—That the thanks of the people of Louisiana are hereby tendered to Commodore George Dewey, commanding Asiatic Squadron, and officers and sailors of his command for the glorious victory of his command over the Spanish Fleet at Manila, which resulted in the destruction of the Spanish Men-o'-war opposing the United States Fleet.

This is to certify that the above and foregoing is a true and correct copy of the original resolution No, 133 passed by the Constitutional Convention of the State of Louisiana May 3rd, 98.

Seal Signed

Signed E. W. Kruttachnitt.

Robt. S. Laudry. President.

Secretary.

Philadelphia, October 29th.

Hon. Geo. Dewey, Manila.

Philadelphia has just concluded her jubilee ceremonies during which she extended hospitality to the President, his Cabinet and the victorious Commanders, soldiers and sailors of the Spanish American War. Though absent, you have ever been present with us in spirit. We send hearty congratulations to you and those under your command for the glory you have brought to the Nation.

Chas. F. Warwick, Mayor.

Proclamation of Aguinaldo.

Philipinos:—

The Great North American Nation, the repository of true liberty, and therefore the friend of true freedom for our Nation, oppressed and subjugated by the tyranny and despotism of the rulers, has come to afford to the inhabitants a protection as decisive as it is undoubtedly disinterested, regarding us unfortunates as possessing sufficient civilization and aptitude for self government. In order to justify this high conception formed of us by the great American Nation, we ought to reprobate all such acts as may derogate from that conception, such as pillage, robbery and every class of outrage against person and property. In order to avoid international conflict during the period of our campaign, I order as follows:—

Art. I. The lives and property of all foreigners shall be respected, including in this denomination, Chinese, and all Spaniards who have not directly or indirectly contributed to the bearing of arms against us.

Art. II. Equally respected shall be those of the enemy who shall lay down their arms.

Art. III. Medical establishments and ambulances shall also be respected and the persons and effects attached thereto, unless they display hostility.

Art. IV. Persons disobeying the provisions of the three preceding articles, shall be summarily tried and executed if their disobedience leads to assassination, incendiarism, robbery or rape.

Given at Cavite, May 24th '98.

Emilio Aguinaldo.

The following is a reply from the Governor General to an address by the Mayor:—

Deeply moved by this solemn, patriotic and enthusiastic demonstration, at whose head stands the Mayor, representing the people of Manila, who are gathered around him without distinction of corporations, categories or titles:

I am proud in the first place to be a Spaniard, and next to be the first in authority in this rich and beloved Archipelago.

I cannot, "Senores," the less regret the situation in which our poor and beloved "Spain" finds herself. You know from the proclamation, that America outraging all international laws, using evil devices and felonies, taking advantage of our misfortunes and exhausting the patience of all Spaniards with it's perfidious machinations, has provoked war with us.

Spain, wounded in her tenderest point, her national integrity and honor, accepts the challenge. And this Spain, which appears so decadent, will show to the whole world that she still posesses great military energy and economic vigor, and that, far from decaying in spirit, she is capable of the highest heroism.

We enter upon the fight then, resolved to conquer or to die, and count upon the whole Philipine population, without distinction of race or condition, that standing together as Spaniards, only as Spaniards, we will defend this glorious possession of the realm.

I count upon you one and all, and flatter myself, that, while a single Spaniard lives, we will never consent that predacious and iniquitous foreigners, shall desecrate with their footsteps this beautiful land.

The hour of the fight has arrived. To Arms. Each to his post; trusting that the "God of Victories" will concede one to the cry of "Viva Espana."

Warlike Speech of Rev. Father Evaristo Fernandez Arlos.

The occasion has arrived for you to display with especial enthusiasm your pure Catholic faith, your firm fidelity to your country and your sentiments of tender devotion to the most Holy Virgin, in whose membership of the Rosary you are inscribed and whose guards of honor you proclaim yourself with holy joy.

War is not yet declared, but diplomatic relations with the United States being broken off, it appears so imminent and inevitable, that, even at this present moment the Army and Navy of our heroic and Catholic Spain, may be castigating in distant parts the villany of a people, who, having long abused our nobility, have now blindly ignored the counsels of reason and have dared to insult our flag, and to violate the most sacred and evident rights of our dearly beloved Spain.

Be animated by great courage and confidence, for our cause is just, great, and holy.

The North Americans are heretics. They are a people who have destroyed the Indian race that inhabited their territory; they are a people that know not the true God, because they accept every kind of religion and false doctrine; they are a people, who, against all reason and international law, think in their coveteousness and mad pride, that they can violate our divine religion, our laws, our property, our honor, and renew may be in this country their cruelties and slaughterings against the native, destroying the holy and civilizing work of Spain.

It shall not be! Trust in God, trust in the Virgins of the rosary, who, in the waters of these Islands with two old "Galleons" gave us the victory five times in succession against the powerful squadron of other heretics, who also came to take away from you your catholic faith, your glorious Spanish nationality.

To this end, without prejudice, do your duty, do your utmost in the ranks of volunteers to defeat the enemies of our religion and our country.

I exhort you that during the present circumstances, you endeavor each of you to recite daily the entire rosary or at least the three parts of it adaptable as prayers, that God may give the victory to our forces by sea and land, that these Islands may never cease to be Spanish and Catholic against all machinations of Masonry and separation, and of secret societies excommunicated by the church.

An interview with Admiral Montojo taken from the Hong Kong Mail of May 14-98.

Upon learning that Admiral Montojo, Spanish Naval Commander-in-Chief, was at the Admiralty House in the City, I decided to call on him this afternoon, and was fortunate to secure an introduction through his friend Don. Alexander McLeod. one of the oldest British merchants in Manila.

The gallant Admiral was in his office. He is an old man, of about sixty five, slight in stature and in appearance, any thing but warlike. He realized my idea of an old Spanish Grandee, was courteous, cordiality itself, and talked with open frankness of Sunday's Naval battle.

Naval critics will draw their own conclusions from his tactics, and, judging from his own standard of duty, will be able to estimate at it's true value the praise bestowed on the unfortunate Spanish Admiral by Commodore Dewey and his officers.

Comparisons have been made with a certain action off Flores, in the Azores, when a little British ship fought against heavy odds, but it should be at least remembered that with slow moving, inefficient iron vessels, opposed to fast cruisers, heavily armored modern cruisers like the bigger ships of the American squadron, it is doubtful if Admiral Montojo could have got to close quarters, had he attempted to ram his opponents.

Manila Bay is an ideal place to fortify and hold against an immensely superior force I do not go to the length of saying that in it's present condition the entrance could have been held, but, if Admiral Montojo's first idea had been to cripple his opponent and protect Manila instead of seeking shelter for his own weak vessels, he had a better chance of doing so by waiting for the Americans and fighting them in detail as they attempted to force the narrow passage at Corregidor Island.

It is something to hear a Commander of defeated Naval or Military forces on the causes of his defeat, and for that reason, if no other, the following statement of Admiral Montojo will be read with the greater interest.

About five o'clock on Sunday morning just as day was dawning I observed the American squadron coming in a line straight across the bay for Cavite. As the ships approached, we prepared to receive them. A few minutes after five the engagement opened, the battery on Point Sangley firing on each ship as she came within range. The American ships did not reply; All the Spanish ships were in Bay at anchor. The Reina Christina, (on which I was flying my flag) Castilla, Don Juan de Austria, Ulloa, Isla DeCuba, Isla DeLuzon, Marques Del Duero and some small gunboats. The Christina and Austria, as you know, were old cruisers, the Castilla war a wooden cruiser but unable to steam, owing to a break down in her engines.

The Olympia, Baltimore, Raleigh and Boston engaged my flagship in turn about 5.30, attracted by my flag.

I recognized the necessity of getting under weigh and accordingly slipped both anchors ordering the other ships to follow my example, although we recognized the hopelessness of fighting the American ships. We were busy returning their fire. After 6.30 I observed fire forward; our steering gear was damaged rendering the ship unmanagable and we were

subject to a terrific hail of shot and shell. The engines were struck and we estimated we had about seventy hits about our hull and superstructure. The boilers were not hit, but the pipes to the condensers were destroyed. A few moments later I noticed the after part on fire, a shell from the Americans having penetrated and burst with deadly effect, killing many of our men.

My Flag Lieutenants said to me; The ship is in flames. It is impossible to stay on the "Christina" any longer. He signaled to the "Isla De Cuba" and I and my staff transferred to her and my flag was hoisted. Before leaving the "Christina" my flag was hauled down, for my flagship was now one mass of flames. I ordered away all the boats I could to save the crew. Many of the men jumped over board without clothing, and succeeded in reaching the beach, several hundred yards away. Only a few were drowned, the majority being picked up by my boats. Before jumping over board, Captain Cadarso's son, a Lieutenant on board the "Christina" saw his father alive on deck, but others state that as the Captain was about to leave the ship a shell burst and killed him. We estimate about fifty two men were killed aboard, and one hundred and fifty wounded, altogether, so far as we know at present, four hundred men being killed and wounded on our ships.

As soon as I transferred myself to the "Cuba" all the shots were directed at her, following my flag. We sought shelter behind the pier of Cavite, and saw the futility of fighting more.

Prepared to disembark and gave orders for the evacuation of the remainder of the ships. The Castilla had been on fire from end to end for sometime and of course was abandoned. The "Ulloa" also was on fire. My last signal to all Captains of vessels was to scuttle and abandon their ships. This was about 7.30. To prevent the guns being of use to the Americans, the Captains on abandoning, brought off, parts of the mechanism and also succeeded in saving the ships papers and treasure.

At this point there was a cessation of firing. The Boston sent ashore a boat carrying a white flag and parleyed with Chief of the Arsenal. They asked permission to destroy the vessels completely without interference from shore. After a consultation with me, the Chief of the Arsenal replied on my behalf, that it was not competent on my part to give any pledge. The ships were at his mercy and he could do with them as he liked. While the parleying was proceeding, the Concord and Petrel went across the Bay and fired a large number of shots on the Isla De Mindanao which was laying ashore near "Bacoor" and she soon caught fire.

Her captain ran her ashore when he saw the American fleet making for Cavite Bay. She never fired a shot. Three or four men of her crew were killed by shells carrying over her into the brushwood beyond where they were lying.

Were you wounded yourself? I asked. Yes, replied the Admiral, I was wounded in my left leg by an iron splinter and my son was wounded in the hand by a splinter of a shell. We were both wounded on the "Christina."

Where did you stand while directing the movements of your squadron? On the bridge. It is not protected, there is no conning tower? At this query the Admiral smiled grimly and replied in the negative.

Resuming his narrative the Admiral said. The Captain of the Boston said to my Chief of Staff, Captain Boado, You have combatted with us, with four very bad ships, not war ships. There was never seen braver fighting under such unequal conditions. It is a great pity you exposed yourselves in vessels not fit for fighting.

Commodore Dewey also sent me a message by the English Consul yesterday saying, that, "peace or war" he would have great pleasure in grasping me by the hand, and congratulating me on the manner in which we fought.

I asked the Admiral if he wished to add anything further, or to comment on the conditions that contributed to the disastrous defeat of the Spanish Squadron? He thought a moment or two and then said. I wish to say the responsibility lies with the Government at "Madrid." There were no proper vessels here. Ever since I assumed command of the naval station here, I have been requesting the Government for ships and torpedoes, and nothing came.

I had no torpedoes whatever, but constructed some for myself. We did not have the proper material as they were very bad.

My original intention was to go to Subic Bay, Subic being a military station sixty five miles north of Manila, and to offer battle there to the American fleet.

We went there several days ago, and I would have remained had the port been protected adequately with cannon and torpedoes, but as the Subic fortifications offered no protection, I brought my ships back to Manila Bay.

I went to Subic believing it be protected, but seeing it would take a month to make it even passably capable of defense, I had no remedy, the American Squadron being on it's way to the Phillipines, but to abandon Subic and rely upon the shelter of Cavite.

We left Manila for Subic on April 25th, and returned on the 30th, day the before the arrival of the American Fleet.

The Minister of marine promised to send supplies but they never came. I knew from the first that my squadron would be completely destroyed. I knew the Americans had Men-o'-war, whereas my ships were incapable of fighting with any chance of success.

The Americans had at least one hundred and fifty guns, modern and all of superior pattern. Ours were inferior in number and calibre.

The second engagement was merely for the destruction of the arsenal of Cavite.

When the American Fleet steamed across the Bay again, they engaged the forts and were throwing shell in the direction of the arsenal. The Chief of the arsenal hoisted a white flag to stop the firing, and asked the American Commodore to cease operations in order to allow the women and children who lived in the arsenal to be removed to a place of safety. The

Commodore answered that he had no desire to cause loss of life. All he wished to do was to destroy the Arsenal and completely destroy the remainder of our fleet. because the orders of his Government were to completely destroy all the Spanish war ships.

The arsenal garrison fought until they were driven from their positions.

It is impossible to tell how many were killed ashore in forts and arsenals.

Translation from "El Imparcial," Madrid, July 22, 1898.

The Disaster of Cavite.

Official Report.

Le Correspondencia has received from Manila an extract from the official report of the disaster of May 1st, by Admiral Montojo.

Its text reads as follows:

Departure For Subig.

April 25th at 11 p m., says Admiral Montojo, I left Manila Bay bound for the port of Subig with the Squadron composed of the cruisers "Reina Cristina" "Don Juan De Austria," "Isla De Cuba," Isla de Luzon," dispatch boat "Marques Del Duero" and the wooden cruiser "Castilla." which could only be reckoned as a floating battery incapable of any movement or activity, principally on account of the bad condition of her hull.

The next morning on arrival at Subig I conferred with Captain Del Rio, who, while unable to tranquillize me in regard to the defensive works, assured me they would be completed with promptness.

Meanwhile the cruiser "Castilla" after the short passage which she had made, was making much water through the bearings of the shaft and the after planking. Work was going on night and day to stop the leaks with cement, and the ship was finally made almost tight, but it was absolutely impossible to use her engine.

On the morning of the 27th I took out the ships to cover the entrance to the port of Subig. The "Castilla' lay off the northwest point of Isla Grande to defend the western channel with her fire, since the eastern channel had been closed by the hulls of the "San Quentin" and two old merchant vessels which had been sunk.

With the greatest disgust I then learned that the guns which ought to have been mounted on the Island had not been installed after a delay of a month and a half, which surprised me, as the land batteries installed by the Navy, overcoming many difficulties. under the intelligent direction of the Colonel of Marine Artillery Senor Garces and that of Lieutenant Benavente of the Navy, were ready to open fire twenty-four days after work had begun.

I was also disgusted with the lack of confidence shown in the small number of torpedoes which had been laid down.

The entrance being defended neither by torpedoes nor by batteries on the Island, the squadron with its scanty means of action had to dread the attack of the American forces in twenty fathoms of water, and therefore with almost a certainty that not only our ships would be destroyed but also that their crews could not be saved. The hope still remained that the Americans might not come to Subig, and might give us time to make better preparations; but the next day I received from the Spanish Consul at Hong Kong the following telegram:

"The enemy's squadron left Mirs Bay at two this afternoon, and according to confidential information will proceed to Subig to destroy our squadron and later will go on to Manila."

This telegram showed that the enemy knew where my squadron was to be fonnd, and the defenseless state of the port of Subig.

The same day, April 28th, I called a council of commanding officers, and all, except Del Rio, the commandant of the future arsenal, pronounced that the situation could not be sustained, and that we ought to proceed to Manila Bay and accept battle there under less unfavorable conditions.

Return To Manila.

The plan of placing our ships near the city of Manila was condemned because far from protecting the town they would provoke the enemy to bombard it, when it would infallibly have been destroyed through the weakness of its defenses. It was unanimously decided that we should take positions in Canacao Bay in as shoal water as possible in order to combine our fire with that of the batteries on Sangley Point and on board the "Ulloa.'

I immediately ordered Del Rio to concentrate his forces at the best strategic point of the arsenal and to make arrangements for burning the coal at the depot in time to prevent it from falling into the enemy's hands; I sent the "Don Juan de Austria" to Manila to collect as many lighters as possible filled with sand to serve as a protection for the water line of the "Castilla" while motionless against the enemy's shells and torpedoes. At half past ten of the 29th, I left Subig with the vessels of my little squadron, the "Castilla" being towed by the transport "Manila."

On the evening of the same day we anchored in Canacao Bay in 26 feet of water, and on the morning of the next, April 30th, there were anchored in line of battle, with springs on their cables, the "Cristina," "Castilla," "Don Juan de Austria," "Ulloa," "Luzon," "Cuba" and "Marques Del Duero." while the transport "Manila" went into Bacoor Bay to join the "Velasco" and the "Lezo" which were under repairs.

At seven in the evening I received a telegram from Subig announcing that the enemy's squadron had entered the harbor at three to reconnoitre, doubtless in search of our ships, and that it had left heading for Manila.

The mail steamer "Isla de Mindanao" came over from the Bay, and I advised her captain to try to save his ship by starting at once for Singapore, since the enemy could hardly reach the mouth of the Bay before midnight. As he had no authority from the Transatlantic Company, he did not dare to do this, and I then told him to anchor in shoal water as near Bacoor as possible.

At midnight the fire of guns was heard from Corregidor, and at two in the morning I received a telegram saying that the American ships had opened fire on the batteries at the entrance and had exchanged several rounds with them.

I notified the Commandant of the Arsenal, Senor Garcia Pena, so that they might be ready, and I ordered the guns to be loaded and all officers, seamen and soldiers to go to stations for battle, ready to receive the enemy.

The preceding covers all that happened between my departure for Subig and the arrival of the American squadron in Manila Bay.

All the ships had been painted dark grey, and had been stripped of their yards, their light spars, and their boats, in order to avoid dangers due to shells and sparks; all the anchors had been buoyed in readiness for slipping the cables at a moment's warning.

At four in the morning the signal was made to beat to general quarters; at a quarter to five the "Austria" signalled "The enemy's squadron" and a few minutes later they were seen from the deck in rather confused order; in a column parallel with our line and about 6,000 metres distant, the Flagship "Olympia" leading the line, followed by the "Baltimore," "Raleigh," "Boston," "Concord," "Helena," "Petrel" and "McCulloch," the transports "Zafiro" and "Nanshan" remaining outside the line,

The force of these ships (not counting the transports which did not take part in fighting) amounted to 21,410 tons, 49,290 horse-power, 163 guns, (many of them rapid fire), 1,750 men in their crews, and average speed 17 knots.

The force of the five ships which were alone effective on our side amounted to 10,111 tons, 11,200 horse-power, 76 guns (very few rapid fire), 1,875 men in their crews, and 12 knots at full speed.

Fire From Shore Batteries.

At five the Sangley Point battery opened fire and the first two shots fell short and to the left of the leading ship; no reply was made to these shots by the enemy, whose principal objective was the squadron.

This battery had only two guns mounted; Ordonez guns of 15 c. m. calibre, of which only one could be fired in the direction of the hostile fleet.

In a few minutes one of the batteries of Manila opened fire and at a quarter past five the squadron also opened in obedience to signal, meeting an immediate response from the enemy, and the combat became general. Springs and cables were slipped and engines started ahead, to avoid being surrounded by the enemy.

The Battle.

The Americans kept up a most rapid fire and we saw ourselves assailed by innumerable projectles; moreover the three leading cruisers of the enemy's line devoted themselves almost exclusively to firing on the "Cristina" which bore my flag. Shortly after the beginning of the action a shell burst in the forecastle, disabling all the crews of the four rapid fire guns and driving splinters from the foremast, which wounded the helmsman who was steering on the bridge, so that the wheel had to be taken by Lieutenant Don Jose Nunez, who with calmness worthy of the highest praise, continued to steer until the end of the action. Meanwhile a shell burst in the orlop deck setting fire to the lockers of the crew, who fortunately succeeded in putting out the fire.

The enemy reduced his distance from us, and, improving his aim, covered us with a hail of rapid fire projectiles. About half past seven, a shell completely destroyed the steam steerer; I ordered the hand wheel to be connected. The ship not being under control during this interval, which was long, another shell exploded aft, putting nine men out of action. Another carried away the mizzen truck and gaff, bringing down the ensign and my flag, which were immediately replaced. Another shell burst in the wardroom, turning it into a bloody hospital, and destroyed the wounded who were there under treatment; another burst in the after ammunition room, filled the compartments with smoke and prevented the coupling of the hand wheel. It being impossible to keep down the fire, this ammunition room had to be flooded when the cartridges were beginning to explode.

Amidships various rapid fire projectiles of small calibre had pierced the funnels and a large shell had penetrated the superheater, putting out of action a gunner's mate and twelve men who were serving the guns; another disabled the starboard bow gun, while the fire aft was increasing and the fire forward was renewed by a shell which penetrated the side and burst in the orlop.

The broadside guns which we were fighting were not seriously injured, and kept up their fire, and a single gun captain, assisted by a petty officer, the only ones who remained unhurt, kept on firing the guns as they were loaded by seamen who had taken the place of the regular crews, who were all disabled.

Destruction of Our Ships.

The ship no longer being under control by the helm, and sides, funnels and spars being riddled by shot, and wrapped in the flames of two conflagrations; half her crew including seven officers disabled; I gave orders to sink the ship and abandon her, before the explosion of the magazines and shell rooms; making signal at the same time to the "Cuba" and "Luzon" to approach and pick up the rest of the crew; which service was performed by the boats of these ships, assisted by others from the "Duero" and the Arsenal.

I quitted the "Cristina" accompanied by my staff after removing the ensign, and, filled with profound grief, I hoisted

my flag on board the cruiser "Isla de Cuba." When many men had already been saved from the unfortunate ship, a shell killed her heroic Captain, Don Luis Cadarso, who was directing the rescue of the crew.

The "Ulloa," who also defended herself with tenacity, using the last pair of guns available, was sunk by the holes made along her water line by the enemy's projectiles; her Captain and more than half of her scanty crew, which was only large enough to serve the two guns mentioned above, were disabled.

The "Castilla," which fought heroically, had all her guns put out of action except one on the poop, which gallantly kept up the fire; riddled by shot and in flames from the enemy's shells, she was sunk and abandoned by her crew in good order under the able direction of her Captain, Don Alonzo Morgado. The losses of this ship were 23 killed and 80 wounded.

The "Austria" with numerous injuries and considerable losses, stood in to succor the "Castilla."

The "Luzon" had three guns dismounted and some small injuries to her hull. The "Duero" had one engine crippled as well as her 12 c. m. bow gun and one of her sponsons.

At eight o'clock in the morning, the enemy's squadron having suspended its fire, I ordered our remaining ships to take positions in Bay and to fight them to the last extremity, when they should be sunk rather than surrendered.

At half past ten the enemy returned, forming a circle to destroy the Arsenal and my remaining ships, and opening a horrible fire upon them, to which we replied with the few guns which we still had mounted.

The time having now arrived for the final resource of sinking the ships, this was effected, taking care to save the ensigns, distinguishing pennants, money in safes, small arms, breech-plugs of the guns, and signal codes.

Afterwards I proceeded with my staff to the Convent of Santo Domingo at Cavite to have myself treated for a contused wound received in the left leg, and to telegraph a brief report of the battle, its preliminaries and its results.

The Admiral's Judgment.

It remains only for me to state that all the captains, officers, engineers, warrant officers, gunner's mates, seamen and marines have been rivals in sustaining with honor the reputation of the Navy on this melancholy occasion.

The weakness of the ships of which my little squadron was composed, the deficiency of men of all classes, especially of gunner's mates and seamen gunners, the unfitness of some acting engineers, the great scarcity of rapid fire guns, the triple force of the enemy, and the lack of all protection for most of my ships—all combined to render more cruel the sacrifice we made on the altars of our country to avert the horrors of a bombardment of the almost defenseless city of Manila, with the conviction that to measure our feeble forces with the much greater strength of the enemy must lead us to almost certain death and the destruction of all our ships.

Our losses, including those at the arsenal, amount to 381 disabled, including both killed and wounded.

A proclamation by Aguinaldo issued to the Philippinos before the War.

Compatriots!

The divine providence is about to place independence within our reach and in a way the most free and independent nation could hardly hope for.

The Americans, not for mercenary motives, but for the sake of humanity and the lamentations of so many persecuted people, have considered it opportune to extend their protecting mantle to our beloved country, now that they have been obliged to sever relations with Spain, owing to the tyranny that nation is exercising in Cuba, causing enormous injuries to the Americans who have such large commercial and other interests there.

At the present moment an American Squadron is preparring to sail for the Phillipines.

We, your brothers, are very much afraid that you may be induced to fire on the Americans; No, brothers, never make this mistake. Rather blow your own brains out, than fire one shot, or treat as enemies those who are your liberators.

Your natural enemies, your executioners, the authors of your misery and unhappiness, are the Spaniards that govern you; against these you must raise your weapons and your odium. Understand well, the Spaniards, not the Americans.

Take no notice of the decree of the Governor General calling you to arms. What for? To defend your tyrants? To defend those who have despised you and even in public speeches asked for your extermination, those that have treated you little better than savages? No! No! A thousand times No! Although it may cost you your lives, rather die than be ungrateful to an American liberator.

Take a glance at history and you will see that all the wars undertaken by Spain in Oceania here, sacrificed Philippino blood. We have been sent to fight in "Cochin-China" to assist the French in an affair which in no way concerned the Phillipinos. We were compelled to spill our blood by Simon De-Andy against the English, who in any case would have been better rulers than the Spaniards. Every year our sons are taken away to be sacrificed in Mindanao and Sulu, pretending to make us believe those inhabitants are our enemies, when in reality they are our brothers, like us, fighting for their independence.

After having sacrificed our blood against the English, the Annamites, against the Mindanaos, etc., what recompense or thanks have we received from the Spanish Government?

Obscurity, poverty, the butchery of our loved ones. Enough, brothers, of this Spanish tutelage!

Take note, the Americans will attack by sea and prevent any reinforcements coming from Spain, therefore the insurgents must attack by land. Probably you will have more than sufficient arms, because the Americans have arms, and will find a way to assist you.

There where you see the American flag flying, assemble in numbers; they are our redeemers.

Our unworthy names are as nothing, but one and all invoke the name of the greatest patriot our country has seen, in the sure and certain hope that his spirit will be with us in these moments, and guide us to victory immortal: (Jose Rizal).

The following is an editorial from the Manila press.

Some of our evening Colleagues comment with alarm upon the arrival at Hongkong of the North American Pacific Squadron. In this they seem to see a menace to the Philippines, and under this head we feel under obligation to say a few words.

Remain tranquil. We will not allow ourselves to be needlessly alarmed by those persons, who like an ostrich, hide their heads under their wings and rest in fancied security; we will view the question reduced to its just proportions.

The rendezvous of these five North American ships, which they have dignified with the name of a squadron, is not a serious menace to our dominion in the Phillipines; no more than was the invasion of the English in 1762, for the audacious Britons left for their health after being sufficiently punished.

A London telegram says that the men-o'-war united at Hongkong are the "iron clads" "Olympia," "Raleigh," "Boston," "Concord" and gun boat "Petrel."

There is not among them a single iron clad. The "Olympia" is a fine cruiser with a protective deck, but no armor or protection for the battery. Her displacement is 5,800 tons, and she has a supposed speed of twenty one knots, but the real speed is much less, as she has not been docked for some time. She was sent to this part of the Pacific after the beginning of the Hawaiian question.

The "Boston" and "Raleigh" are cruisers of the second class, also with protective decks, doubtless very thin. They have a displacement of 3,189 and 3,183 tons respectively, and their armament offers nothing extraordinary for vessels of the type.

The "Concord" and "Petrel" are protected gunboats of 1700 and 890 tons respectively, and with a very moderate speed. At the extreme we would assign to them a speed of fourteen knots.

From these data it will be seen that this is not a squadron to cause a single tremor to the Spanish power in the Philippines. We have here our own cruisers of over 3,000 tons, others of more than 1,000 tons, and a numberof gunboats. We also have land batteries which can do very effective work against the North American ships. If one of our projectiles should penetrate one of them and disable their machinery, they would have no opportunity of repairing.

We do not believe the North American ships will attempt such a doubtful adventure; nevertheless we cannot consider that the Yankees are merely making a straw fire; then with what object have they assembled their squadron at Hongkong?

For the same reason that they have at Lisbon a little "squadron" consisting of the medium sized ship "San Francisco," which in less than an hour the "Maria Teresa" or any similar ship of her class could destroy. The object of this, is to make us believe that not only Cuba but the Phillipines and the Spanish peniusula will be attacked from the four sides at once, as it were:

As we have so often said, the Americans are merely testing the strength and spirit of our government.

They do not care for war, but expect to gain all the successes that war would give them, assuming these strategic positions without the necessity of war.

Looked at in this light, the approximate visit of the American fleet to the Philippines is not sufficient to raise a single fear, much less to produce the moral effect intended by the Washington government.

It all looks like the movements on a chess board, whereby the government at Washington is attempting to force movements on the Sagasta Cabinet.

To gain the advantage without loss to himself, is the whole object of McKinley's play.

Finis.

Additional Scenes.

The Don Juan De Austria Isla De Luzon and Isla De Cuba, Sunk May 1st, 1898, Manila Bay.

Notice.—Put these in order from left to right,

Cruiser "Raleigh."

Hakodate, Japan.

The Ship's Tonsorial Parlor.

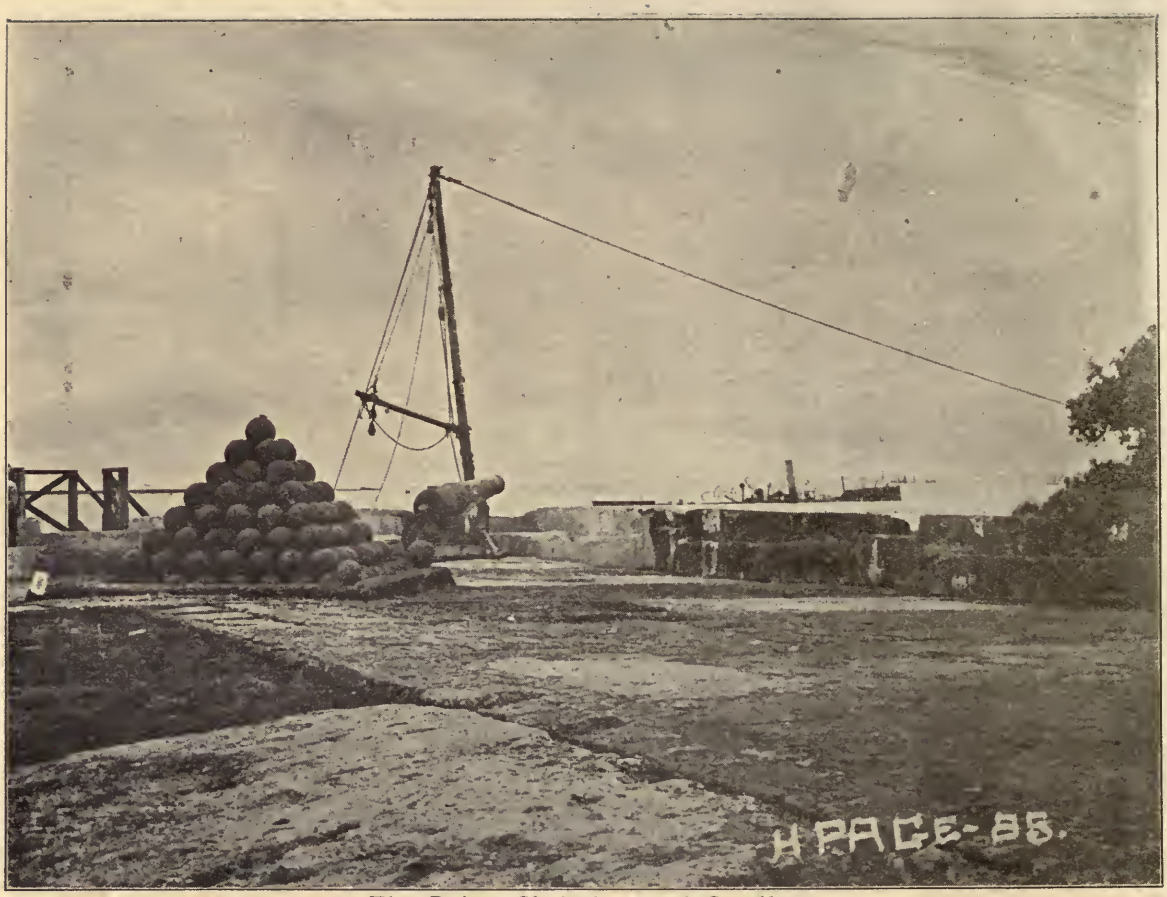
"Bubbling Well" Road, Shanghai.

Convent near Manila where Utah Battery was stationed, showing effects of Spanish shells.

"The Escolta" the principal street of Manila.

A Characteristis Street Scene in Manila.

A scene on the Pasig River, Manila.



The Reina Christina and Castilla.

Fort Malate after the bombardme nt, Aug. 13, 1898.